

“I Reckon “

By

Olivia Faith Creech

"I Reckon"

By Olivia Creech

I've heard that black is an evil mournful color
But the black I see is the coal dust caked on a miner's face
I think that the people who made up metaphors
Must not be from around here

If Shakespeare had lived in Kentucky,
Juliet would be on her front porch instead of a balcony
And Poe would've written about red birds
Instead of ravens

I guess they don't have "britches" and "mamaws" anywhere else
And no matter how many fancy dinners I eat
I'll still call it "supper" and I'll still be wishing
That my mom had made the green beans

I don't want to be somewhere
There isn't a crawdad in every creek
An old lady in every church who wants to hug me
And a pop in every fridge

If you were to ask if I really do

Love my Old Kentucky Home

I'd probably smile

And say "I reckon"