Elegy for a Moonshiner

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ELEGY FOR A MOONSHINER

What damage can a pool cue inflict until it splinters and shards? What story threads its way down a mountain road until it slams into the trunk of a tree?

Somehow the name of the tree grows dim until forgotten and a blank is all that remains. His beard, the story goes, was six presidential terms old. In grief, one must rename the world and find grace along the baseboards and cobwebs of the house one’s steps used to haunt. In the end, it all comes down to a shelf of empty jars and a brief glance out the back window past the water pump while you pretend to wash the dishes.