

Brogans

by John Cantey Knight

He crawled from a drainage ditch
into Georgia's cold, hard weather
and worked his way dirt low
over new cleared ground to where
black pines ran down. *No more
than a hundred steps to stroll
by meadow and spring flowers,
to imagine his self with a gal,
to lie beside a brook warming
in May*, he edged over shadowed
ground and dried sedge, a land
void of color other than winter
shades of sepia and the stark blue
of a stilled Yankee's field dress.
He didn't notice the red, unkempt
hair or the young face obscured
by a Minié ball's deadly accuracy.
No emotion but a silent curse,
the son of a bitch's new brogans
were sized for a goddamn boy.