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NOVEMBER ON CASA GRANDE

by Errol Miller

Sasha is ironing, she's ironing iron-on stars
on the ceiling and she's humming under her breath.
Soon the kids will demand supper, skipping into
our fragile economy demanding butter on their bread.

I think I have never been so exalted — tomorrow
we will have chicken wings with dumplings
and biscuits from "scratch" and fresh mustard greens
with nothing on them. Sasha, too, is at the top
of my list, #1 on Casa Grande in my book.
She's just a Northern yellow daisy
transplanted into a red-clay field of kudzu in
the hogsbreath Southside of the Delta, a single
stem of loveliness glorified in the sweetest
odors of simple perfume from Woolworth.

Ah these dimesongs of life in Urbana, domestic
poetry of pots and pans, an occasional Lone Star beer.