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Before We Bow Our Heads

Bradley Hartsell

When she honed
her frozen harness glare,
someone was definitely
about to get it.
It might've been a year,
maybe two,
since you saw her last, but she'd
make you mind.

But lord,
her smile. As warm as
Pine Bluff in June.
You wouldn't—
you couldn't—trade it
for all the world's jewels
because that was yours,
it belonged to you.

She'd walk into
the reunion,
and all of the sudden—
Fluorescence
shimmering to announce
things were gonna
be okay. You'd
feel a peace
about work,
your marriage,
those overdue library books.
We'd all beam and nod over,
"There's…

...Eth…" No.

Stove eye
No SPF
Yankees centerfielder,
The one who played guitar
And got hurt all the time

Ah, yes…
"There's Bernice"

It made your day
Just to see
Her bluish eyes
And that thing
She wore –
What was it?
That frilly blouse
Or sweater,
Something.

To Reptiles Who Love and Lose

Bradley Hartsell

Perhaps he envied his lizard brothers and sisters
Who absconded their integument to scurry into box elders.
This liberated colony laughed—
An ectothermal creature, such as he, heard this tittering,
Slowed to four times its echovibrations.

Yet his thick scales, contusions of
Olive and purple, warded off their jitters.
Protected, his onyx eyes flicked a glint—
Though maybe the sun simply shifted a due notch—
And onward he sailed.

a turtle swam

through the lake.

Afraid of What She'll Find

Bradley Hartsell

She wanted to know if I'd seen her son,
Smiling sweetly, hoping for any clue.
I'd met him just once, but we talked a ton.
She spoke of one dog, but I recalled two.
As she ambled away, I wanted truth.
That night I watched the lights—hours, unchanged.
Two evenings passed, still the same dim bulb's hue.
I called her—I'd bust down the entryway.
Yet, the next day, her absence was too strange.
I finally rang the police myself.
Blood on the floor; one dog feasting, with mange.
An infernal smell—found all by himself,
Sprawled on the hall floor, dead more than a month.
Denial broke—she found a step and slumped.

On the Edge of Home

Brittany Hoyle

The sun is shining on the hills and here
I rest after my time of running away-
On the edge of the cliff I understand the smallness of
my being. I'm encompassed by the pine and
the familiarity of grass untouched by man
rolling on for eternal miles.

These mountains are Goliath but hold me as
Grandfather would on his front porch swing.
They are not here to overtake me but
to hold me in a comforting embrace.

I submit to the green
and the honeybees pollinating
the feathery white grandiflorums.
Heaven is so close I can reach out and touch the sky as
its light shines through the smoky morning- I'm sitting
On the edge of home and I ask myself why I ever wanted to leave.

Who is Like You?

Brittany Hoyle

unlikely grace
brought in autumn leaves
lovely are You
on the mountaintop
creation sings Your song
a dandelion church grows within Your love
suffering in rivers deep
You held faithful
in a fragile cry
Who is like You?

Chimney Top Ash

Brittany Hoyle

There's beauty in store
something more marvelous than what stood before.
That's how the outsiders comforted us.
The first time we listened to those
outside of our world.

Brought ablaze from a flame whose ache
could be felt from every corner of the Smokies.
Why you, Chimney Two?

In the ash, we were left
with the dust of our home.
The charred trees offering
no shelter.
The eagles weren't soaring and
the crickets temporarily stopped their singing.
There only remained empty black skies
and a silence
so cold and piercing it could
cut through the side of the mountain.

Yet the sun still rose on November 29.
Wet smoke filled the air paired with
the smell of must and exhaustion.
But all I can now recall is the embrace of
a stranger
telling me it's all going to all right
even in her uncertainty of having
a home to go home to.

They ask us how we did it,
walking over the rubble of home.
They wonder what separates us from
every other town that's walked this
same road many times before.
Surely this would be what destroys
that Appalachian toughness we boast about.
But they don't know our heart as well as they thought.

It's the gentle strength of the mountain
that carries us forward
and our refusal to become just another
waste land.

The grass is growing greener now.
Flowers are blooming atop the remaining scars.
As Chimney Top repairs herself
she's binding up our wounds
mending hearts broken in two.
This mountain is still recovering
and so are we.

Cornbread and Crème Brûlée: Appalachia à Paris

Amy Laws

Ever since I read Adriana Trigiani's *Big Stone Gap* series, I have felt a deep connection to her heroine Ave Maria Mulligan MacChesney. I have even gone as far to call her my soul sister and consider her as dear as Elizabeth Bennett or Hermione Granger. I understand her passionate dedication to two distinct cultures, and I know for a fact that one can experience equal love for two very different places. Where Ave Maria has built an invisible bridge between Italy and Southwest Virginia, traveling effortlessly between her two worlds, I have done the same with France and East Tennessee. I am an Appalachian girl born and bred. I grew up in the compact and cozy town of Greeneville, Tennessee with phrases like "They law" and "Bless your heart;" eating biscuits and gravy and knowing that no "tender, Tennessee Christmas" would be complete without singing "O Beautiful Star of Bethlehem." I attended festivals for every major vegetable and flower, studying my Tennessee history in the book with the green cover that looked like Christmas foil. I listened to Dolly Parton and Kenny Rogers, and can still smell the fragrance of honeysuckle flying on the wind of the East View Elementary School playground. Who would have ever believed that I would end up traveling the world, speaking French like a native and eating *confit de canard* and *ratatouille* with gusto?

I began studying French in high school (four years' worth), and then went on to major in French at East Tennessee State University, eventually earning a Master of Arts in French from the University of Georgia. I first went to France with the ETSU in Paris program in 2004 and fell in love with the city, as so many before me had done. Once you have seen the Eiffel Tower with your own eyes, I believe that it casts a spell on your heart and forever beckons you to return. My love for France only intensified as the years went on and no matter how much I loved Appalachia, I always longed for Paris with its sparkling Eiffel Tower; *crème brûlée* and poulet *rôti;* little cups of coffee and windows full of a kaleidoscope of pastries; and the sparkling Champs-Elysées with its chic shops and elegant residents. In 2007, I had the opportunity to go back to France and study at a private language school just outside Paris. It was a complete immersion school, and as one of our assignments we were required to give an oral presentation (an *exposé,* as the French call it) on something that we loved that would be completely new information to our audience. Keep in mind that my small class contained the following crazy quilt of long stay visitor visas: a Midwest farmer's daughter, two Brits and a Swiss Miss, among other non-Southerners. My teacher was a Parisian native with no prior knowledge of country ham and biscuits, and I am pretty sure that she had never heard a banjo. Therefore, my mission was presented to me. These poor souls had never been introduced to the beauty of barbecue or the rhythm of "Rocky Top." No one had ever blessed their hearts. I would have to show them the way. Therefore, I gave them a crash course: Southern 101.

In May of 2007, this cast of characters became well-versed in the Mountain South. I took my place at the podium and began to educate my non-Southern classmates (bless their hearts). I explained the philosophy of Johnny Cash and we "walked the line" into the Bible Belt, Southern gospel, and bluegrass. I taught them the social graces of "yes ma'am" and "no sir," how gentlemen open doors for ladies, and how Southern hospitality is not only valued, but still practiced and passed on. I demonstrated the different Southern dialects from Tennessee to Georgia. I showed them cold Coca-Cola and barbecue; crispy

fried chicken and decadent biscuits and gravy; grits and bacon; and then, we washed it all down with a big glass of sweet tea, "the house wine of the South," as Dolly would say. We discussed the mountains of East Tennessee and I showed them pictures of its multifaceted majesty. I filled them in on the local ghosts and the folklore; the Bucs and the Vols; President Andrew Johnson's home and final resting place; Samuel Doak and Davy Crockett; and most importantly, Pal Barger and the cheddar round. When I had come to the end of my *exposé* (all in French, mind you), I handed out translated lyrics of "Rocky Top" and encouraged the class to sing along. I will never forget the faces of my classmates when they first heard the banjo. For the record, there is no translation for "ain't" but "Bon vieux Sommet Rocheux" will live on in the hearts of those non-Southerners forever. It would not surprise me one bit if I ran into them one day in the drive-thru line at Pal's to sample the illustrious cheddar round, at the Birthplace of Country Music Museum in Bristol to hear that banjo's strings, or even eating a piece of fried chicken in the "greenest state in the land of the free."

Looking back, I realize that I was given a unique opportunity to preserve the traditions of Appalachia and that the mission lives on. I have traveled to France many times and I always take Appalachia with me. No matter how much I love France, my heart will always belong to these hills and my love for this place grows and grows as I get older. People often ask me how a "girl from Greeneville, TN" got to France, Italy, Senegal and Cameroon, and I always tell them that I have "roots and wings," as I once heard in a song. As I continue through life's journey and travel to many more exotic places, I shall bring the message of biscuits and bluegrass and bless as many hearts as I can along the way.

From a Land Unknown

Micah McCrotty

I.

Most people stop there at the overlook,
where ridges and standing sentinels of stone
spread out, like visions from another country
now lost, the mists welling up into view and hiding
farthest corners from searching eyes;
but if you follow the cliff top down to where
it emerges from the ground, then strike out
into the valley, now hidden below the trees,
you can walk trailblank for days without a sound
besides the muddle of your own intrusion, broken branches
and mouth-air all that startle the circling birds which call
each other from atop white pines. Camp wherever
the land flattens, knowing that nighttime draws out life
which needs neither eye nor ear to find warm breath.

II.

When you lay down in the dry leaves below
a rhododendron, ten miles from the nearest trail
or road, as deep in the country as you've yet ventured,
notice the rustling deer mouse in nearby bushes, how the dark
descends swiftest inside the ridge's shadow,
and how pleasant the air feels when dew first falls
through the softspeak of tree frogs overhead.
But near dark, when a buck finds you asleep near its trace,
it will stamp and blow before moving on,
becoming a silent feature of a country you thought you knew.
They say two boys heard a call here they couldn't place,
a deep and longing mammalian bawl, desperate in its loneliness,
emitting from the rock itself to fill the air with rage
or sadness, like the final bugle from a land unknown.

Scent

Micah McCrotty

When the two men escaped to the low overhang
from grey snow skies to hide
like a pair of screech-cats
from the rigid winter blow,
their hands braced against fistfuls
of chert-gravel covering broken arrowheads
in the earth beneath their cloth-wrapped feet,
their backs leaning where other men had squatted
since before the first naming of Frozen Head.
Yet when they bedded down on the buried shards
and covered their frames with last fall's leaf-rot
the two spoke of what could come,
fancied smells of their first meal,
and the ready-scent of absent lovers.

Rick Trail laid down in the same place
not two days after to demonstrate how Sandy
and Little Red nosed the pair out, found them
cuddled up with hair and clothes frozen hard,
down in a forgotten hole like damned hogs
who ran off to feed on roadside flesh
and break crusted haller ice-streams for drink.
They run near a hundred mile, but
there's no paths out here so they just circled
around through laurel hells, unable
to make out features of sky or ridgeline
then quit barely a quarter mile away,
blind-nosed to their own scent,
since they got no history with this place.

Akers Apart

Micah McCrotty

Some say Kan Akers still lives past Lost Cove
where black waters pour without truncation,
his greasy hair carving out new paths through the soil,
gathering in places to coil his being
before stretching out under newcut lean-tos
or cabins in-between the mountains,
hidden beneath rhododendron
like successive bend pools of rest.

They say his chain of permatarps stretches back
since before the delineation of which trees
belonged to Tennessee or North Carolina.

Folks tracked his shade to a stand of walnut trees
where he took a stance behind
boulders to watch like a wild man
the doings and shrieks of people from out east
come to play pretend by roughing it overnight
on the side of his mountain,
their mouths oiled with the food of other skies,
their thoughts loyal to a study of the dead
or fogs of beauty they found in texts
while Akers retreated further back
into laurel hells to keep his thin wisp
of cooking smoke hidden from authorities.

