



VERSE IN PLACE

TRISH J. GIBSON

Appalachia As Ghost

I whisper from the trees
I call down from the mountain, I'm here
waiting at your kitchen table. My hands are worn
from labor, my throat aches from pleading to be heard.
Cook me up
 your memories
 and serve them with the supper
Tell me stories of your kin,
return to me the names
others have forgotten, I'll carve them in the shadow of the mountain.
Don't pretend like you can't see me, don't claim that you don't know
I'm here in the holler where you left me,
Part of the earth
like your granddaddy,
rooted into the park where you were born.
Woven into the concept of your being, I'll be here
long after you're gone. I'll keep calling to you
from the mountain,
'Til you invite me in on your own

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TRISH J. GIBSON is a photographer, writer, educator, and editor from North East Tennessee currently based in Lexington, Kentucky. Her works are built of familial archaeology; exploring the relationships between gender, violence, generational trauma, escape, and the Appalachian south.

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