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**CHRIS
SCOTT**

MR. JOHNSON

Plantation home, owning small
dirt-floor cabins. The ticks in summer waiting
on log walls outside
for a tired worker.

A slave. A broken
bottle across an open tuning.
No picks. What's the use
with five fingers playing already?

Free now
to have
his essentials
taken away.

Guitar now jingling
goods outside
General Stores.
Tin cup for coins in front,

and a white man's oath to not
shoot the black man for being
on his property. Long as his music
brings business.

Doesn't stay long.
An' nobody need know
a damn thing more about him.
'cept that he plays good.