



Gregory Gilbert Gumbs

Sitting on the Porch

Alone

with my thoughts, incessantly fanning myself,

After a very busy day at work

Overlooking, coordinating and solving so many small and big problems,

With my shirt off sweating my guts out

Heat, being fired by the warm afternoon winds streaming down from the surrounding tall mountains

Sitting on the porch

Alone,

with my angrily barking dogs reacting to other invisible dogs barking in the little village

Without television

Without radio

Without cell or iPhone

Without text-messaging

Without any computers or iPods going crazy all around me

Just like back in the olden days

Now long gone

With the busy dancing birds in the air singing their unique blend of songs bouncing off the mountains tirelessly embracing all of us

Sitting on the porch

Alone,

wiping myself dry with my more and more damp white dress shirt

Observing the tall ancient trees gently waving back and forth in the warm winds trying to cool themselves down

As the phone nervously starts ringing inside the large white house which no one picks up

Alone,

Sitting on the porch,

Constantly slapping my arms and chest trying to get rid of the irritatingly buzzing and stinging mosquitoes and especially those dreadfully torturous minuscule sand flies
Looking at the late afternoon quickly starting to slide away
As the mighty reddish-yellowish sun tiredly bows behind the proudly protecting hills
The long day, like a magician, changing colors
Until it turns dark brown and then increasingly black
Filled with the wonderfully echoing animal symphony reverberating between the mountains surrounding the little village of Colombier*
In time accompanied by somewhat cooler winds to ease the day's remaining intense heat.

*Colombier, a small village in Saint-Martin, is surrounded by mountains on three sides. Northeast of it stands the island's tallest peak, Mt. Paradis.

Gregory Gilbert Gumbs was born on the small Caribbean island of Aruba and grew up on the French side of an even smaller island divided between the French and the Dutch: Saint-Martin/Sint-Maarten. He studied, lived and worked as a lawyer and criminologist in the Netherlands before moving to the U.S, where he lives in Washington, D.C. He has published poems in the Netherlands, Ireland, France, Australia, Canada and India as well as the U.S. He is also a screenwriter and has a doctorate in political science.