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Corrupting The Morals Of An Old Man

by T. P. Greer

Jaded judges,
old ladies peering out from behind
victorian lace faded yellow curtains
through dusty window panes
shrouded in shadow
--i was charged in the courtrooms
of their minds with corrupting the morals of
an old man--

Corrupting the morals of an old man,
who sits in a daily front porch vigil
waiting on the mailman, musing on
corn mash thoughts and cheap
Sugar memories

Corrupting the morals of an old man,
i gave him a pint of Old Grand Dad
on a sultry summer day
he spoke through rheumy eyes
and toothless brown 'bacca mouth
pausing to pucker and spit
in a rusty can that nestled
at his feet among dusty
mason jars

Corrupting the morals of an old man,
who told of his bacchanal bachelor
days, his younger days, idyllic days
--of the Hoover breadline Florence winter
when he put mash and sugar in a
big pot--cooked it on down to
fiery elixir--waiting at the end
of the worm-pipe

Corrupting the morals of an old man,
as he put meat on the table
put mash in a pot
the Sheriff came and
put him in the Big House twice, mind you

Corrupting the morals of an old man,
who paved the 1940's blacktops for
33 cents an hour who slept on cold
marble slab floors of courthouses under
signs that read:

--NO SPITTING--

Violators will be prosecuted to
the fullest extent of the law

Corrupting the morals of an old man,
who got laid back in the sweet darkness
of a grey shack behind the carwash
who could swaller a half-pint of
oblivion in one gulp of burning ecstasy

Corrupting the morals of an old man,
who saw the deputies at the riverbottom
'legging mason jars filled with
wildcat fury

Corrupting the morals of an old man,
who dreams dreams through cobweb
covered empty mason jars in
jumbled repose in the
back porch waning sunlight