The Hillbilly Poet (Elegy at a Poetry Reading)

by Walter Lane

The room overflows with the babble of many voices echoing off the cheap tan walls. Swirls of light pours through the slight mingling bodies scurrying down the aisles trying to find a spot to park. As time nears a hush like a wet blanket on a hot fire the sizzle sends an electric shock through the crowd. Someone was to relight the fire. The reading took a vital turn. Nothing goes on forever except a poetry reading etched like a tattoo growing faint with time. As the hillbilly poet spurred to new life new writing after reading a 1998 copy of the Journal of KY Studies courtesy of a mythical

A poor poet will live in posterity sometimes. An editor touches people who write with a legacy unnoticed, unspoken except to an empty chamber in a contributor's heart.

Dr. Danny Miller

My elegy for Dr. Danny given in a mtn. library A belated thanks of an obscure hillbilly poet, for telling the poet where the poet's voice was hiding—the mark of a true editor