

Exhibit at McKissick Museum

The Yankee strolled in silence down the halls
and through the echoes of their old museum.
She was finally back from Paris now,
and here was all her "much-discussed" new work —
with all her Southern charm and rebel spirit
crushed to lifeless lines and random splotches.
So when he heard her lovely voice nearby,
he left to wander in their Carolina night.

They all preferred exactly was she was:
that young, intense, and proud Lake Moultrie girl
with deep, soft, Southern magics in her voice —
serenely walking beneath the great live oaks
after the final race at the Camden Cup.
And some would say, "What have they done to our girl?"
but the Yankee alone wonders in the night,
"What has she done to herself?"