The gods apart believed they'd caught him once,
sent two teams of shaven rangers
to surprise a camp from either side
but found only soft imprints of a naked foot,
a ginseng hoe, and gallon bucket
strewn beside a bear shredded tent.

The Slow Worm

Micah MCrotty

I.

A slow worm lives below my winter woodpile,
and in spring I watch him search for sun.
He whispered towards my quiet ears
devices for peach planting in December
and named my kin who'd live past time
before returning to the Applewood,
to flick his tongue and close his mouth,
bed back into the warmth of rot.
I build his house each fall for warmth when
summer calls for felling trees to replenish
piles, a gathering place for garden grubs
feeding fat my silent resident
who finds no mate but doesn't die.

II.

My father's chimney sits across our acres,
its naked walls have fallen in
the severed timbers like empty arms
leaving ribs of siding clinging
to the grey stone spinous process,
now leading up through trees and briers,
a hollow column waiting for collapse.
A young couple asked if they could pick it over,
repurpose lumber to paint and sell.
I declined and said I wasn't ready,
mentioned how the lizard lived both here and there,
sent them away against their protests
that if I'd let them, the boards could have new life.

The Sharp End

Micah MCrotty

I am on the sharp end, where stone's friction holds
my sweating body close in gentle unprotection.
My father came here before, nailed pitons
in the smallest crack then left them directing
upward before descending. I'll secure myself
to his decade's steel then move past his anchors
leading on up the wall where water has shaped
and rolled the granite leaving smooth empty
blank beyond. When I have gone as far as I'm able,
I'll drive an arrow in the wall, hang for a moment
to see the ridges, blue and rolling like an earthen river,
before I call down to my partner and descend
back towards the trees out of the light of the evening sun.

The Spring and Flood in Jim Wayne Miller's Poetry

Micah McCrotty

What bond have I made with the earth,
having worn myself against it?
Wendell Berry, "The Stones"

The aquatic imagery found in Jim Wayne Miller's verse often falls within the scope of traditional pastoral poetry and from his earliest work, *Copperhead Cane,* mountain streams carry the inference of idealism and unity between man and his ecosystem, while flooding and larger rivers often come paired with negative descriptions of pollution or excess. The spring or mountain stream functions as the site where Miller's characters find relief from common stresses, return to their place of origin, and become one with their surroundings. In contrast, flooded lakes and rivers function as a liminal state between cultures, helping to highlight his characters' need for a return to their native ground. Miller's aquatic language allows poetic access to the concept of cultural movement, and he frequently portrays the entire Appalachian region as a place of transition by employing the image of the river. Trends in Miller's depictions of bodies of water reveal surprising consistency across his canon and provides greater insight into how his political vision evolved throughout his career.

SPRINGS AND MOUNTAIN STREAMS

Mountain springs regularly occur in Miller's work to present the world of the ideal and to show Miller's view of traditional living between people and their surrounding habitat. Often reflective of Heidegger's concept of "dwelling," the spring is paired with traditional mountain culture. Miller depicts springs as emitting from the mountains themselves and therefore signal the presence of significant locations or interactions of unity between people and local ecology. Miller regularly directs the reader to view the spring as an almost sacred space. In "The Country of Conscience," Miller asserts that traditional cultures are unwritten histories of "water flowing quietly / for centuries over rock" and positions pre-industrialized Appalachia as a valuable yet largely ignored region in the United States (16-17). At the 1980 Highland Summer Conference, Miller quoted Wallace Stevens's poem "Anecdote of Men by the Thousands" as an outline of his own vision of how place shapes "who we are, and what we are," a theme which underlies every collection of Miller's work *(Miller, An Evening 1989 1:31-1:49)*. Springs and streams function as symbols of origin, as locations where characters find grounding and personal significance, and where people become one with their surroundings. The spring or mountain stream connects Miller's narrators, and eventually the persona of the Brier, to a sense of belonging found through family land or broader geographical roots.

The image most closely tied to the mountain spring is the character of the Dead Man. He functions as Miller's cultural connection to a traditional Appalachian mountain lifestyle, both in his poetry and in his personal biography. Jeff Daniel Marion and Rita Quillen have both noted that the Dead Man came out of Miller's relationship with his grandfather. Marion has said that

> He [Miller] talked about his grandfather who was the Dead Man that he was having the dialogue with in his book *Dialogue with a Dead Man.* I do remember one of the stories he told me about the grandfather was that they loved to hunt, they loved to be out in the woods, and as Jim was talking about that I could just feel his own sense of how much he loved that world, the power of the natural world. (Marion Interview 2018)

Rita Quillen has also asserted that

> In *Dialogue with a Dead Man,* we look through Jim Wayne Miller's struggle with grief at the loss of his grandfather. The recurring images in the poems reflect the loss of something precious, of ensuing grief, then healing and rejuvenation. He sees that in the death of this person he has lost a part of himself—a part that was more closely tied to family and home and mountains than he had previously realized. (Quillen 10)

Quillen advances the idea further to stress that the forfeiture is not simply the loss of an interpersonal relationship and carries significant implications of the fading of an entire lifestyle of communion with the land (Quillen 10). The connection to family roots, cultural heritage, and physical place all impregnate Miller's image of the spring as the history of his personal timeline. Just as the spring creates the headwaters of a river, the Dead Man acts as the cultural spring of both the Brier and Miller himself. With the death of the Dead Man, Miller seems to assert that the region has lost a generation which maintained respect for the natural world and demonstrated a worldview of sustainable treatment of cohabitating wildlife. Though the character of the Dead Man is found only in *Dialogue with a Dead Man,* he informs the creation of the Brier and gives rise to the concept of the "father's house" reimagined throughout the remainder of Miller's work. The Dead Man represents Miller's vision of the quintessential Appalachian figure, an idealism of connection between man and ecosystem.

Similar to Miller's use of the image of the house, the common spring takes on great significance in his work and becomes the site of revelation for individuals in the search for personal wholeness. Though Miller certainly maintains one vision of the traditional agrarian Appalachian culture as unsullied by the outside world and often depicts the changes in the region as a flood or blown-out stream, he notes that he does not hold a view of Appalachian culture as inherently superior to others, nor that the region's best days are behind it. Miller frequently defended the rise of modernity as an opportunity for the culture of the region to continue to revive itself, claiming that an essential element of the mountain folklore and history is in its songs. In the preface to his book *The More Things Change the More They Stay the Same,* Miller argues that television and mass media are simply new elements to the region, and "[t]he media didn't kill the songs. The media became the rivers the songs could sail on" (Miller *More Things Change* 1). Each named creek or spring in Miller's poetic work, such as the French Broad, the Big Snowbird, and Trammel Creek, are actual streams or rivers in the Appalachian region. By specifically naming them, Miller seeks to ground his images in the subject region, thus allowing the place names and songs to further situate the Brier's experience in the specifics of Miller's intended location of the southern mountains.

Miller's use of the spring as a location of connection to personal native ground is present in his earliest work, *Copperhead Cane,* and carries on throughout his canon. "On Sandy Mush Creek" tells the story of a stream haunted by a Native American's ghost, and the narrator finds artifacts left over from the Cherokee's past. Cast in the tone of an American Gothic piece, this poem sets a precedent for Miller's later work and establishes the mountain stream as a place of connection to the region's past. By repeating the line "another other than I," the reader is left to wonder if the narrator remains alone has been visited by a true ghost (8, 11). Miller uses the water's movement unsettles the foundation for material reality within the piece, thus leaving the reader to question the validity of the experience while probing the distance between the living and the dead. This altered reality features frequently in Miller's work, and the stream often serves as the setting for the experience of dreams and visions because it links the residual heritage left by the Dead Man to the narrator's vision of his own future.

In the poem "Fencepost," first published in 1964 but republished in *Dialogue with a Dead Man,* Miller describes a fencepost the Dead Man raises near a mountain spring. Beside a spring, the two men have set the post into the ground, and it sprouts roots and begins to regrow. Possibly a reference to a similar scene in James Still's *River of Earth,* this spring is situated "below the mountain field," suggesting that the water comes from the mountain itself, and therefore links the water to the most iconic feature of the region (Still 55, 2). The narrator compares his grief due to the loss of the Dead Man to the planting of the fencepost, yet he remains hopeful that he will survive his loss by noting that the post has grown roots and lived past its initial felling. The narrator draws a comparison between himself and the "stake here by the spring drain," as both he and the fencepost have rerooted and will grow

again (3). Though the poem most directly discusses the process of healing from sorrow, the spring as the location for restoration is foundational to the setting.

The image returns later in *Dialogue* with a *Dead Man* when the narrator describes the Dead Man as a trout or fish in the poems "Stalking" and "The Hungry Dead" and claims that he can see only a few surface rings but remains unable to distinguish the Dead Man below the surface. The narrator grieves the rise of philosophies which view the hills, pastures, and wildlife of his home as mere commodity and which fail to recognize inherent value in the ecosystem so impactful on the culture of the region. In "On Native Ground," the "spring at the mountain's / foot" gives the narrator the ability to see past the "oilspill on a rainslick road" to the "cool air of the mountains" (16, 23, 29). As in "On Sandy Mush Creek," this spring functions as a visionary location, providing an opportunity to revisit the native ground of the Dead Man, and to see a way forward into the future of "a new house" rising from the pain of loss and death (35). As in "Fencepost," Miller continues to draw from the spring image as a location typifying traditional culture as well as the site of renewal for future growth.

In *The Mountains Have Come Closer* (TMHCC), Miller uses the image of the spring to develop sites of heritage and sustainable interaction between man and local ecology. In the earliest conceptions of the book's themes, he mentions that when the Brier removes his soul from the region, "the spring drain doesn't sing anymore," thus symbolizing that the land is diminished through the absence of the population (Miller "New Appalachian Poems" 1). As in "Fencepost," the Brier views the spring as the source for the river of his own life, and more broadly for the life of the mountain culture exemplified by the Dead Man. In the earliest draft of *TMHCC,* Miller pairs the image of the silenced spring with "a clapper fall[ing] from a cowbell," the sun failing to "strike the hill in the evening" and "a barn sinking in on itself" (Miller "New Appalachian Poems" 1). These images all contain tones of grief, silence, and loss, and the absence of the spring further underscores the Brier's loss of connection to the headwaters of his own familial and geographical history.

Miller has defended his view that the people and the place are inextricably linked, and both form the identity of the other. He claims that his work seeks what he has described as "invisible baggage […] Folklore. Beliefs. Attitudes. Values. The immaterial part of the culture, not the material part of it. And so I'm after signs of that invisible baggage" (Miller, An Evening 1989 3:15-3:45). These invisible yet identifying features of a person and culture, he claims, came with the original settlers from Europe as historical providence from their travels to the New World. But the stories and beliefs became naturalized to the new location, and over time the culture aligned itself with the new region. "[W]e are a relic area as far as the English language is concerned. There are forms of the English language that people speak in our part of the country that to other people are sort of like arrowheads that you'd go out in the bottoms and pick up. They come from the past" (Miller, An Evening 5:15-5:29 1989). These artifacts make up the theoretical spring in Miller's work, and he seeks to promote a revaluing of these origins in the "Brier Sermon" by calling his readers to remember that "[o]ur foreparents left us a very fine inheritance" (66).

Once the Brier returns to his native ground, he becomes one with his surroundings in the poem "Going to Sleep by a Troutstream." In this poem the stream functions as the meeting place between the environment and the Brier himself. The work begins with the Brier distinct from the stream as he lies down beside the "steady crash of water / down over rocks" (1). By the end, the delineation between the body and the environment further question the foundations of material reality as his shape becomes obscured within the surroundings. Miller has commented that this poem is the moment when the Brier "is trying to achieve oneness with his place" and the work contains language indicative of sleep or death, thus symbolizing the drowning of the Brier in his region (Miller to Johnson 4). The poem also contains baptismal imagery, and connects the Brier's death to his individuality with the process of becoming a single part of the larger environment. This baptism into the mountain water stands as a moment of conversion as the Brier transforms to eventually become a spokesman preacher for the region. The mountain stream is the place of unification between what Miller describes as the "quintessential Appalachian" and the streams and ridges of his home region (Miller, *Brier, His Book*).

