



The Fiddler

Once taking a walk
beneath trees in Lockerbie Square,
near the James Whitcomb Riley House,
I heard the sound of a fiddle.

I looked around and up
and saw an opening of sky
and heard the sounds
of a dance in an old barn.

My father, a teenager,
was playing the fiddle
and friends and relatives
were clapping and dancing

and horses were tied
outside the barn and there
was beer in dark bottles
and white lightning

in a clear jug that made
the rounds and rose to
many lips and my father's
bow scraped across the strings.

As the rhythm of his tune
raced faster and faster
women's dresses whirled
and men's feet stamped

and there was one *yee-haw*
after another on a Saturday
night as the grin on my father's
face stretched wide as the sky.