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Mrs. Lloyd, Her Rag Sale

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Mrs. Lloyd, Her Rag Sale

“Along about the time willow leaves were the size
of mouse ears
Mrs. Lloyd had her rag sale over on Caney Creek,
Barrels of garments, used and new and in between.
And the hats! Womenfolk wore hats in those days
And some, perched on a head, would make a dog
laugh;
And the female shoes—God help us!—
Raised a woman higher off the ground than she ought
to be.

“My woman, she would ride over to Caney Creek
On my fine mare, a steed as pretty as a second wife;
She would grab and shove and snatch with the best
of them,
And bring stuff home and cut and shape and sew
And make them over to fit, to cover our nakedness.
My woman can make anything—garden, victuals,
babies,
satisfaction.
She made me.”

—James Still