A more tangible example of Miller's conceptualization of the Brier's reunification with the mountains comes in the poem "On the Wings of a Dove." Miller switches from the imagistic approach in "Going to Sleep on a Troutstream" for a more narrative style by telling a story of the Brier's

return from employment in Ohio. The title refers to a gospel song, and contains references to "Wait a Little Longer, Jesus or Blue Moon / of Kentucky," while alluding to the flight of the dove at the end of Noah's flood (22–23). He parks beside the French Broad to drink moonshine and listen to local gospel music, and each act develops a sense of revival of his person through emersion in the religious and regional culture of his place. Miller describes the location as where the "river, mountains and sky / run together," thus indicating that the mountain stream functions as a location of geographical wholeness to the Brier (14–15). As the poem proceeds, the Brier's anxiety slowly eases until "white doves [rise] out of his ribcage" and the description seems to indicate the Brier's regrounding in his home (30). Instead of his individuality becoming conceptually obscured as found in "Going to Sleep by a Troutstream," this poem more clearly articulates the Brier's transition as a man back into his home. He encounters the people, music, and drink of his home region, and the experience allows him to find restful reorientation in his return.

Similar in theme to "On the Wings of a Dove," the poem "On Trammel Creek" demonstrates Miller's desire for political formations to reflect and respect regional differences as well. He does not align the Brier with the doctrines of the church or the statutes of the state but rather experiences greater unity with the local inhabitants and Trammel Creek itself. The Brier understands that "customs were stronger than laws" (53). He remains separate from the church and state and, as an unattached third, becomes grouped together with Trammel Creek, which is "no respecter of state lines" (1). The creek and the Brier become positioned as unified in their defiance or deliberate detachment from both the state and the church. Trammel Creek functions as the location where the local populace can still share moonshine despite prohibition, and the interaction between the Brier and the other "feller" reflects the culture mourned in *Dialogue with a Dead Man* (31).

LAKES AND FLOODS

The image of the flood aggravates the spring. Where the spring often comes with images of clear water and purity, floods have an obfuscating effect as a descriptor of the region. Miller employs the image of the flood as a negative representation of the result of intruding destructive philosophies which disregard the importance of the natural environment. Lakes and overflowing rivers describe cultural exchanges as a "border-line surface between such an inside and outside," and the violent images reveal how this "surface is painful on both sides" (Bachelard 218). Flooding frequently comes connected with cultural trauma and the subsequent "dislocation" of Appalachian communities (Johnson 126). Ecologically destructive mining practices, the construction of large infrastructure, and the gradual modernization of the region are all described negatively in Miller's work, often depicting the displacement of local residents or their outmigration in search of work.

The flood stands as the foil of the spring, and cultural alteration comes paired with blown-out creeks, flooded farms, and trash-strewn roadways. In "Cripple Creek Revisited" published in *The More Things Change the More They Stay the Same,* Miller describes how creeks have become unwholesome in the aftermath of this new cultural flood. Though it draws inspiration from the traditional love song "Crippled Creek," Miller's poem differs in tone by expressing a darker reality, and the content focuses more directly on the growing ecological changes rather than on two young lovers. The unnamed narrator wades out into the creek and "cut[s] his feet on broken glass," then describes how "little fish floa[t] on their backs" (2, 24). The streams of the region have changed with the advent of strip-mining and the resulting pollution, and flood imagery takes on a representation of deep alterations in how local society relates to the ecosystems which surround them.

Miller connects the rise of commercialist culture to the image of the road by using flood language in the final section of *Nostalgia for 70.* A book he envisioned as "a metaphor for a certain speed in life, [sic] or an intensity of experience," Miller sought to describe his desire for the experience of the road prior to the lowering of the interstate speed limits from 70 to 65 (Miller *Conversations* With 1987 18:12-18:26). In "Buffalo," the narrator describes the road as a place in opposition to the mountain stream, where police officers wash off oil and blood-covered roads while ordering all people into a "single lane" (9). Buffalo roam away from the highway, near "bottomland along the river" but not near the road itself, symbolizing the separation between the world of the ideal cordoned off by the highway (16). Miller further examines the impact

of the road in the poem entitled "A Legal 55" by likening radio commercials to "trash swept down a / flooding creek" (10-11). By suggesting a connection between the road and a rise in product-centered thinking, Miller suggests that the people of the region were unprepared for the sudden influx of advertisements and commercialism in their everyday life. Core elements of Appalachian culture become linked with product, such as gospel music which introduces headache powder advertisements, and the narrator notes that "a moneygrubbing / motive sits in every pitch, like the billboard / in that clump of trees" (26-28). With the arrival of roads, Miller suggests, the region has become flooded with commercialism.

In *The Mountains Have Come Closer,* Miller continues his description of the process of cultural change with the poem "How America Came to the Mountains." He does not specify the nature of what "comes" to the mountains, but rather leaves his meaning ambiguous while giving clues of increasing commercialism. He again connects the concept of the road to the region's change, noting that "the air felt strange, / and smelled of blasting powder, carbide, diesel fumes" (2-3). Miller notes his belief that "the road is the anthesis of home" in a letter to Dr. Don Johnson, and this home, the same "new house" first mentioned in "On Native Ground," is the location most closely connected to his forefathers, the metaphorical house of the Dead Man (Miller to Johnson 2, 35). Miller connects flooding to the development of roads, strengthening radio waves, and increased light pollution, even noting that a hen prophesied "eight lanes of fogged-in asphalt filled with headlights" (5). By refusing to specify what has "come" to the mountains, Miller allows the descriptions of flooding to cross-reference negative descriptions of growing infrastructure and the building of the interstates throughout the region. Liam Campbell has noted that "[l]ines of imperial power have always flowed along rivers," and when America arrives in the mountains, the Brier describes the movement as following "creeks and roadbeds," much like the movement of any flooded river or stream (Campbell 118, 17). As the Brier continues to describe his memory of America's arrival, he notes:

> when it hit, it blew the tops off houses,
> shook people out of bed, exposing them
> to a sudden black sky wide as eight lanes of asphalt,
> and dropped a hail of beer cans, buckets,
> and bottles clattering on their sleepy heads.
> Children were sucked up and never seen again.
> (18–23)
> […]
> Some told him it fell like a flooding creek
> that leaves ribbons of polyethylene
> hanging from willow trees along the bank
> and rusty cardoors half-silted over on sandbars.
> (34–37)

The road and the flood have become one, leaving a natural disaster in their wake. Miller finishes the poem by describing the flight of the Brier from the region, who claims his family has moved to "Is, Illinois," before ultimately moving back to live in "As If, Kentucky" (54, 56). The final stanza underscores a choice between two alternative futures for the Brier. He can live displaced from his home region or return to Appalachia to live in nostalgia. It is not until the revelations come in "Brier Sermon–You Must Be Born Again" can he envision the third possibility of living in his "father's house" (61).

Displacement imagery returns in "Brier Visions," and the Brier notes how commercialism has taken root through advertisements on radio waves, drawing the mountain people towards mainline conceptualizations of how to use their land and money and ultimately drawing the Appalachian people away from their home. In Part IV of "Brier Visions," the Brier claims that

> [l]ike floodwaters rising in the night,
> radio waves moved up the mountain valleys.
> Coves and hollers rocked with the city's flotsam:
> Wrigley's and Lucky Strike, Ford and Goodyear.
> Lifted off the land by a rising music,
> trees cut loose by singing saws, the people
> rode the receding suck of sung commercials,
> floated like rafted logs toward the mainstream. (15–22)

Though the poem begins with the traditional "gee and haw" of a mountaineer, flooding marks the beginning of the Brier's story of displacement and his family's disenfranchisement from their home. Like "How America Came to the Mountains," this poem draws a clear connection between the rise in materialistic thinking and Miller's flood imagery.

Tennessee has thirty-three Tennessee Valley Authority reservoirs within its borders, and the creation of new dams often meant the literal flooding of valley hamlets and river systems (TVA). As seen with the flooding of towns

like Fontana and Butler, the growth of infrastructure and hydroelectric power altered the land by converting entire river valleys into deep lakes. In the work "Written on the Land," the Brier describes a change in the language of the populace as a result of the flooding of valleys by the Army Corps of Engineers. He asserts that prior to the creation of new impoundments, the region spoke "the language of smokehouse, / barn, garden palings, cistern and windlass," but this language has become unintelligible to new inhabitants (6-8). With the introduction of the lake systems and the rise of "brash outlander[s]," the cliffs and fields which once held the language of the people deeply connected to the region have become altered into counterfeits of themselves. The original occupants of the house have left and in their place comes a new owner; carvings on gravestones grow faint, largely ignored by partiers on boats who write "laughter and happy endings on blue water" (33).

The alteration of the land and the resulting change in how humans interact with their surroundings cause the Brier to experience a reshaping of his own relationship with the region. The poem "No Name" describes the silencing of the Brier's individuality and identity, which triggers his existential crisis that carries throughout both *The Mountains Have Come Closer* and *Brier, His Book*. Miller has noted that "No Name" is the beginning of when the Brier "begins the process of being reborn" (Miller to Johnson 3). The Brier feels that he must move against the current which seeks to silence him through forced conformity. Instead, he chooses to move against the flow of the cultural flood waters in his region and live among "dangerous / slow moving shapes" that have no name (13–14).

In "The Faith of Fishermen," the Brier describes the shadowy existence of catfish which huddle around the base of TVA and Army Corps of Engineer dams, growing to monstrous sizes like creatures from a book of lore. "The divers are our priests," the Brier says, and the catfishermen look to the divers for "any authoritative word" (11, 12). The fish take on a mythical presence in the poem, and Miller seems to place them outside of the subjugated nature of a dammed river. The fish live in "the dark around the gates that regulate the rivers of / our lives" and retain a sense of mystery within the region (17-18). Characterized as knights or warriors, the divers bring back stories of Grendel-like creatures, and the fishermen rely on these stories of the unknown to maintain a sense of awe for their local environment. Miller seems to ask: 'How people can retain wonder in a world bound by devices and controlled by machines?' The fishermen search for rumors of the untamed, and the divers' stories of continued wildness gives them cause for hope. The mountain river has become a lake by flooding over small farms and communities, yet the Brier has not given up the search for a sense of wonder and placeness within the region and describes fishermen as seeking a way forward despite alterations to their valley homes.

CONCLUSION

In a lecture at Radford University, Miller said "I'm interested in the question of whether or not where we are has anything to do with who we are. And the related question, [does] who you are have anything to do with who you have been?" (Miller, An Evening 1989 2:44-2:55). Set in the Appalachian Mountains, much of his poetry draws from local ecology for inspiration and to raise existential questions. The mountain spring most readily connects his reader to what Miller considers the headwaters of the local mountaineer culture. Like "On Sandy Creek," many of his poems recognize that Native American culture existed prior to the arrival of European settlers. In the first section of "The Brier Moves to A New Place," the Brier finds "left arrowheads" alongside a "family cemetery," and each site representing a different culture which previously inhabited the region (4, 5). Miller's main concern, however, stems not from the change and modernization of the region, but rather with a gradual loss of connection between the mountain ecology and the local population resulting from the influx of commercialization. The spring becomes the symbol of proper living with the land, as it is the location where a local inhabitant can access potable water. The Brier and the unnamed narrator in *Dialogue with a Dead Man* both return to potable mountain springs to find personal grounding and rejuvenation. For those two characters, their culture's mountain heritage certainly had a deep impact on their personal development, and the spring acts as metonym for their cultural mountain heritage.

