

The Homestead Road

We hunted the home place drive along the road;
Two junipers growing, also short leaf pine,
Which she introduced, not the native kind,
That signaled her intervention, though years before.

We walked up a gully that could have been the drive.
The land looked flattened, as if it had been stripped—
Everything the same height except for the clawing berry vines;
No grown trees, sugar or silver maples, magnolias or pecan,

No flowers left behind or singular exotic shrubs,
Nothing but pine, planted some years before, maybe eight or
nine,
Planted to reclaim the red-dirt land. The monotonous pines
Climbing the slight hill that used to be pasture.

The sameness disconcerting, landmarks gone,
No dug well, no discernable homesite. Nothing but a grapevine
Growing (it was tame, not wild) for my memory a lifeline.
How had it survived? By clinging tenacious as memory.

Mary Lisby

A Willing Georgian

I became a willing Georgian gradually
when I discovered that following a mild winter
begonias stir and grow again
from underneath pine bark mulch
when I discovered that following
just about any winter tomatoes and
periwinkles sprout from November's residue
when I drive for endless empty miles
north to south east to west without cities
when my son, a natural Georgian
turned *hey* into a three syllable word.

Jim Brewbaker