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Cycles / Opposites

Orv Owens

Margie Cooke Porteus

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CYCLES

by Orv Owens

Spring marched soldier proud
Across the emerald landscape.
Like a child with inner glow,
It passed ever so burdensome slow,
As Youth, Time paraded down a solemn street,
To weep, laugh, cry, smile, and refuse defeat.

Summer skies were burdened with heat.
Space was filled with lazy skies.
Spider webs were spun to trap unsuspecting flies.
Misfortune waited in the wings,
Daring men to weep and cry
For fond desires gone awry.

Fall came blundering in; burdened with care
For every creature living there.
Cool winds tugged at limbs soon to become bare
Of leaves tinged with yellow, orange, and brown.
And in every village and town,
Aged souls were waiting, waiting
Forever creating, creating.

Winter brought the bitter cold,
And aches to bones of the old.
It also brought a cheerful fire
And restored lost dreams now burning with desire.
It brought a warning song,
Not to worry overlong
Over burdens, care, and strife
That makes this so short a life. ■

ORV OWENS, a free-lance writer from Watonga, has previously submitted manuscripts to WESTVIEW, beginning in 1990.

OPPOSITES

by Margie Cooke Porteus

Wind,
Snow,
Ice.
Cold seeps through the windows.
Heat battles to keep ahead.
Smells from the kitchen—
Warm food makes us thankful.

Wind,
Dust,
Pollen.
Trees scratch the house.
Windows rattle in protest.
Dust sifts in.
Sneeze...clear the dust...sneeze.

Stillness,
Sun,
Heat.
Sticky, prickly heat follows us.
Even the night is hot.
Home, drawn shades, air-conditioners...
Iced drinks bring respite.

Green,
Frost,
Yellow.
Warm days, nippy nights.
Color rains from the trees.
School, football, pumpkins.
Goodbye, Summer; hello, Winter. ■

MARGIE COOKE PORTEUS of Paonia, Colorado, is originally from Thomas, is an alumna of SOSU, and is a retired teacher whose works have appeared often in WESTVIEW.