The image of the flood counteracts the spring, and Miller uses it as both the cause and result of the abandonment of local ecology and cultural heritage. The flood often takes on overtones of denouncing excessive commercialist

thinking, and Miller depicts old family members being washed downstream with torrents of newspaper advertisements and plastic bags. Violence is latent in Miller's images of flooding, and only through a return to the condition of the spring, a symbolic reacceptance of the ecological responsibility by the local inhabitants, will the Brier to find peace in his location. Miller's image of the flood is in reaction to the spring, and only by recognizing the importance of maintaining a tradition of sustainable living can the Brier and the Appalachian people he represents recoup their connection to the hills they call home.

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The Coyotes Do Not Cry Alone

Chrissie Anderson Peters

So eerie to sit on the back
balcony of our hotel room
in Sevierville and listen
to the coyotes call back
and forth to each other in
the field behind the hotel
That sits beside Winfield Dunn,
the main drag of Sevierville,
what used to be a small town,
a ghost town, a haven for
wildlife, and a vacation spot
for a few thousand people, now
fome to almost 17,000 people;
home away from home for 60,000:
annually. Which means more
attractions, more stores, more
roads, more cars, more campers,
more campgrounds, more congestion,
more everything! *almost.*
In this hotel tonight, early January
2019, highways surrounding us
on three sides broadly. Sirens,
flashing lights, emergency, emergency,
must help now, assistance is crucial,
hear the coyotes calling; they will
confirm it.. Look around… Everything
is building up, everywhere around them,
while these little fields and pastures of
tall grasses are daily being churned up
into red clay mud, barren progress,
to make way for the next distillery,
restaurant, or shopping center, where I
will likely shop. But tonight, standing,
staring, straining to hear the yips
and yells, the coyotes do not cry alone.

Dream Lie

Chrissie Anderson Peters

Mae Fields sat silently on her glider swing on the front porch of her double-wide, surveying God's beauty all around her. Her hard-fought garden spot at the edge of the yard, at the far side of her youngest daughter's dilapidated swing set was beginning to show rewards for her efforts. She would finish just one more glass of Diet Coke before going down to check on it, she decided, pushing off slightly to swing a bit in the slight breeze that stirred as the morning cool gave way to what would be no doubt another scorcher.

Denise was nearly 30 now; that swing set really ought to be taken down. It was just one more obstacle for her and Ray to have to try to mow around. She caught the chortle in her throat before it turned into an all-out snort. As if Ray did any of the yard work anymore. Ray, her husband, was twenty-five years her senior. Denise was thirty-three years her junior, Ray's only child.

In between, there was Andrea, her oldest daughter, born when Mae was still a dewy-eyed twenty-year-old. The daughter that she had pushed so hard to make all of *her* dreams come true once Andrea's father deserted them and it was clear to Mae that none of her own dreams meant a damned thing anymore, things she wanted especially for Andrea then — good grades, college, a good job where she wasn't on her feet all day, a good husband (the first time around), who didn't drink or do drugs and could hold down a job so she could have a good life — who she had pushed so hard to get all of those things that she had nearly pushed her away. Mae had raised her to be independent; those folks over at that liberal arts college taught her to think for herself and Mae's guilt trips didn't work on her too good like they did when she was younger. Mae's Granny Vance had always told her to be careful what she wished for. Like Mae's second husband, who would married so he would take care of her and Andrea, but who wouldn't even sleep with Mae on her wedding night, yet in time would come to tell her that he only married her to be close to her daddy. She shook her head. Lord, she'd made some big mistakes in life in the name of trying to do the right thing for Andrea. In the name of trying to find solace for her own worn-out body and spirit.

She drained her Diet Coke and pulled herself back from the glider. She called this space her "office." The phone cord stretched here from inside. She could bring out a metal TV tray to have her meals under the canopy of the glider swing as the long days started cooling in the evenings. There was room to read her Bible. To watch the bald eagle on a hill way across on the next hill over. To watch birds and squirrels play in the old oak tree that lightning had hit a few years back, where it stood halfway up the dilapidated, rutted, rugged, ("God-Forsaken driveway," to use Andrea's description). The oak that Mae fondly remembered as leafing out into full canopy each spring and summer and blazing brilliantly each fall.

She slowly made her way down the four steps from the front porch to the yard, catching sight of all of the protruding blue varicose veins in her legs, and the swelling in her ankles, not even able to remember anymore that eighteen-year-old girl who fell in love with the idea of getting away from her own domineering mother, marrying Andrea's father to leave home, even though she knew it had disaster written all over it. That Mae had dreams and goals and plans. One of the few that she remembered was Paris. She had the most exquisite French teacher in high school, Mademoiselle Olivier. She was so young, just out of college, so beautiful. And she told Mae over and over and over about her travels to France, especially Paris. "Your French is very good, Mae," she would tell her. "You would do fine in Paris. Oh, you would love it! After you graduate, we could go together,

you could come with some of my friends and me!" Then came Henry, Andrea's dad. And there went the dream of Paris. There went the dream of graduation.

Paris. Europe. She supposed that Andrea was actually in England right now. Oh, Mae had dreams about England, too. The Beatles. What girl growing up in the 60's didn't? For Andrea, though, a generation later, it had not been The Fab Four, but The Fab Five, Duran Duran. Andrea's idolization and dedication for her favorite band honestly surpassed Mae's for the Beatles, a feat that she would never have deemed possible as a teen. Andrea was a dreamer, like Mae had been a dreamer. But Andrea took it further. She was like her daddy, even though she really didn't know him. She was a schemer. When a dreamer and a schemer come together in one person, something completely different sparks up. Someone who is dedicated to see her dreams through to fruition. Which should have made Mae proud. Well, in truth, it did. But frustratingly so. She watched as Andrea dreamed, schemed, and drew her husband Bob into those dreams and schemes, even if they weren't necessarily his own, because he loved Andrea. Including this current adventure in Europe. One of those Duran guys had written a book; Andrea had surmised that she could get tickets to see him in Scotland, and honestly thought that she was going to be able to *meet* him.

Mae thought it was a bunch of nonsense. Dreaming about running off on an airplane when you're a teenager and meeting rock stars is one thing. But when you're in your forties, you need to grow up. Save that money you're working so hard for. That money is for the future. And she told Andrea exactly what she thought, especially when Andrea announced that one of his college friends was going, too. Bob would need to go home after ten days to go back to work, but Andrea and this friend were staying a whole month, staying with people they barely knew or didn't know at all. Just because they were fans of this band. "You need to grow up, Andrea! Use that money better! Don't go chasing after rock stars! That's stupid!" Andrea had been as passionate about it as she ever was about anything dealing with defending her love of travel. "Don't you see, Mom? I'm on the verge of making one of my seventeen-year-old Andrea's dreams come true! It's like — This is my chance at a fairytale coming true!," she exclaimed exuberantly.

The words had stung Mae worse than that hornets' nest she got into as a child. How dare Andrea tell *her* about dreams, about fairytales! She had had dreams once. And she used to believe in fairytales. And then one bad life decision led to another and the next thing she knew, she was twenty years old, with a brand new baby, no husband, a mother reminding her of her failures in life — a mother that she had to move home with because she refused to raise that child on welfare… Instead of spewing all of the hateful things that she was thinking, though, Mae looked Andrea square in the eye and announced, "You know that all fairytales end the same, right?"

Andrea, a wanderlust, bright-eyed young lady about to embark on the adventure of a lifetime, who also happened to be an English major smiled softly at her mom and held her hand, "Yes, they do. Happily ever after."

Mae pulled her hand away and spat at her oldest, "No! *They all die!*"

She had pushed Andrea to take on her dreams, then was jealous when those dreams came true. She wasn't proud of it. It was the way their relationship had always been. She didn't know how to make it any different, though. Life was too hard to get soft, even around the edges.

Mae pushed sweat out of her eyes, certainly not tears, as she remembered Andrea's first year of college. Andrea was eighteen and had won a trip for two to Myrtle Beach. Mae was thirty-eight and had never seen the ocean. Andrea could have taken one of her girlfriends, but instead, she took Mae with her. It was the most beautiful thing in the world to Mae. The colors at sunset and sunrise, and the ocean. Like God had a whole different section on his palette just for the beach. But so flat. No mountains. That other palette for mountains seemed to be completely missing. As they walked along the water's edge at sunset, Mae vomited the entire walk down the waterline. The feel of the shifting sand beneath her feet troubled her physically and further. At home, there was solid ground. She could plant herself there. Here, everything felt temporary, like it could be gone with the tide. It was indeed pretty, but it took less than twelve hours for Mae to realize how much she missed her home on the God-Forsaken Hill, as Andrea insisted upon calling it from the first time she saw it in sixth grade, when Mae and Ray set

their engagement and showed her where they would live. Mae came back to reality when she saw a doe and two fawns from the corner of her eye, approaching the little garden that she was working so hard in that hot summer day. “I swear to God,” she said in exasperation, “if it ain’t the groundhogs, it’s the deer.”

Ray’s course voice sounded out as he scared them off. And almost to herself, she added, “But at least they’re quiet. And beautiful. And they’re better company than some others.”

Ray announced that he had her an ice cold Diet Coke, though, and left it at her office, so she turned, wiped the sweat from her brow, and nearly tripped over a sign at the swing set, as she made her way back into the yard. “BLOOM WHERE YOU’RE PLANTED.”

She shook her head and laughed a hard laugh. “I might as well. It’s better than being disappointed by what you always dreamed about.”

Clinch

Chrissie Anderson Peters

"Ruth Ann Morgan!" she heard her Mama call out over space and time, "get out of that creek with your Sunday best on!"

She looked down at her grown-up self, now living far away from the banks of Clinch River in the Appalachian Mountains of her home, and rubbed first her belly, and then her eyes. The hem of her long dress dragged the sea foam, spreading the white froth as the bubbles burst beneath the weight of the fabric. She had found herself thinking more and more about her Mama, more and more about home — more and more about the creek banks of the Clinch — in the weeks since learning that she was carrying a child. Some folks might say that she was homesick. She just knew that she needed the connection she always had to the Clinch growing up. It had been there for every milestone in her life, it seemed. How in the world could she have a baby without being near it?

In a rural community like that where Ruth grew up in Southwestern Virginia, places like the Clinch are the hub of entertainment, excitement, and every activity imaginable. It defined the entire area through which it flowed. The entire population knew the times of year it was most likely to flood its banks, and when it was most likely to run its lowest. Old-timers knew where, in their day, the Clinch would freeze hard enough in the coldest colds of winter so that eager, giddy children and brave adults could go ice skating and ice-fishing. Old-timers also knew the best current fishing spots, and those from their own childhoods, as well as from their parents' and grandparents'. The Clinch had been there forever, and was likely to last longer than most everything else around.

In Ruth's time, the Clinch was the place where she waded to catch crawdads as a young girl. It was where she learned to make mud pies with her best friend, Sally Ann Mullins. Where she learned to skip stones with her older brothers. Where she learned to swim. Where she had been baptized by her father and the elders in her church. Where her family went on picnics after church on Sundays until she was almost a teenager and her brothers started dating and quit going to the family picnics, so her Mama quit packing them (which wasn't all bad, because then Ruth started rushing home after church to listen to the American Top 40 Countdown, something that her Mama wasn't thrilled about). The banks of the Clinch were where Ruth had her first kiss with Willy Mason, and where she first made out with Randy McGlothlin, and where she surrendered her virginity to Dale Mullins. Where she cried when Sally Ann's older brother Pete killed himself the last summer she was home, just after high school graduation. No matter what, there had always been the Clinch.

