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Clouds Glide: A Fragment of the Oklahoma Spring

John Graves Morris

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CLOUDS GLIDE: A FRAGMENT OF THE OKLAHOMA SPRING

John Graves Morris

A gusting and subsiding wind blows
A newspaper and its rictus of bad news
Across the park as I trudge,
Shoulders hunched, eyes narrowed,
Ears numbed. In this almost spring,
The withered landscape hunkers down
Under my feet, croons its scratchy lament.

From behind suddenly drifting clouds,
Color seeps back into the air,
A blue that hurts the eyes.
Redbud branches quicken,
The fingers of breeze riffle
The purplish fringe on the wildgrass,
Gathering the black-eyed susans into a
Yellow and maroon wave.
Prairie dogs chirrup. Grackles chatter.
Hawks dart and soar and glide.
On the rising air and at such a height,
The mind cannot but yield
To the boundless earth arching its back,
Loosening its impenitent breast.

Illustration by Velvet Rogers and Paul Messerly

