

Southern Appalachians

by Robert Foley*

The freshness of the morning, sun coming up, dew rising.
The warmth and beauty of the day, sunshine or rain.
Southern Appalachians and their old mountain ways.
The summer evenings, the smell of honeysuckle,
the taste of blackberry pie, and the feel of a cool mountain breeze.

Love that bonds the devoted family, with roots that run deep.
The wandering spirit in some, but before journey's end will return,
for Southern Appalachians this is home where it all began.
So is inherited a deep respect and connection to the past,
sassafras tea, and sweet southern charm.

Precious memories, keepsakes, and stories
pass from elders to descendents,
like pictures from the family albums
found in the old dresser drawer.
Our home, our childhood, special times, heartaches,
the good times and the bad.
The past that traces for generations,
that makes us who we are, Southern Appalachians.

A painted sky and gradually the sun goes down in Southern Appalachia.
The family gathers on the front porch, the day surrenders,
the sky grows darker as we settle in for the night.
The moon and stars fill the heaven, while watching the magical lights of
the fireflies
and listening to the sounds of the night in Southern Appalachia.

Looking back with pleasure,
remembering those evenings on the front porch and the sounds of the
night,

I value even more the simple life,
what nature taught when the world was smaller
and I thought time would go on forever.

I reflect back to the peace of the moment with family past and present
and it warms me with awe and deep respect of my Southern Appalachian
roots
till my journey ends
and I return forever,
to Southern Appalachia.

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