



7-15-1992

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Recommended Citation

Ramsey, Ruth (1992) "Three by a Watcher," *Westview*: Vol. 11 : Iss. 4 , Article 19.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol11/iss4/19>

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THREE BY A WATCHER

by *Ruth Ramsey*

MOCKINGBIRD MUSINGS

I

A mockingbird woke me early,
Trilling borrowed songs in the elm tree
 outside my window,
Singing borrowed love songs to his mate
In the soft light of false dawn.

II

Beware, oh prowling cat,
Of the fierce and dreaded mockingbird
Who with raucous warning cries
Will descend on you with beak and ter-
rible talon
And all the fury of a Kamikaze
To make a mock of your slashing claws
As you, the hunter, become the hunted
Looking for a bolt-hole.

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MEDITATIONS

STICKY WISDOM

Hot, sweltering day—
Flies hanging on the walls, the floor, the ceiling,
me.
Going to rain, they say.
Wonder who told the flies?
They're sticking to everything, as though glued,
Too lazy to fly in the thick, heavy air.
I wipe the sweat from my face, flicking the flies
away,
And scan the sun-bright sky
Searching for confirmation of such fly knowledge.

COKE SHOW

On bright summer mornings we'd line up
In rows front of the Redland,
Looking for cheap thrills.
Clutching the Coke bottles that were
Magic tickets to the world inside
Where monochromed images marched across the
screen
And bedlam reigned in the regimented rows
As the balcony-confined blacks took revenge
By raining ice and spit on the whites below.
And big boys relieved the smaller ones of
drawing tickets.
Expectantly we stood there in the bright
morning light,
Shifting from foot to foot in the press
of forward-moving bodies—
Eagerly thrusting our offerings to
The keepers of the gate
To the land of dreams.■

RUTH RAMSEY, who finished a B.A. in English Education degree at SOSU, is living in Bar Nunn, Wyoming; writing poetry; and watching wildlife.