“Moonshiner”

In a cave at the mouth of Dead Man’s Holler
Where the wild plums claw and the black haws twine
To cover the entrance, thorn and bramble,
I tend my kittles and still my shine.
Grain a-work in my barrels and noggins,
Corn and barley and rye and wheat.
A quart of ashes to make it sour. . . .
A poke of sugar to keep it sweet. . . .
A can of lye so the stuff will fizzle,
Fizzle, sizzle, and foam and swell. . . .
Limestome water to make it clearer
Than rain on a huckleberry bell.

In a cave at the mouth of Dead Man’s Holler
Where the hills are close and the rocks are steep,
With my kittles red and the brass worm dripping
I work while the Revenooers sleep.
Bile and bubble and steam and trickle. . . .
Jugs and bottles and jars to fill.
In a cave at the mouth of Dead Man’s Holler,
With my skunk gun handy, I run my still.

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