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Flame Azaleas

You sit like some simplemented acolyte of some dubious nature-worshipping sectored into reverence, drawn into love, before the fires of these flame azaleas.

There on the slope before you, clusters of shrubs, some of them twice headhigh, blazing with honeysucklelike blossoms, with flames of yellow, scarlet, orange..

Such plant a burning bush of brightness, with slender branches leaping to burst into glowing bouquets of living jewels. Gently, gently, you simply have to touch.

Then smiling, perhaps a bit foolishly, like a good simpleminded acolyte should, you bow to the designer of flame azaleas had sprinkle silver coins in his woods.

-Simons Roof

This Side of Heaven

Old guitars, they lean against the parlor wall, gourds crawl the smokehouse and morning glories last 'till noon, all the comings all the goings, sending loved ones away with quartet music ("If We Never Meet Again") hiding flowers tossed upon the Rock of Ages behind Mount Vernon Baptist Church the silence is everlasting the memories bittersweet, and the crowd is waiting for the rapture.

-Errol Miller

An Order for Wildflowers

In this possible air, waved with the pulses of two dogs snoring, an order form saved from three months gone hangs from my hand like your dappled cats from eighty-year oaks. Their bevelling of claws in bark could have shadowed down to where ground rises to meet road. to the hollow napped with colors from a shaker can of seed. It is the tenth of May and too late to seed soil, too late to offer any bloom but this one. Growing it absolved me some.

-Dana Wildsmith