I Saw Davis There

For President Jefferson Davis

by Cole Kinney
1 April 2008

I saw Davis there by the old gravestone,
Varina by his side. *Sarah, Sarah, when we*
Were young and the Republic still one.
Do you remember the flowers? Those three

Roses of Natchez? You said you would keep
Them forever, and forever was a step away
From a life we never had, and a blessed sleep
Compared to the din, the dungeon, and the fray.

I saw Davis there reach for the purple flowers
And set them above on the white remembrance.
Varina with her hand on his, and the two hours
Spent cleaning and pacing. There was no semblance

Of the man himself, but the boy long gone
Wept for his first love till the tears came
No longer; till that which could not be undone
Was undone, and Sarah, Sarah, but a name.

Years later, an old man by the Biloxi sand,
He thought most of Varina, how she stood
There to let him grieve, and held his hand.
Though sinners sin yet, yet God is good.

About the Author

Cole Kinney was born in the Appalachians, in Talking Rock, Georgia, along Carter's Lake. He attended the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, where he earned his Master of Fine Arts and PhD in Philosophy.

He is best known for his seminal *The Logic of Anonymity: The Yankee and John 17*, as well as his work in ceramics and statuary. Several of his classically themed angelic statues adorn the South, though their anonymity remains intact.

At an early age, Mr Kinney began studying the life of the Fire Eater, Roger Atkinson Pryor, and he eventually published *Pryor Knowledge: The Life of Roger Atkinson Pryor, Fire Eater*, which became the standard on the subject.

Mr Kinney currently resides in Unknown, Georgia, with his wife, Unknown, and their three children, Unknown, Unknown 2, and Unknown 3.

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