

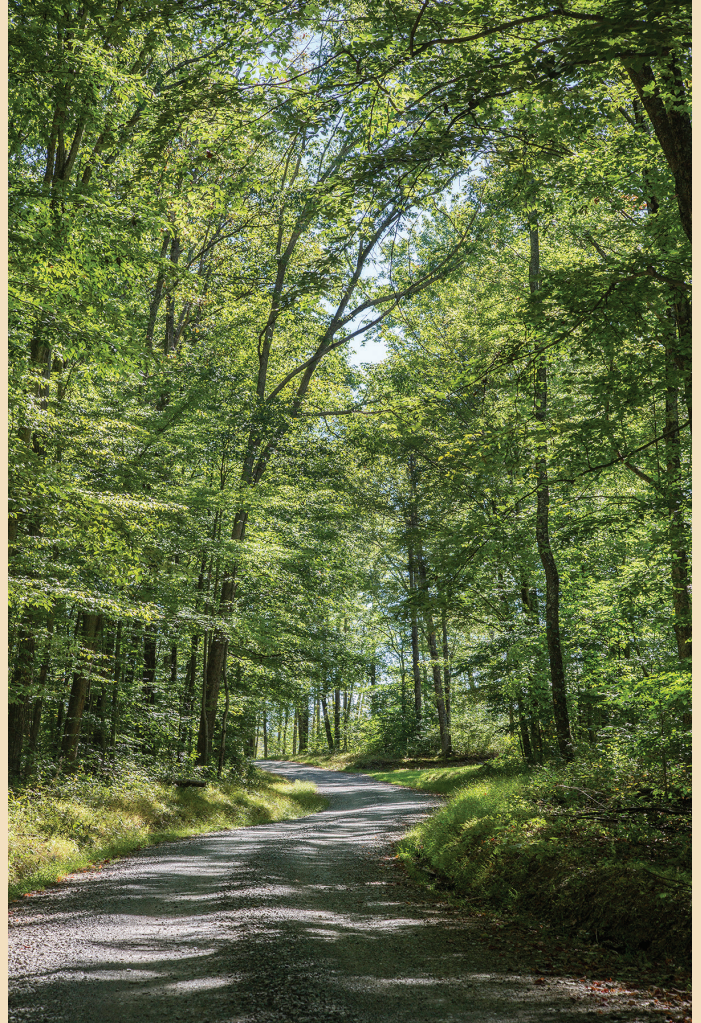
Hinkle Mountain Road

By Ivan Norton Hunter

Up by the Doc Stowers turnoff
Where the mud is as blue as ink
And walking is as soft as
Pie dough where the yellow jackets drink
The stuff that is made by spiders
Blows against the face, and
A quarter moon works wonders in
A field of Queen Anne's Lace.

Hinkle Mountain Road, up where the
Blacktop falls away, belongs to
Another people and to another day.
A Hinkle carried in the rifle and a
Spencer brought an axe.
An ox team moved the whetstone
With a wagon box full of flax.
There was whiskey under the blankets
And seed corn under the seat.
A hymn book was lodged between the
Flowers and a tow sack full of wheat.
A flintstone lit the cookfires
A candle gave the light.
And a coon dog made most of the music
That sounded through night.

On the long road up the mountain
After the laurel begins to bud
A thousand ghosts go walking
Through Hinkle Mountain mud.



Hinkle Mountain Road (Nicholas County). Photo by Richwood native Michelle Rose. You can check out more of her work at michellerosestudio.com.

IVAN NORTON HUNTER (1916-1999) was born and raised in Richwood (Nicholas County). He spent much of his career in Nitro, where he served as postmaster. He wrote poetry most of his adult life, returning again and again to his experiences and memories of the people, places, and landscapes of Richwood and Nicholas County. A collection of his poems is due out in fall 2020 from Populore Publishing. For a selection of Ivan's poetry—read by him—and more information on the publishing project, visit bit.ly/Hunter_Poetry. This is his first contribution to GOLDENSEAL.