

Amish in the Theater of Lust

by David Ackley

Through the parking lot
They came. Amish
so we reasoned
from the tails
on the white hats of the women

The girls in their starched white bonnets
and sensible shoes, their white aprons and uniformly
blue jumpers,
their long black stockings

And the trailing men in their suspenders and starched
beards, their black zipperless pants

The girls and women half-loping
toward the sliding doors
the men holding back
with whatever dignity remains
between tour bus and Walmart
amid the wild dying pigmented gasp
of the rampant leaves
in the fall of the year.

