

FEATURED AUTHOR—POETRY

The Banjo and the Loom

Emma Bell Miles

Thump-chug-a-tinkle-tang, tump-a-tinkle-tine!

Listen at the banjo and the loom;
Banjo keeps a-pickin' in the shadow o' the vine,
Batten keeps a-thuddin' thoo the room.
Cabin in the sunshine—*chug-a plunk-a pling!*
Mocker in the sarvice-bush—listen at him sing!
"Possum up a 'simmon-tree," hear the music ring
Out upon the meadows all in bloom!

Says the loom to the banjo: *Thump-a chunk-a-choo,*
You lazy good-for-nothin' scamp!

My head's a-swimmin' with the work I got to do,
My back's a-th'obbin' with a cramp.
Goin' up Cripple Creek, layin' in the shade,
Waitin' for the money that the old man made—
Nary hill o' 'taters hoed, and yer axe has layed
More'n a week a-rustin' in the damp!"

Banjo keeps a-twangin' clear: "Time, O keep-a
time—

What's the good o' harkin' from the tomb?
I can set you dancin' to a ringin' rip o' rhyme;—
I can always chase away the gloom.
'Way down yonder where they plant a heap o' truck,
Sleepin' in a corn-pile, covered with a shuck—
Oh, it's I am young forever, and forever I'm in luck!

"*Whoop!*" says the banjo to the loom.

—Emma Bell Miles

