



## VERSE IN PLACE

TRISH J. GIBSON

### Appalachia As Ghost

I whisper from the trees  
I call down from the mountain, I'm here  
waiting at your kitchen table. My hands are worn  
from labor, my throat aches from pleading to be heard.  
Cook me up  
    your memories  
        and serve them with the supper  
Tell me stories of your kin,  
return to me the names  
others have forgotten, I'll carve them in the shadow of the mountain.  
Don't pretend like you can't see me, don't claim that you don't know  
I'm here in the holler where you left me,  
Part of the earth  
like your granddaddy,  
rooted into the park where you were born.  
Woven into the concept of your being, I'll be here  
long after you're gone. I'll keep calling to you  
from the mountain,  
'Til you invite me in on your own

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**TRISH J. GIBSON** is a photographer, writer, educator, and editor from North East Tennessee currently based in Lexington, Kentucky. Her works are built of familial archaeology; exploring the relationships between gender, violence, generational trauma, escape, and the Appalachian south.

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