

Courting

By Robin Lipinski

Tried fer years, I did, to cause that Julie to swoon.
Ate a bug, put a frog down her dress, n hit her with a stick,
N that be when I was only six.

Attraction started at three, when her pappy n mine were out hunting the hounds down the swamp
for coons.
She sat there staring at me and somtin inside starts.

Me n Tom took turns showering her with affection, till we turned twelve n then Tom took a
thumping.
Julie was mine, n there be nuthin' Tom could do bout it.

Summer of thirteen n I got scared, my voice got all scratchy n I had hair growin all over the
place.
As fer Julie, now dammit, that was sumtin'.

She was prettier than a June bug, all curvy n soft, n I felt as if I had a frog in my throat,
Just listnen' to her cite somtin in school, it made somtin inside me do somtin.

Finally got up the nerve to ask her to go dancin'...
She blinked those angel eyes and said, "No."
Dazed and confused, I almost cried until she said somtin.
"I can't do no dancin' cause my momma needs help in the house."

Without even thinking, I said, "Can I help do somtin?"
Sizing me up with her gosh darned pretty blue eyes,
She said, "Follow me."

Hell, I'd follow her anywhere n maybe with me helping her momma would help me with her.
So off to her house, down near the tracks, I followed under her spell.
Arriving to see her momma crouching in her garden, pulling weeds.

"Momma, this here is Hank, he's here to help."
Got a look from Julie, n then from her momma, coulda swore they were laughing at me.
But a boys gotta do what a boys gotta do,
When courtin',
Least that's what I gotta believe,
Stooped over in this dam hot sun,
Pulling weeds.

The End