**HILLBILLY MANIFESTO**

I Am A Rustic Yokel Branch Kin Hayseed Weidner Cousin.

Live Off The Beaten Path.

We Number At Least A Dozen Dozen.

Good For Your City Slicker Jeer Jab Laugh.

You Can Call Me Hill Billy.

Red Dirt Rube.

Backwoods Hick.

Shuck And Jive.

At My La Vie.

I Don't Give A Lick.

Cause I Was Born In Clay County Country.

Down On Dismal Crick.

Don't Care Much For Money.

It All Spends The Same.

I Can Stay. Survive. Stick.

Plant A Garden.

Milk A Cow.

Ride Herd.

Forage. Hunt. Fish.

Hunt. Run Dogs. Shoot Game.

Rabbits. Squirrels. Coons. Birds.

Forage. Barter.

Fish.

Gather Ginseng. Trap.

Walk A Horse Drawn Plow.

Get All I Need. Wish. Cultivate The Rows.

Bail Hay.

Shuck. Standing Corn.

Cut. Weeds. Silage. Hoe.

Grow Potatoes Melons Sweet Corn Beans

Squash Peppers

Cabbage Tomatoes.

Skinny Dip In The Pond. Get It On.

So Goes My Hillbilly Manifesto.

Don't Tread On Me.

Don't Need No Day Job Pay.

Bow Hostage To Blood Sucking IRS.

I Just Subsistence Live.

Play It As It Lays.

On Fickle Backwoods Hillbilly Country.

Dead End Homestead.

Of All Serf Master Commands Bereft.

Long My Own Charted Path From Birth To Death.

Living Hillbilly.

Spirit Soul Rule Liberty

Driven Thoughts.

Heart Beating Free.

Drawing Unfettered.

Non Captive.

Solemente.

Self Soul Essence.

Infused Breath.

The World Ain't Got Me. Done. Down. Dead.

Over. Yet.

Ain't Got Me In Its Net.

I Ain't In No Mans Sway Nor Debt.

I Got All My Self Respect.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 2/12/17.*

*Goose Creek At High Noon.*

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