

IRIS PARKER CORRY

Hired Man

Jake Dockson wore bib overalls
and smelled of corrals and harness.
He could lift three hundred pounds and
handle the Jackson fork, but he
couldn't tend the water. Jake was
thirty-four and two-stepped to the
Victrola. Saturday nights he
bathed and shaved and painted his eye-
brows with a burnt match, and went to
the dance. Sometimes he made us jack
o'lanterns, and lambs from milkweed
pods. The mean Barber boys chased my
brother home, and Jake went after
them with a cedar post, dammit!