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Winds of Fortune

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Winds of Fortune

Around the bend
on the outskirts of Morseville,
the weeds grow high on the old gravel road.
Parched, warped boards silhouette the horizon,
allowing the sun's dying rays to
pierce the empty gaps
in its walls.
Mountains of lumber
stretch aimlessly toward the heavens,
falling far short of their destination.
Inside the weather-beaten door
lie piles of scratched pedestal chairs and tables,
scarred from numerous memorable barroom fights.
Empty hickory beer barrels
roll continually about the room,
dry since the last inning of the
1985 Fourth of July softball game,
where Hank "Killer" Watson hit a grand slam
in the bottom of the ninth
sending oceans of frothy foam
into jubilant glasses.
Tarnished, dusty trophies sleep
on a twisted shelf in the corner,
overlooking piles of cobwebbed crystal beer mugs.
Creaky tired logs shift the bandstand's
worn stage in the wind,
imitating the sounds
of the three man combo's fiddling music.
Wild rumors once flew around the small town—
"a millionaire from upstate New York
is gonna buy the hall,
repair it,
and put in a bunch of them damn plastic chairs and tables!"
Two nights ago,
wild gales blew the hall to the ground
with one last thunderous applause.

No encore was requested....