

Oilcloth

Old folks like to look back
because the view ahead is hazy
And the back look is more clear

My doc retired and said he was going to check on his ancestors
I thought, Maybe me too

But a cursory consideration
Showed I knew so little of my past

both sides of the tree sprouted in the South
Rural folks
But some of the rural people went to the 'city'

I was born in a city not in the South
realized that this fact insured I would know little
about 'roots' folks and such
'Such' included grandparents

They were strangers I saw but a handful of times
Most times in the 'country'
Very odd to me
No TV

We had TV since I was five
A no TV world was not understandable to me
nor did I wish to understand it

Some had no water or plumbing in the house
All had electricity
Gardens were big but they were not farmers
Maybe a horse, a mule, chickens, a pig, but it was not a farm

In the city was a BIG house
Three stories and a basement
No animals and again no TV
But the biggest radio I had ever seen

All I saw in common with the city and the country was we always ate in the kitchen on a metal
table covered with a slick shiny fabric they called "oilcloth"
easy to wipe clean with a damp rag
I guess my ancestors were the Oilcloth People