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

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