

Old Wheat In A Tassel

Old wheat in a tassel
Tobacco knot against the sill
A grandfather's total will
An old flypaper spiraled
Flies to what they may have thought
A spiritual death
But their feet as caught as ever

Rings of wood around the bedpost
Held the patterns
That held the oily heads
The caustic lie
That addled in the bowl

Don't touch this box
The faded slogan read
An old time prank
A marble and a can
Elastic and a rotten egg
The boy who did it
Hat upon a peg

A field mouse nesting
In the icebox pan
We let them stay all winter
Said the man
Whose teeth would come and go
The children now forgotten
Had shivered in their glow

Wind now
A pony's tail reveals
That curtains in the window
With the sill
Are shades of older patterns
That will remain
Despite the tracks the switches
And the rain

— Franklin R. Miller, Jr.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania