

SUPPLIES FOR THE HUNTING LODGE

Ernest is polishing his gun
while the jam is on the table
wooden and swollen with memories.
Empty quart bottles to go back
to the grocer and he will not
question us until we leave.
The jam is on the table
and the jar is half full. The beer
is all gone but there is some wine
good and brave white.

POEM FROM ATOP A PURPLE HORSE

i can certainly go to Atlanta
without going to Plains.
The Pecan lady will open her door
and we will sit by the fireplace.
So nice her white pleated skirt
winter night a couple miles from Peachtree St.
The iron gate around her house,
missing is the black boy holding the lantern.
Knowing the Pecan lady,
the black boy is most likely hiding
in the garage.
i sit with an empty goblet
the purple couch uncomfortable
while she is on a chair across from me.
Maybe in an hour the ice will be broken
and enough drink will stir us together.
Floating for a second in the air
her peasant blouse.
Missing is the black boy holding the lantern.
He is for another time.

-- George Montgomery

Rosendale NY