

HAND-ME-DOWN

C.B. Anderson

That time she passed up oysters 'cause she couldn't stand them raw
I ate her share, and thought about the gal from Arkansas

who went down in the morning with her bucket to the stream
then hauled the water to the house and brought it to a steam

and how she'd wash her face and hair, but save herself a trek
by brewing coffee for her mate with what ran off her neck

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