

JENNIFER WELCH

Sunday Morning: Dublin Drive in Flea Market

All the rough-faced old puffers congregate
at some codger's tailgate. Ed Johnson from
Marengo smirks over his 1945 Tennessee banjo.
The men around him feel their rifle stocks to
the beat of their memories (Rev. Murray's
daughter danced at the Brass Rail in
Norwood in 1939).

Seventh-hand men sell their silver razors to
the Norelco crowd, walnut smoking stands to
the after church bunch of Christian Scientists
to paint blue and store their guest towels in.

These are the real curators—their pockets
mini-museums—each man with at least one
10-power hand lens, a “steal-of-a deal” from
set-up time, 4-dollars in quarters (some of
them silver), 2 knives (one with an ivory
handle), and a railroad watch.

Their sheet music never blows away. They
really know how to tie things down. Their wives
wait home peeling apples. Their babies remain
secure in Apostolic winds. “Jesus Christ”
(they swear they know him) that pink
Depression glass has had its share of grace.