After four years of college in the middle of North Carolina, she had decided that she wanted to move to the Eastern shore, so she headed out to a small beach area near Wilmington, North Carolina. Holden Beach. The Family Beach. People there saw their little slowly-eroding beach the same way people back home viewed the Clinch: it was the center of everything. She moved from job to job on the mainland every couple of years, trying to find *herself.* No one judged her for any of her shortcomings in settling down; no one judged her harshly at all, but treated her kindly, even though she would always remain an outsider to them. And she met several nice young men. Just none worth getting serious about, in her opinion. Then she came across Andrew Owens one summer, a few years younger than she was, a law student home for the summer, her seventh year there. It was a hot romance. Sex on the beach became so much more than a drink she enjoyed at the local bars. And then September came. The end of the tourist season. The end of Larry Owens, as he left to begin a career with a big firm near Raleigh. But the beginning of Ruth's morning sickness. Should she try to contact Larry? Should she tell him?

Those were some of the questions that she asked herself daily during her solitary walks along the water's edge. Some moments, she felt almost desperate enough to walk in and just keep going until she could go no further at all. But the growing baby inside her reminded her that there had to be a better answer. She could wait, and put it up for adoption, and then leave, go somewhere else and try for another fresh start. Yet something kept calling to her. She heard the begging gush of the Clinch as it tumbled over rocks and down falls every night. Yet she fought the impulse to go home. She had left after the fight with her Mama when her father died in the company of another woman. She had promised everyone, but especially herself, that she would never go back.

When there was only a month before the baby came, she fell in a crying mess on the bed in her tiny apartment one day. No matter how many walks she took along Holden Beach, it would never cleanse her. It would never cheer her up, bring her joy, or make her whole; it was not *her* place. For all the beauty that it offered, there was no solace, there was no connection. Only one place could do that. Even if it meant that she would have to see her Mama, which it certainly would in a place as small as home, she knew that she had to go back. This baby could not be born in salt water air. He could not be born where the tallest part of nature was the occasional sand dune. He could not be born where sea gulls screamed. She needed to go home. But she needed money to get there.

For the next two weeks, she sold everything that she didn't need. Her landlord, a woman who had come east from the mountains herself, returned her full deposit and told her not to worry about the remaining month's rent, to spend it getting home and taking care of the baby. She served her two weeks notice at work diligently, becoming more and more exhausted each day. Her landlord asked, "Do you need someone to help drive you back home, honey?"

"Oh, no, m'am, once I get in the car, I'll be okay." Her swollen belly seemed to groan at the thought of what she knew she would probably have to be split up into a three-day trip from fatigue. But she would get there just fine. And within a week of her arrival, this precious baby… But she had to get to the Clinch first…

She knew that, like her own belly, the Clinch's banks would likely be swollen. It was April, and the rainy season was upon the mountains and valleys. She wondered how muddy it would be. She hoped that she would be able to see okay. She had to get there. The baby…

The last day of the voyage, everything seemed to go wrong. The car wouldn't start, so she got on the road later than she wanted to. It rained the whole way, slowing her down. Her radio kept cutting in and out, making her a nervous wreck, so she finally just cut it off. Not long afterward, she realized that she was singing softly to herself. Hymns. Songs from so long ago, when she sang in the church choir. And the words, the melodies, they soothed her. Several creeks and rivers had flooded roads the closer she got to home, so she had to take detours. And then she felt a pain unlike anything she had ever felt before.

"No," she shook her head defiantly. "I still have two hours. I'm *not* having him *here!"*

She hit the gas, taking curves faster than she should have, but she knew these curves, she knew them by heart, like the curves of her own body. The pains became sharper and came closer together. She couldn't help but cry. She drove straight by the county hospital. She could not have this baby without walking through the Clinch first. She had to get there fast. Her head was spinning. Her teeth clenched, she tried calling her Mama, but there was no cell signal, not a great surprise, as there hadn't been much in the way of cell towers most of her time in the mountains. The rain slowed to a light shower, and she bit her lip so hard that it started bleeding. She stopped the car right where it was, shoved it in park, opened the door, and nearly fell out as she unfastened her seat belt. Her water broke as she tried to stand. "Oh, Jesus," she cried out, not even looking up from where she sat on the muddy ground.

"Hey, lady," this pre-teen girl ran over, a younger boy in tow. "You all right?"

Ruth looked up. Maybe it was the pain. Maybe it was sheer delirium. Maybe it was wishful thinking. But the girl looked to her just like her best friend Sally Ann and she called her old friend's name without thinking twice.

"You've gotta help me. I've gotta get to the Clinch. I need my baby to know it now. Before he's born. Please, Sally Ann. Please, help me."

She realized that the girl was saying something to the boy, and that he ran off.

"Here now," the girl tried to help her to her feet. "Lady, you're gonna have a baby like any minute now, you know that, right?"

"Gotta get to the Clinch…"

"Ruth Ann Morgan! What in the world are you???" A woman's voice called as she approached with the little boy dragging her by the hand.

Ruth looked up, befuddled, confused, in pain, determined, her mind reeling between what used to be, what was in that moment, what was about to be, everything shuffling together and flying like 52-card pick-up. It was Sally Ann. She ran over and helped the girl pull her old friend to her feet. "The Clinch. How far to the Clinch?" Ruth asked through her contractions.

Sally Ann smiled at her. "Roy, you run to the house. Call the ambulance. We'll be on the creek bank." Then she put her arm gingerly around her friend instructing the girl to do the same. "Janie, help me get her over to the creek bank."

"No, no, I need to stand in it. He needs to know it. Needs to feel it from the inside."

"Then you better take mighty big steps, girl," Sally Ann laughed.

She held on tight as Ruth cried and rubbed her belly, "Oh, we made it in time!"

Sally Ann couldn't really make heads nor tails of most of what she said, but stood holding onto her, hugging her, until the ambulance arrived, and carried Ruth out of the water. Sally rode with her holding her hand. Ruth calmed down, the water having proven to be more relaxing than any sedative. By the time they reached the hospital, her baby had made his way into the world. Andrew Clinch Morgan had already become familiar with his token namesake. She was finally home.

Overdue

Sherri M. Jacobs

In late summer,
trees blister with color
and curl at the edges.

I've made the decision
to clean out
the back room.

broken croquet mallet
soiled double heart frame
keys to a car driven out of state

Done.
It's been done.
Now I can plant more marigolds,
harvest the plums.

The Appalachian Voice

Rachel Swatzell

Issue 2:19 — In the Path of Pipelines
Mountain Valley's 200-year-old white
cedar trees are now ash, playing Tetris
with the riverfront, adjacent to the
neighbor's yard who are categorically
opposed to the fracking of their homes
a pipeline for money and burdens.

We're fighting in court for our water protection
but what about the Pedal Power?
Youth leagues cycle their way through Appalachia
moving forward for Charlottesville, waving
their flag of red spruce. The restoration canopy
showers Yocom's winter fairy tale.

Fixed Blade Folders — debone your finest catch with our Winkler originals
Hiking the Highlands, a sweet retreat down in Sugar Hollow
putting off the problems of state politics
a widespread problem, we're on coal ash cleanup.

Become a member of Appalachian Voices
and pay what you can.

Who's the Boss

Rachel Swatzell

Eighty percent of women are
still not receiving equality pay.
Didn't we fix that?
We had the Civil Rights Movement, check.
We had the Women's Rights Movement, check.
Women have the right to vote
so what more do they need?

How about a voice
That's not lost in translation.
A voice that's not oppressed for our accents.
You're from Appalachia, you don't
have a voice that's powerful.

Cantankerous narcissists of the "proper"
blindsided by the flicks of our tongues,
our words as soft as the tulip's silk petals
and airy as baby breaths.
Our agency, women of courage
for the stubborn mule.

They expect us to be a laborer
but not I, I have climbed
my way to the top of
The Hill of White Elephants.
There's nothing more liberating for a
Southern woman than standing
on top of a mountain screaming
I am woman and I am change.

The Lost Cause: The State of Franklin and the Constitution

Michael Shultz

Just a few years prior to the composition of the United States Constitution, many of the contributing founders hoped that they had established a governmental system in which each state could function equally in relation to one another. However, conflicts arose under these "Articles of Confederation" regarding what was the proper role of a state in relation to supporting a fellow state during an inward strife. In North Carolina, for example, a rebellion broke out in which the rebels declared themselves a sovereign entity and applied to Congress for confirmation of statehood under the title "The State of Franklin."[1] Though this rebellion was relatively small in the shadow of the Revolutionary War that had recently concluded, its impact reached to the highest rung of diplomatic debates. In fact, the failed State of Franklin aroused such fear of a strong Federal Government that would support various independence movements that state representatives saw to a clause being included in the Constitution that would prohibit the Federal Government from doing so without the consent of the established states.

When the North Carolina legislature brought their state constitution into effect on 18 December 1776, they carefully worded Article 25 to allot for the establishment of new governments within their western boundaries. Article 25 also took care to designate under what conditions such a new government could be established, which was essentially only with the consent of North Carolina's legislature.[2] This seemingly clear mandate was greatly complicated when on 2 June 1784, North Carolina voted to cede the portion of their western territory expanding from the Appalachian Mountains to the Mississippi River over to Congress in an attempt to settle Revolutionary War debts. This cession gave the United States a right to "at any time within one year" accept this cession and take complete authority over the region at hand.[3] The North Carolinians no longer took authority of that region, but Congress had not yet accepted the cession of authority to itself. Thus, the citizens in this western region had no governing body to make an appeal to in the event of a legal dispute, as well as having no one to appeal to for protection from Native Americans. Many of those on the western half of the state were Revolutionary War veterans that had been promised lands by North Carolina during the war, and had impatiently gone across the mountains afterwards to claim their bounty even without legal precedent.[4] These subjects felt as though the Cession Act that North Carolina had passed served as sufficient consent towards their sovereign action, and set about to establish an independent government around which they would form a state. By 23 August 1784, over forty men gathered in Jonesboro to establish an association under which they would uniformly act. After electing John Sevier as President and Landon Clark as clerk of the convention, they went on to prepare a constitution of their own. Under these men's leadership, Franklinite legislators plotted out the process of gaining congressional consent, which North Carolina's Cession Act had mandated they do in order to organize themselves into a new state.[5] William Cocke was selected as a delegate to go to Philadelphia as a representative of

[1]"Letter from Richard Dobbs Spaight to Richard Caswell," 5 June 1785, in *Documenting the American South,* "Colonial and State Records of North Carolina," ed. Walter Clark, Vol. 17 (Raleigh, NC: Printer to the State, 1899), 464, https://docsouth.unc.edu, accessed September 26, 2018.

[2]"Constitution of North Carolina," 18 December 1776, *The Avalon Project,* "18th Century," https://avalon.law.yale.edu, accessed 12 October 2018.

[3]John C. Fitzpatrick, ed., *Journals of the Continental Congress,* 1774-1789, Vol. XXVII (Washington, DC: United States Government Printing Office, 1933), 382.

[4]"Letter from Benjamin Hawkins and High Williamson to Alexander Martin," 26 September 1783, *Documenting the American South,* "Colonial and State Records of North Carolina," ed. Walter Clark, Vol. 16 (Raleigh, NC: Printer to the State, 1899), 888, https://docsouth.unc.edu, accessed 26 September 2018.

