



10-15-1991

## Poetic Images

Carl Stanislaus

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### Recommended Citation

Stanislaus, Carl (1991) "Poetic Images," *Westview*: Vol. 11 : Iss. 1 , Article 6.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol11/iss1/6>

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# POETIC IMAGES

by Carl Stanislaus

## SUNDOWN PEOPLE

Did you ever hear of a sundown town  
where they roll up the sidewalks every night?  
Where they let anyone work on the W.P.A.  
but expel the Negro just before dark?

Oh, we heard some polite conversation,  
how it didn't seem right about the colored,  
but it wasn't just them—it was the Indians,  
and those Chinese, and thieving hoboos.

Now the town never prospered or grew;  
the storms came with lightning and thunder;  
the locust flourished and crops often failed,  
and there was much praying about their  
plight.

Then in the spring of thirty-nine,  
a tornado destroyed the town at dusk!  
They were desperate for help in a hurry  
and purposely hid the curfew sign!

An act of God, a change of heart!  
The sundown people became as welcome as  
rain—  
as long as they lived across the tracks  
and didn't vote in the city elections.

## TO EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON

In a land that time forgot,  
live a modest, plain, and prayerful people,  
who know the harvest will always come  
to those close to God—the Order of the Amish.

no electricity, automobiles, or tractors  
is the way to keep the folk together.  
Wearing hooks in clothes of black and blue;  
we shun worldly ways as He would have us.

Times are good, some better than the others,  
like a quilting fest or general meeting.  
We even dance to a fiddle in the fall—  
then enjoy a harvest meal with equal vigor!

We are all bound by a burden of care,  
so a barn raising to us is "a frolic!"  
At swap meets and auctions is where we shine,  
in finding bargains, we are truly blessed!

To everything there is a season;  
for whiskers and buggies there is a reason!  
Once God will call Jantz, Yoder, and Miller  
to at last lay down the plow and tiller.

# POETIC IMAGES

by *Carl Stanislaus*  
(continued)

## I STAND SO PROUD

With tear-brimmed eyes I stood so proud  
As a gentle breeze unfurled the flag  
And strains of the anthem ebbed and flowed.

Back through the years my mind sped  
when as a tiny boy  
I repeated the oath as I stood so proud  
and felt in my heart the zeal of patriots.

Later I swore to protect the flag  
and the country for which it stands.  
I stood so proud in the uniform I wore  
and fought only for freedom, family, and  
friends.

Now as I view that star-spangled banner  
with democracy and liberty endowed,  
I know my flag is your flag, too,  
and I am not alone as I stand so proud!

*CARL STANISLAUS of Chickasha is now a  
free-lance writer after a long career with  
OTASCO*

## SUNSET SILHOUETTES

Curtain

### Scene One

Sunset, a ball of orange,  
sinking on the lake's horizon.  
Sun rays, fingers of fire,  
racing across the surface.

Enter the players with day-old bread,  
mother and child, with father following.  
Enter unclassified ducks one after the other,  
and after feeding groom themselves smartly.

### Scene Two

Enter the ballerinas, regal swans,  
gliding effortlessly on the water.  
Enter the town criers, a gaggle of geese,  
through the dusk, heralding  
the coming darkness.

### Scene Three

Enter the lamplighters, fireflies,  
flashing on and off, on and off.  
New props, the moon and June bugs.  
"Quiet, please"  
Night deepens and the players exit.

Curtain

The orchestra, a chorus of crickets,  
declares, "Day is done—day is done." ■