

The Stilt-Walker of Greenup County (a chapter)

by Matthew Haughton

My plow has spoken with dirt-mellow words
—Jesse Stuart

Somewhere on the road
he learned to walk
with those long legs,
among the Trapezists
of Powell Valley,
the Fire Eaters of
Laurel Ridge.

Out between every hill
he learned to sing,
scrawling songs
longhand on the dry
backs of leaves.

Words like kingdoms
spoke to him from
plows,

so he kept on singing.
The price of a penny,
the weight of worth

from a hollow's leap,
the shape of the earth.