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Fog On Kennesaw · *David Bottoms*

We pitch our tent on Kennesaw Mountain,
pull the hemp rope tight, set the steel stakes,
lean our pick and shovels against the trees
like the rifles of Joe Johnston's army.
On the south side of the mountain,
we are hidden from the park rangers, clothed
in the brush like the ghosts of Loring's rebels.

Nothing has changed here but the century.
These same neutral stars
saw rebels shoot rocks from cannons.
Trees along these slopes and fields hold rifle balls
in their healed-over bark.

At sunrise

we will patrol Little Kennesaw for Minie balls and bayonets,
scour the woods where McPherson drove his Yankees
into the eyeballs of French's cannons. But tonight
we have found something seeping up through the leaf-cover,
the pine straw, something drifting across old earthworks,
maneuvering on Kennesaw.