

1993

Civil War

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"Civil War"

I hide my face,
So that the black man in the orange vest
Hovering over the steaming asphalt
Doesn't see me, spoiled rotten
As I drive by in the red convertible
Daddy gave me.

But now Daddy is gone,
And we haven't spoken in months—
Ran off in a midlife crisis
Moved down South, Alabama bound
The land of the black men in orange vests
Where they call the white man "sir."

But he shouldn't be called sir
Instead rather spend a day
In an orange vest
Laying blazing asphalt
In the Heart of Dixie
And see a girl just like me drive by
And just for one moment,
Yearn for what he chose to leave behind.

— Katherine Anne Campo '94