

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

