

## 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.

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