

Novel Excerpt

“September was the hottest month, the endless days bright and still, the drone of cicadas incessant. Dragonflies swooped low over dusty roads with hungry crows in eager pursuit. Alligators lolled in warm mud-brown rivers. Fruit ripened; grew fat and full then fell and rotted under sullen trees. Fruit flies swarmed leaving seeds like bones. Wooden houses swelled. Doors no longer shut. Cotton curtains hung in limp expectation. But come month’s end the cool north wind would begin to blow, lifting the leaves of the drooping orange trees, sending a rustle through the grove like hope. How we’d rejoiced that afternoon with Turkey Boy jumping out of the tree he was pruning to lift me high over his head with a whoop. *That wind!* It would break the stillness of the Indian-summer heat and steal the warmth before the night was through. Summer always ended that way, abruptly.”