

# Afton Mountain

*by* Kitty Boots

Alice's son plays the dulcimer  
strums sad refrains  
scratches with a pick, winks at me

his cheap work boots tapping time  
hasn't showered since laying asphalt in Crimora  
hair in a pony tail, three day's worth of beard

as the warm beer hits  
you take flight from the porch swing  
wander in the galax

fog settles over the mountain, a ghostly blue shroud  
amber warning lights, falling rocks  
and I try not to stare at the jailhouse tattoos on his hands  
as he plucks and pulls the strings

