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One Veteran's Nebraska

Evening shoots through a whiskey glass
balanced and neat on a porch rail
and spreads over my soybean field
and all the other fields out there,
like my neighbor Dale's backlit farm
on the hill under the first pale star.

Sometimes, a red seahorse
arises with a green crown
from behind the horizon
to soar over this porch
into the far-off
crisscrossed by pick-ups.

Sundown sinkholes
into the turned ground
where prayed-for seeds
soon shall spring through
the floorboards of the earth.

From the empty living room
the television babbles and hoots
out the open window
across my lap
into the dusk.

I still see in Pakistan
the homes we seized
for storing bombs
as some orphans begged
for rations and my boots.

Light falling to the earth
arises as vegetables and fruits.
Spit in the blessing, yet the blessing comes.

The red seahorse skips over my soy
and Dale's wavy corn, past
this rooted whisky wildfire.

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THE MAIN STREET RAG

Volume 27 Number 1 Winter 2022