[5]Kevin Barksdale, *The Lost State of Franklin: America's First Secession* (Lexington, KY: University of Kentucky Press, 2010), 22-25.

the new "State of Franklin," and on 15 May 1785 he gave his presentation to Congress.[6]

Having heard the complicated proposition that William Cocke made to Congress in favor of submitting Franklin to the United States, there was a system that the Articles of Confederation required Congress to follow in order to determine whether or not the state would be admitted. Of the thirteen states then included in the Confederation, at least nine of them had to vote in favor of admission in order for the motion to pass. However, before the vote to admit or decline Franklin could be taken, Congress would have to accept the cession that North Carolina had made to them of their land to the west of the Appalachian Mountains. To further complicate matters, North Carolina had since repealed the Cession Act. Consequently, Congress was able only to vote on whether to take the lands west of the mountains without North Carolina's permission. By all indications, voting for the Federal Government to take the land of a state without the consent of that respective state was far more disdained than voting on whether to admit an independent state into the union. The very thought that Congress could vote on whether to take land from a state without that state's consent came as shocking to Richard Dobbs Spaight, a Congressional delegate from North Carolina, who deemed it "contrary to the established rule." The vote did occur, however, and was narrowly voted down after receiving seven votes in favor out of the nine required to carry the motion.[7] Left unable to admit Franklin without the permission of North Carolina, the application for statehood failed, but according to Patrick Henry, William Cocke was not discouraged at all by this decision due to the circumstances surrounding the vote.[8] He may have believed that in the future North Carolina would conclude to allow Franklin its independence, swaying the vote in the opposite way. Whatever the case, this event marked a turning point in the perspective of inter-state relations. The idea of Congress recognizing and legitimizing factions in rebellion, even when those factions were rebelling against a recognized state, became a major concern for the contributors to the Constitution. If not checked, Congress could deliberately break pieces of states off and form new states with equal voting rights. This could destroy the American governing system, which depended upon very few state representatives to make important decisions. Just two months later, Thomas Jefferson wrote Richard Henry Lee from Paris, France, referring to this occurrence and its implications directly. Jefferson expressed anxiety over what was going on in Franklin and Vermont, and indicated that he believed Vermont alone would receive admission into the union. He went on to state that the current states of the union would "crumble to atoms" if Congress would not firmly denounce the establishment of new states without the consent of their parent state.[9] By this it is made clear that news of the vote on Franklin was immediately spread abroad with haste. If such a small portion could divide itself off, and Congress could recognize it as a state with equal representation within the Union despite the established states' protests, then Congress had the power to effectively tip the scales of governance in any way it chose.

The prospect of new western states taking the governing power away from the established states in the east quickly gained attention and notoriety from the founders. Yet, some prospective states had been admonished for their attempts at statehood. Kentucky had begun to seek out the path of statehood around the same time as the Franklin movement.[10] In contrast, Kentucky received much support towards distinction from Congress due to the fact that Virginia was willing to consent to its departure. Patrick Henry wrote to Thomas Jefferson accounting of the details which separated Kentucky's plight as compared with Franklin's. Henry indicates that support for Kentucky came from the fact that a resolution had been passed by the state of Virginia that would be "injurious to neither and honorable to both." He then sets out contrasting this with the state of affairs in Franklin, commenting only on the fact that it could "turn out to be very interesting" because "they have about 5000 men able to bear arms."[11] Obviously, importance was placed on having consent from one's parent-state in order to form an independent state. Yet, this was not a stipulation of the Articles of Confederation. This requirement of consent was one that came during the period of time in

[6] "Letter from Richard Dobbs Spaight to Richard Caswell," 464.

[7] "Letter from Richard Dobbs Spaight to Richard Caswell," 465.; Fitzpatrick, *Journals of the Continental Congress,* 383.

[8] "To Thomas Jefferson From Patrick Henry," 10 September 1785, *Founders Online,* https://founders.archives.gov, accessed 15 September 2018.

[9] "From Thomas Jefferson to Richard Henry," 12 July 1785, *Founders Online,* https://founders.archives.gov, accessed 13 October 2018.

[10] Vasan Kesavan and Michael Stokes Paulsen, "Is West Virginia Unconstitutional," in *California Law Review,* Vol. 90, No. 2 (March 2002): 364.

[11] "To Thomas Jefferson From Patrick Henry," 10 September 1785, *Founders Online,* https://founders.archives.gov, accessed 15 September 2018.

which North Carolina refused to allow Franklin to form its own government. Henry's comments also illuminate the emphasis that Franklin-opposers placed on the likelihood that unapproved states would become violent against their parent state. Many believed that new states were more likely to declare war against established states, and the United States as a whole by implication, than to join them in the union at all. This belief was most ardently endorsed by Evan Shelby, acting Governor of Virginia, who wrote to Brigadier General William Russell in April 1787 requesting that he bring a number of his troops to Virginia to defend them from what he implies is an impending attack by the Franklinites. He speaks repeatedly of "an intestine war" that he is convinced is going to take place in the near future, saying that he has applied to the Federal Government for soldiers to be brought, but that he fears they will not arrive in time to protect the people of his state from the Franklinites.[12] Though no movements like the State of Franklin had been experienced by anyone in colonial America to this point, other than the American Independence movement in a much broader sense perhaps, Shelby makes the statement that "these unprovoked insurrections seem to have a tendency… to dissolve even the very bands of the Federal Union."[13] This letter shows the increasing popularity behind the belief that Franklin not only threatened North Carolina, but was also a threat to the entire United States as an implication. This fear was only amplified by the fact that members of the initial Franklinite assembly that had voted towards independence from North Carolina had done so claiming to be under many of the same motivations as those men who had written the Declaration of Independence from England.[14]

Anti-Franklin sentiments were often spread by basing arguments on circumstantial or fabricated evidence. For example, Governor Shelby claims in his letter to Brigadier General Russell that the Franklinites were engaged in such fierce antagonism with the Cherokee that they would undoubtedly start a war that would erupt over into an American-Indian war.[15] However, the Franklinites had been working for years at living peaceably with the local Cherokee, and had achieved several peace treaties with them, most notably including the "Treaty of Amity and Friendship" signed in 1785.[16] Shelby also lends credence to the idea that the Franklinites were renegades unwilling to communicate with established states, leaving them in a constant state of ignorance as to when or where they might be attacked. To the contrary, only a month prior Shelby had met with John Sevier to make an agreement on the "propriety and legality of the State of Franklin." This agreement had been specifically regarding desires for "peace, tranquility, and good decorum" on the part of both signatories.[17] Nevertheless, this sort of panic appears to have been the normal reaction of those members of American government authority to the Franklin movement. William Grayson, a senator from Virginia, relayed Shelby's call for military protection to Congress on 12 June 1787. He went on to claim that if such dismemberments of states were permitted, then the entire nation was endangered because whole states would be reduced "to the size of a county or parish."[18] The point that Grayson and Shelby were making was clear. If Congress legitimized the way in which Franklin had established itself, it would prove dangerous and threatening to the entire Union. However, if North Carolina had ever endorsed the Franklin movement and consented to their departure, there would have been no practical difference between the members of that quasi-state and its Kentucky neighbor. This lone difference was recognized even by those in the State of Franklin during its short existence. David Campbell, a respected judge in North Carolina, wrote to Governor Richard Caswell on behalf of the Franklinites, saying, "We really thought you in earnest when you ceded us to Congress; If you then thought we ought to be seperate [sic], or you now think we ever ought, Permit us to compleat [sic] the work that is more than half done."[19] These comments echo the

[12] "Evan Shelby to Brig. Gen"L Russell," 27 April 1787, *Calendar of Virginia State Papers and Other Manuscripts,* ed. William P. Palmer, Vol. 4 (Richmond, VA: Virginia State Public Printing, 1884), 274-275.

[13] Ibid.

[14] James G.M. Ramsey, *The Annals of Tennessee to the End of the Eighteenth Century* (Charleston, NC: John Russell, 1853), 287.

[15] "Evan Shelby to Brig. Gen"L Russell," 27 April 1787, *Calendar of Virginia State Papers and Other Manuscripts,* ed. William P. Palmer, Vol. 4 (Richmond, VA: Virginia State Public Printing, 1884), 274-275.

[16] George H. Alden, "The State of Franklin", *The American Historical Review,* Vol. VIII, No. 2 (January 1903): 284.

[17] "Articles of Agreement between North Carolina and Franklin [state]," 20 March 1787, *Documenting the American South,* "Colonial and State Records of North Carolina," ed. Walter Clark, Vol. 22 (Raleigh, NC: Printer to the State, 1899), 674-675, https://docsouth.unc.edu, accessed 26 September 2018.

[18] "William Grayson to Beverly Randolph," 12 June 1787, in *Letters of Delegates to Congress,* ed. Paul H. Smith, Vol. 24 (Washington D.C.: Library of Congress, 1976), 327.

[19] "Letter from David Campbell to Richard Caswell," 30 November 1786, *Documenting the American South,* "Colonial and State Records of North Carolina," ed. Walter Clark, Vol. 22 (Raleigh, NC: Printer to the State, 1899), 651, https://docsouth.unc.edu, accessed 26 September 2018.

sentiment that William Cocke is shown to have held after the initial statehood rejection of the state of Franklin by the Confederation government. The Franklinites appear to have not had any doubt that the North Carolina legislature would eventually consent to their departure, as they felt was evidenced by the Cession Act. What many Franklinites did not understand, or possibly did not know, was the cause of the repeal of the Cession Act. In 1783, many of the wealthiest and most prominent members of North Carolina's legislature took part in what has come to be known as the "Great Land Grab," in which they privately purchased over four million acres of land west of the Appalachian Mountains. They had also conveniently stipulated in the Cession Act that all land titles currently held in those regions would remain valid after the Confederation government accepted the cession.[20] This plan went awry when the citizens on the west side of the mountains began to assemble themselves into a new state, voiding North Carolinian claims to those lands and issuing land titles to inhabitants applying to the new state government. Hence, the Cession Act was repealed during the very next legislative cycle. Franklin's pleas for consent were then left unheeded, and Campbell's letter serves as confirmation that even those who advocated for Franklin's separation recognized the national trend that legislators would only recognize new states that had received consent to form from their parent state.

The legal repercussions of the Franklin movement are noticeable despite the fact that the entity was never recognized by any state as a legal union. The very prospect of its inclusion in the Union provoked a conversation that resulted in several of these legal changes directly. For example, Nathaniel Gorham, who had recently served as President of the Confederation Congress, was debating Luther Martin, a delegate from Maryland, over the equality of voting rights between states. Martin argued that having two representatives from each state would invest decision making abilities in too few men to be rightly representing the nation. Gorham countered by stating, "The number of states will also increase. Kentucky, Vermont, the Province of Mayne [sic] and Franklin will probably soon be added to the present number." He further asserts that the larger states will be divided.[21] Coupling Franklin with the prospect of dividing up the current states indicates the mindset that the founders had regarding the movement as a whole. This was not a new state. Rather, this was a portion of an established state dividing itself off. Martin supported such an idea, but the remainder of the founders did not.

The prospect of portions dividing themselves and being equally represented concerned the men of large and powerful states, such as Gouverneur Morris from New York. These concerns prompted Morris to make motion after motion concerning an Article of the new Constitution regarding the admission of new states. On 29 August 1787, Morris moved to strike any verbiage that would imply that new states would be admitted with equal rights as the original states. The minutes from this meeting record that "Mr. Govr Morris did not mean to discourage the growth of the Western Country. He knew that to be impossible. He did not wish however to throw the power into their hands." Morris' motion was approved with nine votes in favor and only two votes opposed. He immediately also moved to strike the requirement to have a two-third majority vote to admit a state, and replace it with the following as a substitute:

> New States may be admitted by the Legislature into this Union: but no new State shall be erected within the limits of any of the present States, without the consent of the Legislature of such State, as well as of the General Legislature.[22]

This proposition followed naturally only if the State of Franklin was in mind. No other conflict had so greatly grasped the minds of legislators over consent from the parent-state as the Franklin movement. Luther Martin objected to this proposition, claiming that nothing would so staunch the growth of the western lands as requiring the consent of the current states. He went on to ask whether it would be right if "Vermont be reduced by force in favor of the States claiming it? Frankland and [Kentucky] in a like situation." He raised the concern that the Union would one day be forced to either defend new states from overpowered established states, or defend its original states from power-hungry new states. Thus, it becomes very important that the narrative surrounding Franklin and its inhabitants, as relayed by Evan Shelby and William

[20]Michael Toomey, 'State of Franklin," Tennessee Encyclopedia, https://www.tennesseeencyclopedia.net, accessed 5 December 2018.

[21]"Madison Debates," 23 July 1787, *The Avalon Project,* "18th Century," https://avalon.law.yale.edu, accessed 13 October 2018.

[22]Max Farrand, ed., *The Records of the Federal Convention* of 1787, Vol. 2 (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1911), 454-455.

