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WESTERN OKLAHOMA SEASONS

by *Georgia C. Lowenberg*

I'm from Western Oklahoma,
A land the seasons touch—
The weather's sharp transitions,
The moods that change so much.

Wildflowers bloom in springtime;
Robins sing their mirth.
I love the wind that wafts the kites,
Soft rains to green our earth.

In summer, life is lazy.
I watch the children play—
First bounce the ball, then hide and seek.
They giggle time away.

The autumn leaves turn red and gold;
Spent leaves about me fall—
From fields of stubble bleared by frost
A coyote's plaintive call.

In winter, days break cold and gray;
Ice storms rend the air.
Thank God for shelter, food, and warmth,
This place where people care. ■

GEORGIA C. LOWENBERG currently lives in Lincoln, Nebraska, her family lives in Oklahoma. Although she has had other poems published, she wrote the two works in this issue for her father's October 2 birthday. He is an avid reader of WESTVIEW.

illustration by *Kirk Wheeler*