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Jesse

Beth Ayers

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JESSE

Beth Ayers

I like to think the best,
 To listen to those who call him
 Robin Hood of the West
 Those who say he robbed from the rich
 And gave to the poor... and he did... sometimes,
 Those times when he knew who he was
 Knew *where he came from*.
 Could he recall his father preaching
 Bible in hand?
 Hear his mother's gentle voice?
 Before he was sixteen.

Before he became a warrior.
 Before peer pressure and the desire to survive
 Turned the boy into the man and
 Reconstruction turned the man into the outlaw
 Who robbed from the rich.
 But I like to think the best
 Because my great-grandmother was a James
 And some small part of the recipe for *who I am*
 For the blood that flows through *my* veins
 Showing where *I* come from,
 I share with
 Jesse.

AUTUMN IN TEXAS

Anna Boling

