



PROJECT MUSE®

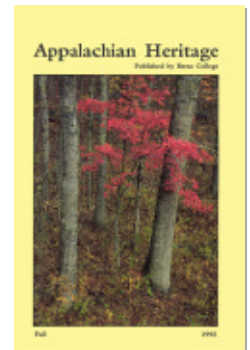
Appalachian Siren

Brent Michael

Appalachian Heritage, Volume 23, Number 4, Fall 1995, p. 34 (Article)

Published by The University of North Carolina Press

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.1353/aph.1995.0080>



➔ *For additional information about this article*

<https://muse.jhu.edu/article/436647/summary>

And if, at the last minute, you decide that you want to put peppermint in your wassail, it's permissible. Just don't run out to buy some on Christmas Eve. If you take the children with you, you're bound to become involved in last-minute shopping for boots and belts and pretty things generally, or in other serious accidents. If you leave them at home, they'll upset the tub of hot wassail and scald themselves.

Take my word for it, there are excellent reasons, both traditional and practical, for spending Christmas Eve at home; unless, of course, you've got kinfolks around the ridge, over in the next hollow, or up the street, who have more apples than you do, or a bigger bird. In that case go and take the family with you.

Otherwise, if you just must have peppermint, use those candy canes from last year that are still making your tree ornaments sticky and you don't know what in the world you're going to do with them, anyway.

And a merry, happy, wassailly Christmas to you all!

Appalachian Siren

Confetti sprinkles upon the plain
loosed by the parade of the season.
The hills encamped in netting down,
far too thick for mosquito or tanager,
too warm to tempt the bulbous pumpkin.

A shrouded lady veiled from sun
luxuriates before midnight's brother,
aloofly teasing October's loins
in order to prod a kiss from Boreas.

—Brent Michael