

Still life

by [Greg Huteson](#) in the [December 7, 2016](#) issue

There was a shallow moss gray basin
set with bunches of grapes.
The grapes were chiseled green
with the ripeness of their September harvest.
There was a pert glazed pitcher,
black as obsidian, filled with cold water.
There were six linen napkins
with red diagonal strips
laxly laid by earthenware plates.

But no one sat at the low walnut table.
There was no shepherd or mastiff nearby.
No, Old Pritchard's family—bless them!—
was casting about somewhere below
for his lean body, his cracked bones.