

Neighboring in Kentucky

I wuz born in the mountains of Old Kentucky Whar bob-cats is thick an' painters makes free. I works if I please, an' I loafs when I will—Fishes or hunts or jest sets still.

I jest sets around an' watches smoke lift In blue curly-cues above the clift Whar Neighbor Brown runs a moonshine still Up on the side of Bad Man Hill.

But what if the revvies be sneakin' this way?
"Hit don't pay," I sez, "hit never does pay
To come thru these mountains 'cept
by the usual route
So's folks can know what yer bizness is about."

So I reaches fer my rifle long an' slim; I calls to my dawg an' I sez to him: "Tike," I sez, "let's stroll around. No harm," I sez, "fer a man an' his hound

To look fer varmints in these hollers an' hills; An' a feller can't help it, if he accidental spills A few slugs of lead or a grain of buck shot, Fer he's like to stumble—jest as like as not."

So I bites off a chaw from my plug of long green An' melts into the bushes so's I can't be seen. I whispers to Tike—him agrinnin' back at me—"We be good neighbors in Old Kentucky."

Lucy Louise Hatcher

