

Pat Green

"Ruby's Two Sad Daughters"

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by Walt Wilkins

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When the sun hits it right on its way down it was the prettiest thing in our little town. Every hour I'd sneak a glance over at the plastic frame and cracked glass that holds the picture of Ruby's two sad daughters. Last mill closed when I was nine and Daddy left and Momma cried again, I spent my nights cleaning Ruby's floors, just another caf?on a wind swept highway the farmers bitched, we're no good at football anymore.

In this land that knows no laughter in this land that holds no water, we were all in love with Ruby's two sad daughters.

One went way out west, one went way wrong, one left at seventeen and the other couldn't wait that long. Neither went anywhere with me, not to the games or the Dairy Queen. Both split with the first boy who lied sweet and looked vaguely mean.

In this land that knows no laughter in this land that hold no water we were all in love with Ruby's two sad daughters

why so pretty and forlorn why so permanently blue I guess ours wasn't much of a kingdom to rule. Now when the sun hits it right on its way down, it's still the prettiest thing in our little town. Every hour I sneak a glance over at the plastic frame and I fix the glass that holds the picture of Ruby's two sad daughters. Why did hope leave town with Ruby's two sad daughters?

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