

# Amish in the Theater of Lust

*by* David Ackley

Through the parking lot  
They came. Amish  
so we reasoned  
from the tails  
on the white hats of the women

The girls in their starched white bonnets  
and sensible shoes, their white aprons and uniformly  
blue jumpers,  
their long black stockings

And the trailing men in their suspenders and starched  
beards, their black zipperless pants

The girls and women half-loping  
toward the sliding doors  
the men holding back  
with whatever dignity remains  
between tour bus and Walmart  
amid the wild dying pigmented gasp  
of the rampant leaves  
in the fall of the year.