Grayson, is one of savagery and readiness to attack the Union itself. Consequently, Mr. Morris' motion passed with six in favor and five opposing.[23] New states were now legally required to obtain the consent of their parent-state in order to form.

This left Kentucky in the best position to be admitted to the Union, as they had already brought a resolution from Virginia towards their separation to Congress. However, concerns over the division of states still persisted, and they were told to wait until the new Constitution was formed to apply for statehood so that they could rest more certain on their being admitted on agreeable terms.[24] The fear of current states losing power to factions like Franklin had now taken such precedent in the minds of the founders that they were now unable to agree on even the admission of a state that they had all seemed content with admitting one year previous. Luther Martin appears to be the lone founder that had no hesitance in admitting new states. He continued to advocate for new states being able to present themselves for statehood without the consent of the original states until the ratification of the Constitution. In one such example, Martin gave a rousing speech in his home state of Maryland on 27 January 1788, in defense of these small western states. He argued that the Revolutionary War had not been fought in order that some states might exist freely while others served them without representation under a republican government. He further advocated the right of smaller and "independent states" to separate and demand their rights of representation when being treated with an "inequality of suffrage" within a larger state. In closing, he made reference to the fact that if new states were subject to the consent of previous states, then established states would begin to be called upon to shed the blood of certain parts of other established states in order to maintain the cohesion of those regions to their parent-state.[25] Killing Americans because they sought governance that represented them more directly than their current government would be blatant hypocrisy in scarcely post-Revolutionary America. This position might have swung some away from their hesitance to admit new states if Gouverneur Morris had not returned to debate the issue. James Madison writes that Morris' return was a critical moment, as he revived doubts of new states deserving suffrage equality with the larger states.[26] Because of Morris' fervency in opposition of new states' equality, the pleas of Luther Martin failed to gain footing, and were ultimately silenced.

Despite having been assured of their admission, advocates from Kentucky began to show concern that the repercussions of the Franklin movement would result in the condemnation of all state divisions. John Brown, a harsh skeptic of Franklin and advocate for Kentucky, wrote to James Breckinridge, a delegate from Virginia, on 17 March 1788, saying, "I fear I shall meet with no small difficoulty [sic] in obtaining the independence of [Kentucky]… it would throw another vote into the western or rather southern scale."[27] The latter portion of his comment indicates his awareness of opposition that was undoubtedly to come from Morris and others that feared a loss of voting power in established states. Brown's concerns are noticeably eased when a battle occurs between the militia of North Carolina and John Sevier in Franklin, resulting in the capture of Sevier's sons. Believing the Franklin movement to be nearing an end, Brown shows his desire to see Franklin dissolved by saying that all of those therein "deserve a more ignominious death." He goes on to say that he intends to wait to propose Kentucky statehood again until "that business so important to our Western Country shall be finally settled," referring to the Franklin movement as a whole.[28]

The business was not completely settled though. As late as 17 June 1788, Alexander Hamilton spoke saying that Congress would continue to grow because "Vermont, Kentucky, and Franklin will probably become independent."[29] The continuance of these breakaway states as a matter of concern contributed to the inclusion

[23]Ibid.

[24]"Edward Carrington to Thomas Jefferson," 10 November 1787, in *Letters of Delegates to Congress,* Vol. 24, 549-550.

[25]Jonathan Elliot, ed., *The Debates in the Several State Conventions of the Adoption of the Federal Constitution,* Vol. 1 (Washington, D.C.: Jonathan Elliot Publishing, 1836), 383-385, Online Library of Liberty, https://www.oll.libertyfund.org, accessed 26 September 2018.

[26]Ibid., 508.

[27]"John Brown to James Breckinridge," 17 March 1788, *in Letters of Delegates to Congress*, Vol. 25, 16.

[28]"John Brown to James Breckinridge," 11 April 1788, *in Letters of Delegates to Congress,* Vol. 25, 45.

[29]Elliot, *The Debates in the Several State Conventions,* Vol. 2, 239, *Online Library of Liberty,* https://www.oll.libertyfund.org, accessed 26 September 2018.

of Article IV: Section III of the Constitution, which reads almost identically with the proposition that Gouverneur Morris had made a year before:

> New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State; nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States, or parts of States, without the consent of the Legislature of the States concerned as well as of the Congress.[30]

Without the occurrence of the Franklin movement, fears over suffrage equality regarding the new states to be erected in the western frontier would never have been so tense. The presence of Franklin on the tips of the pens of founders like Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, and Patrick Henry shows that there was undoubtedly an influential, albeit complex and multi-faceted, connection between the Franklin movement and the "New States Clause" that became Article IV: Section III of the United States Constitution. Even though the separation of Vermont was more directly related to the New York legislature with which Gouverneur Morris was related, it was the alleged potency for violence and bloodshed exhibited in Franklin that moved him to so fervently strive for the inclusion of a clause that would mandate parent-state consent for new states. His proposed clause would go on to serve as the predecessor for the final "New States Clause" included in the Constitution, which was signed off on by the same men that were so concerned with Franklin fracturing the integrity of the Union. Without the State of Franklin, and the subsequent rumors that circulated regarding it by its skeptics, Article IV: Section III of the Constitution would simply never have had a reason to be endorsed.

[30]Elliot, *The Debates in the Several State Conventions,* Vol. 1, 14, *Online Library of Liberty,* https://www.oll.libertyfund.org, accessed 12 September 2018.

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Winter Solstice

Jane Sasser

On the shortest day of the year,
in cold dusk we carry flowers
to the graves of his lost: his first wife,
two decades gone, dead too young,
her blue eyes passed to children
and grandchildren I call mine now,
I who belong here and don't belong,
second wife no wife at all without
her loss. We miss the tree that once
shaded her plot, in its stead a few
more graves, change even here
where it seems time should end.
At the blue hour we come
to the garden where ashes
of his parents were poured, here
in this corner, where he kneels
and caresses the ground, loves
as he always will. Somewhere
above us in the dark, my own son
hurtles toward home, plane bearing
his healing wounds, and heading
into night and winter's sweep,
we trudge through the gloom,
hands held tight.

The Ghosts of My Parents Diagnose My Dog

Jane Sasser

Reckon she's got the scours,
my father says, which rhymes
with *fires,* and is no doubt
how it feels to her. He knows
how it can fell a cow, healthy,
then suddenly gaunt with loss.
My mother favors tapeworm,
reminds us of that cousin
who ate whole fried chickens,
mounds of creamed potatoes,
plate upon plate of pie
and cake, and still her calves
were like sticks, her face
like a pointed shrew's.
My mother holds out her hands,
measures how long it was,
says, *Afterwards, she got so fat.*

A Shade Blacker

Megan Cruey

I was brought up in a town stained a shade blacker
by the coal dirt my father, everybody's fathers,
brought home on their work boots, kicked off on
front porches so mama, everybody's mamas,
wouldn't holler about it getting on the floor.
The floor was dirty with it anyways;
everything was.

My temple took the form of a run-down school house,
that sat at the end of the street with ivy all up the walls
and glass on the ground. I would walk like
a barefoot disciple to pray inside the wreckage
then I'd walk home with feet as blacker than ash.
I ignored the desolation for my own sake;
everyone did.

The buildings of Main Street were weathered, broke
down like the skeleton of some long
dead animal, and when they caught fire,
Uncles and cousins, everybody's uncles and cousins, went
watching the fire trucks from the next county over pump water.
The buildings stopped burning but nobody really cared;
there was nothin in them anyway.

The embers have never really stopped burning since then-
a town like a great beast with a coal fire smoking in its belly.
Its jagged possum-mouth knows the taste of death, but
also remembers milk and honey and the flies they catch,
while biting down on soot that leaves the stomach empty.
It wonders if there will ever be an end;
there never is.

Lamentation

Megan Cruey

The tree is old, feet gnarled, knotted
And buried in the dirt.
His arms are heavy
With needles and lichen
His barrel chest rises and shrinks
And grows narrow on its way up
Until his visage, worn with age
Faces the sun.

She lowers herself to him, taking her time.
When finally they met
She enfolds him as lover, as old friend
Her light slowly travels down his body
Face, chest, legs -his old branches
Creak in delight of her-
She even bends to kiss his feet

As he is alone, she visits him alone
Her lips only landing on grass and
Giving light and heat to dark pavement
He can remember before
When his branches did not droop
And his feet and legs were thin in youth
When her light landed on hundreds
Just like him, each greeted just the same
Every morning, as he is greeted now.

After she has gone to sleep,
And the pavement is cool again
And the dew builds on the grass
His mind wonders, once again,
If it was his own jealously
That drove them all down
His own want for her
That cut their own thick legs
And tore up their knotted feet

He has never asked her, while her heat
Was so warm on his face, if it was his desire
That consumed them so wholly,
And so she does not know to answer.
He feels, once again, the familiar light of
Her on his face, and just for now,
The questions stop.

Wearing a Hijab in London: The Tale of a Bond Formed Aboard

Megan Cruey

The train was red and blue; the seats were made of some kind of orange faux leather, and it was sticky to the touch. After discovering the sticky bit, I chose to stand. It was Wednesday midafternoon and a rare English heatwave had struck up, so the train smelled heavily of foreign spices, cumin and turmeric, and of body odor. This train was different than all the trains I had been on in London this far. Long gone was the sleek look of the underground, the air conditioned cars, the intercom that had worked. This was one of the above ground trains to the outskirts of the city. This was the train to Little Bangladesh.

We had flown to London just a short few days before. I was on a college trip to Europe that was to last the entire summer. I had worked two jobs for a whole year to pay for this trip, all while going to school. One was waiting and bussing tables at a restaurant on the weekends. I learned to smoke cigarettes during this period because that's how a girl got a break from the endless barrage of work that was 12 hour shifts and poor tipping days. The other job was during the week, and I was a caregiver to intellectually disabled individuals. Delivering medicine and cleaning all afternoon, all while exchanging conversation was a much more easy going vocation. This was one of the most difficult periods of my life; however the seemingly tangible anticipation I felt at the beginning of May had been worth every hour of work I had put in.

On May fifteenth, a group of seven scared college students, my professor, and I boarded a plane bound for Paris. London was a short trip for my group between France and Italy. We arrived on June twentieth and remained until only until July third. I was attempting to soak up every experience I could before we had to leave and fly over the Italian Alps to land in Venice. The morning prior to this new adventure on the red and blue train, to little Bangladesh, I had went to see the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. I thought this museum had paled in comparison to the Musee D'orsee, a French museum we had visited a week or so before. So far, I had not chosen to leave the safety of my tour groups; a country girl, barely nineteen years old, from a small town named Honaker, population of a thousand at the most, terrified of the size of Paris and now London. However, this trip, on the red and blue train, I was making alone.

In the beginning, before the plane rides, the boarding passes, and even before I paid my dues to the EF College Tours, I had told my mother and father I was choosing to go abroad for a spell. This was in May of the previous year, of 2014. At first, they were apprehensive, until I explained the trip would end in Rome. A light seemed to turn on in my mother's eyes as she understood. The tour group I was with would spend an entire day in the Vatican. My Catholic mother had gone on and on about the pilgrimage to the Holy City- and the Pope, my god, the Pope. Distinctly, however, this day's trip on the red and blue train was not to satisfy the will of my mother, or of any other person. I was on this train to satisfy a need of my own: a need to experience.

At last, after what seemed like an hour but had only been 24 minutes, the train creaked to a shaky halt and I escaped the stuffy car to the street beyond. As if experiencing the fresh air for the first time, I inhaled, and the air was sweet with a scent I did not recognize. The buildings, tall and mostly brick, had signs all written in Arabic. There was graffiti, beautiful and strange, covering whole walls, or the street, or anywhere there was room for it. The effect was beautiful, this meshing to brick and art. I felt as an interloper, my mind recalling the words of a poem I had read on the plane, recalling Ozymandias; I was a traveler from a distant land.

