

“A Visit to O’Connor’s Andalusia”

Beyond a copse of woods

the crunching, popping gravel path

winding, leading

Stands the wooden farm house

Flannery’s

Peacock plumes

Pied and dappled sows

Bent and breaking trees

A forgotten Georgia pecan forest

raining rotted nuts mashed

beneath feet that make their way to sighing, moaning floorboards

through rooms where tar babies, street preachers, and bible salesmen

raged and wailed

And cheated

That bedridden life

Whose own could not be saved by this literary fiefdom

The ornery peacocks peck and preen

The leaves whisper stories in the breeze

The trees, the woods

Beyond them, a Wal-Mart, a Best Buy, a Burger King

And a sign asking people, “Would you please,

stop and pay a visit to Andalusia.”