

Book Woman

by Sandi Keaton-Wilson

I left the hollow on my ride
 heading high as I watched
 wisps of fog lift
 from lofty mountain realms
 like bored spirits leaving earth.
 A long day's work for short pay from WPA,
 I sat straight in the saddle—
 a Kentucky pack horse librarian.
 It was noon before I met sun, forest
 shadowing dirt trails up one ridge then down
 and over the river and up the next.
 I carried the books—precious then—
 to eager hands and eyes
 hungry for worlds beyond plank porches and puncheon floors.
Man does not live by bread alone . . .
 The Best Book says,
 so I carry it, too, pause to read some chosen scripture,
 or some fiction adventure chapter,
 sip spring-cooled sweet milk,
 and slip with friends like a letter sent
 to places we've never been and those we dare not go.

