

## **Her Belly Filled**

**by John Cantey Knight**

The dirt poor, one way or 'nother, make do.  
Girls learn to cook beans and greens  
and make corn bread. Twin towheads,  
too young for work, tumble  
in played out dirt scratched and sown  
with another man's seed. Every now a 'gin  
what's planted don't come up true.  
Watching his firstborn, a sharecropper  
fingers his thinning hair as if to measure  
from where this dark-tousled  
daughter came. Still, she was his best  
hand. As silent Negroes pass  
in their Sunday best, he spit in the dust.  
They don't look back till well past.  
Another damn revival, Jesus loves us.  
At noon, his wife's bare feet would walk  
a pathway to the patch with pone, collards  
and a pot of field peas, her belly filled.