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## **Chunk Smith**

T. P. Greer

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## **CHUNK SMITH**

ebony Chunk Smith

tattered black hat cocked cool on balding head, sad brown bluesman's eyes

City dump scavenger among silent dark

t.v. eyes, broken chairs, piles of paper
-- his mellow mule 'n' wagon parked close by:
wagons rubber tires resurrected from this very
graveyard.

Sun silver glinting off the plow

... tilling spring gardens, his real vocation, spark ragpicker remembrances of tennessee riverbottom days

... cleaving alluvial loam into fertile furrows plodding plowing mahogany mule faint rhythm of trumpet notes: strains of st. louis blues floating in sweltering air, rolling off the hill

"I hate to see dat ole evenin' sun

go down . . . ."

Sustaining itself across florence forests, up
through tennessee towns, kentucky hills, to the
city of the brown god . . . brass notes bending . . .
then lazily lolling down river serenading the
cotton fields, sliding past the shoals,
past Chunk plowing,
hot furnace sun overhead,
drifting down to new orleans dreams

-T. P. Greer