

a vision

Sharon Grip

i glanced from under the hood of my black ford and caught the
vision buttoning up the front of a beige cotton dress
it draped narrowly

her barefoot legs strode
by a load of firewood
on the limp porch
with falling shingles

then down one step. a
washer churned in the dirt
yard near ripe corn
in slat-sided trucks

i smeared across beads that filmed my eyelids under the hood
she stopped, grinned and lightly swung the long purse strap, the
only
other thing she wore