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