

John Morgan's Band

at Shaker Village of Pleasant Hill

by Vickie Cimprich

John Morgan's band took Lexington this fall
with at least three horses Captain Breckinridge
stole from West Family here (the other horses hid
—I wasn't supposed to know and won't say, here).

We heard tell a pistol had been shook
in Brother Bryant's face; he sent them to
the neighbor's barns by way of two or three
roads he'd been on one year in New York state.
Not wanting to seem dull, the sergeant rushed
at several stables, lots and pastures here.

At East Sisters', some sat tight all day and knit;
some knit and purled a few, then crowded into
curtains stretched around as many bodies
as a panel hid. Ones among us thought
of harm or hope, ours or theirs.

On stairs or in the halls, we all could hear
shoe noise of the ones whose thoughts
from time to time would spook.
We couldn't dust or wash the panes enough
against such.