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Tobacco Country

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Tobacco Country

- I. Tobacco country.
This stain is in everything.
My skin. My eyes.
Though I've never smoked or sniffed it,
I believe it's even in my teeth.
- II. There's an old woman inside me.
Each day her presence is stronger.
These scars are her triumph.
Those wrinkles, her testimony
to the hours one can spend
with a photograph, in a field.
- III. Surprising rises and sweeping valleys—
My mother once likened it to a silk blouse
thrown on the floor.
She always did see a different sunrise.
- IV. Damp puppy-dog whispers in my ear.
I haven't giggled like that in years.
Whoever said life was simple in the country
did not live
in the country.

—K. Moore '01