

Mary

A good son as sons go, and as sons go
he went, as they say, and God I suppose knows why.
Suffered brothers and sisters, didn't show
more than he need how hard he had to try
not to know better than his father—as sons
always do, of course, only this one did. Still,
Joe was very patient, especially since
he wasn't his. Wonder whose he was? Never
did believe that travelling preacher's excuse
to get his foot in the door—and did he ever!
Or did he—who was he?—with me out cold at his news?
Was God really afraid his son's mother
would feel ashamed of pleasure we gave each other?

—*James Harrison*