I began to stroll along the side walk, beside a street that was not well kept, until I reached an intersection onto a larger road. There, I halted in amazement, as my eyes landed on the largest open air market I had ever seen. It was loud with the voices of many people speaking all at once, and of music somewhere in the distance. My eyes flitted from stall to stall as I took in the faces of the people; as I took in everything I could from that single location. I began walking through the market, staring into the eyes of fish being butchered right there on the street and at women in beautiful gowns that flowed down to their ankles or men with long beards and friendly faces. I toured through the shops, and bought a bag of samosas, a sweet naan filled with vegetables and spices, fresh from a large kettle fire and I tasted what I thought must have been the most delicious tastes in the whole world.

This is where I saw it, what was to become my new dream. A huge, towering mosque, dark brown with hues in tans and light oranges with a gorgeous door gleaming gold. I knew in that moment I wanted to see in inside of the mosque more than anything; that the beautiful building in front of me had been the goal all along.

As I approached the building, however, my path was blocked by two men. They wore dark outfits and surly expressions. The one to the left of me said in a heavy accent, "Ma'am, I am sorry. You cannot enter the mosque." Politely, I asked him why I could not. His answer made sense to me, but devastated me nonetheless, "Because Ma'am, your head doesn't have a covering," and with that they walked back to the front doors and I turned around to leave.

Defeated, I wheeled back around to the market, and began strolling through the stalls again. Suddenly, I view what must have been my saving grace, out of the corner of my eye. There was a brilliant splash of colors, pinks and blues, deep purples and mahoganies. And in the middle of it all, a woman, with dark skin and eyes but greying hair, in a stall, selling hijabs. I approached the stall, and quietly spoke to the woman. I asked her how much the hijabs were, and then offered to pay her more to correctly put the hijab on me. She was curious, and by the tone of her voice, a tad apprehensive, as to why I wanted this, and I explained that I wanted to see the mosque, and how beautiful I thought it was. The woman's eyes softened, and she began searching through a box filled with her beautiful cloth. Finally, she pulled out a hijab of the deepest blue I had ever seen, a blue so beautiful and so deep it seemed to be impossible it was made of thread.

"Sit." she spoke to me in a heavy accent but soft voice, and I obeyed, sitting in front of her, criss-cross applesauce, like a child. She began wrapping me in the cloth, as if swaddling me. I felt so young, so naïve in this moment, and the woman's touch was gentle, her face drawn in a quiet sort of determination. She was content when the hijab was correctly pulled around my face. I stared at myself in her mirror hanging in the booth, and I felt different, like the acts of this woman had changed me. I asked her to allow me to pay her, but she serenely told me this would be her treat. She turned quickly and put a board sign on a nail on her booth, something in Arabic I could not read. She took my hand, and again I felt small, childlike. She lead me back to the golden, looming doors and whisked me through them, into a massive room with a domed ceiling and columns intricate decorated with golden flowers and birds. The top of the dome was painted with a mural I did not recognize, women in hijabs like mine and men with dark beards and books. The chairs were soft, plush in the seat of them but dark wood all around and the whole big room gave off a peaceful, earthy tone, just as the outside color of the building and other accents did.

Irmani, which I learned was my newfound guide's name, spoke to me softly about the mosque. She spoke softly due to the volume of people in the mosque, so many for the middle of the day, which was somewhat surprising to me. She explained this was because the mosque was not only used on Fridays, or Jumaa, which is the Muslim holy day, but it was used all week as sort of a community center as well. She showed me where the prayers were done, the mats tucked away safely. She explained how the Jumaa services usually went. Eventually, after I had been staring at this beauty I had not known I was living without, Irmani took me by the hand once more. This time I felt less like a child, more like an equal, and she leaned to my ear and asked if I had been anywhere around here to eat. I grinned openly at her and said I had not. With that she swept away, the hem of her long skirt kissing the floor as she moved.

The restaurant was a hole in the wall, and Irmani seemed to know everyone in it. The room was painted in beautiful and bright colors, and the whole place smelled of sweetly

cooking meat and fresh bread. Irmani spoke then about her life, and I spoke about mine. She told me of her own daughter, Jiniya, beautiful, ambitious, and kind. She spoke about weaving the hijabs, how her mother had taught her the skill. I was hung up on every word, eating my meal with the appreciative silence of good food and an interesting story being told. Afterward, Irmani simply said she had to return to her booth and pack up for the night. She suggested I go back to the city before it was too dark. She kissed my cheek and gracefully swept away, and I did not see her again. In this moment, the childlike feeling swept over me again and I wished for Irmani's hand to hold as I walked back to the train. It was the first time the whole day I had felt the apprehension of this part of the city. Needless worry, as I found the platform for the red and blue train quickly. However, standing on the platform I still felt the childish bewilderment in my chest and I realized perhaps it was not fear; instead a deep feeling of loss as I knew I would not see my new friend again.

On the ride home, the air was sickly sweet with the smell of fruit and of perfume and the orange seats were still slightly sticky. I sat anyway. The red light of a sunset filtered over me, and the world seemed quiet, as if everyone were holding their breath at once. The sun sunk and the world turned to dark. The train's inside lights flickered on, and I reflected on the day's events. Truly, I felt miles different now than the me who rode this same train earlier. I thought of Irmani, and the completely different life she had lead than the life I had. And yet, for a brief moment in time, we shared ourselves with each other.

This is one of the particular days in which I became the person I am today; nothing a person would think to deem radical. I did not convert to Islam; I did not uproot my life and move to London. However, this was the day I learned that kindness, and friendship are universal, defiant of language and differences. I believe I now carry that lesson in my heart, and try to be an example of that love, given to me freely from a woman who had nothing to gain but my love back.

[A Shaft of Rainbow Light]

William Rieppe Moore

A shaft of rainbow light
slumped through apathetic clouds
like a broken joist, nicked along the edges
like a post with flaking paint,
something true for an absent place,
where the strum of homemade instruments
has resumed to their cigar box youth
on a wealthy landholder's drawing room desk,
giving way to cicadas' broken speakers
and crickets intermittent jam session as daylight digresses.

I got speckled seed corn older than the land that it
was taken from.
The farmer who offered it said,
Be careful where you let 'em fall
'cause they won't stop groin' 'til then.
He had a way to make himself smile.
When I opened the lunch bag of seeds
I found a fix of uncut gems inside—
magenta irises with faint-limpid amethyst,
streaked with mahogany and blood;
husks dyed the same with buttermilk and green
whose cobs descended on keyboards with minor keys.
It's been months since I've seen him,
months since the shoots called the dusk deer in
from the woods edge now lined with long-necked
goldenrod where cicadas hide their high-pitched song;
crickets interpose their daytime prophecy
saying, *Night is gathering.*

Now I crest the summer days
when the corn sheaves curled and waved
against each other with the sound of near parallel
glass films that brush course-cut ends against a glossy
pane; like children walking into a cathedral
and shushing each other beneath
commanding pinions that climb high vaults
strained up with straight and angled ribs
like a deer carcass lodged in the heavens,
with blue sun-stained bones and burling clouds
letting a little light in through painted windows,
where outside, rainbow joists tumble down
at odd angles to the ground.

Bios

BRADLEY HARTSELL
Born and raised in northeast Tennessee, Bradley received his B.A. ('12) and M.A. ('17) in English from East Tennessee State University. He completed his thesis focusing on Scandinavian crime fiction, primarily that of Henning Mankell, Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö, and Helene Tursten. During graduate school and upon his graduating, he instructed college composition courses at ETSU. In between undergrad and graduate studies, Bradley was a features reporter at an Atlanta-area newspaper, focusing on healthcare, dining, and arts. Before that, he served as managing editor at a music webzine for nearly four years. Since April '18, he has served as Emory & Henry's Integrative Learning Technology Coordinator, allowing him ways to develop implementations for the college's ePortfolio pedagogies. Bradley now lives in Bristol, TN with his girlfriend, Sarah. He's a music and book enthusiast, with Pavement as his favorite band and James Joyce as his favorite author.

BRITTANY HOYLE
I am a senior at Tusculum University. I will be graduating in May from Tusculum with a BA in English with a concentration in Literature. Upon graduating from Tusculum, I will be attending graduate school for a Master's of Arts in Teaching for English 6-12 licensure. I found my knack for Appalachian writing after attending the 2019 Mildred Haun Conference, where I was inspired to begin writing about the area I've called home my whole life. I also draw most of my inspiration from the songs of Dolly Parton and am submitting some of the pieces I wrote using different tools I learned at the various workshops.

AMY LAWS
After growing up in small-town Greeneville, TN, I earned an A.A. in French from Walters State Community College; a B.A. in French and a Master of Arts in Teaching from East Tennessee State University; and a Master of Arts in French from the University of Georgia. I am a certified French teacher in Tennessee and Virginia, and I have taught French in various states to elementary students all the way through the post-secondary level. I have traveled to France, Italy, Senegal and Cameroon and my wanderlust keeps me traveling, while my roots have returned me to East Tennessee.

MICAH MCCROTTY
Micah McCrotty is currently completing an MA degree at East Tennessee State University where his research focused on Appalachian poetry. His poetry has been featured in the *Red Mud Review*.

CHRISSIE ANDERSON PETERS
Chrissie Anderson Peters is a native of Tazewell, VA, and current resident of Bristol, TN. A graduate of Emory & Henry College and the University of Tennessee, she has written two books (*Dog Days and Dragonflies*, and *Running From Crazy*), with a third book in progress (*Chasing After Rainbows*). Her passions include music (especially 80's) and travel.

SHERRI M. JACOBS
Sherri Mahoney Jacobs is an Associate Professor of English and has been faculty of Walters State Community College since 2002. She teaches Composition, American Literature, Modern European Literature, and teaches online English courses, too. She has a B.A. in English from Central Michigan University, as well as an M.A. in English with a Concentration in Writing from the University of Tennessee. She is a transplanted Yankee, and lives (really lives) in Morristown, Tennessee.

RACHEL SWATZELL
Rachel Swatzell is a junior Creative Writing and Literature major at Tusculum University. Swatzell is published in *The Blue Route*, Widener University's journal for undergraduate writers, and featured on *The Tusculum Review*, an international literary journal at Tusculum University. She is the 2018-2019 Curtis Owens Literary Award winner for poetry. Swatzell is currently the poetry Editorial Assistant for *The Tusculum Review*.

MICHAEL SHULTZ

I was born and raised in Sweetwater, TN, a small Appalachian town known for its antique market and muscadine festival. Coming from such a small town, college was a dream that Walters State made feasible for me. I graduated from Walters State in 2018 with an A.S. in History. I fell in love with history during my time at Walters State, and credit a lot of the passion that I have for the field to Dr. Marc McClure. I am now a graduate of Eastern Kentucky University with a B.A. in History. I am happily married to a woman that I met at Walters State, a fellow WS grad, Storm Shultz. We are expecting our first child to be born in late December! Now, we live in Western Kentucky, where I am the pastor of Antioch Baptist Church.

JANE SASSER

I have published poems in the *The Sun*, *North American Review*, *Journal of the American Medical Association*, and others. I have two poetry chapbooks, *Recollecting the Snow,* which was published in March 2008 by March Street Press, and *Itinerant*, 2009, from Finishing Line. I retired in 2018 from teaching English at Oak Ridge High School.

MEGAN CRUEY

Megan Cruey was raised in Honaker VA, a small town deep in the coal mines of central Appalachia. She has a Bachelors degree in English from East Tennessee State University and has been passionate about writing and story telling since she was young.

WILLIAM RIEPPE MOORE

William Rieppe Moore is from Richland County, South Carolina, and moved to Unicoi County, Tennessee in 2012 with his wife, Cherith, where he practices homesteading and animal husbandry. He is enrolled at East Tennessee State University pursuing an MA in English. His work has been published in *Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture* and *Still: The Journal* and has received recognition from The Poetry Society of Tennessee-Northeast Chapter, and the "One Book, One Poem" contest.

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