

Shenandoah

Shenandoah, I heard you calling
and I tried to learn your tune
because it was my father's
harmonica favorite
but by the time I did
he didn't recognize it

or me.

Away, you rolling river!
From the nursing home porch
I may have over-bent
some reeds in the rocking
chair he'd hung his head
I thought I'd raised you

better

Open and close the hands
to vary the air seal cup
He died a few days later
Bound away, Oh Shenandoah
I hear your tremolo
and warble to be

near you.

--J.K. Miller
September 25, 2020