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Sunshine in the Spring

Richard Crow

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We played cowboys and Indians
 In the hills of Comanche County
 And explored mountain streams
 In a canoe hewn out of wood.
 It mattered not my skin was pale
 And his was somewhat darker.
 We knew nothing of Sand Creek,
 Nor of promises made in vain.
 We knew only the love of brothers
 And sunshine in the spring.

Sunshine in the Spring

—By Richard Crow

One fateful day in History class,
 Our innocence was shattered.
 He stared at me across the room,
 Pain in cold, black eyes.
 After school, we walked along
 Our own dark trail of tears
 And talked about the things we'd heard
 And mourned the memory.

By the shores of Beaver River,
 Hands cut and bound together,
 We swore to turn the soiled page
 of history
 And rewrite it if we could. ☘

(RICHARD CROW, from *Idabel*,
 a sophomore English major at
 OBU, breaks into the ranks of
 published writers in this issue.)

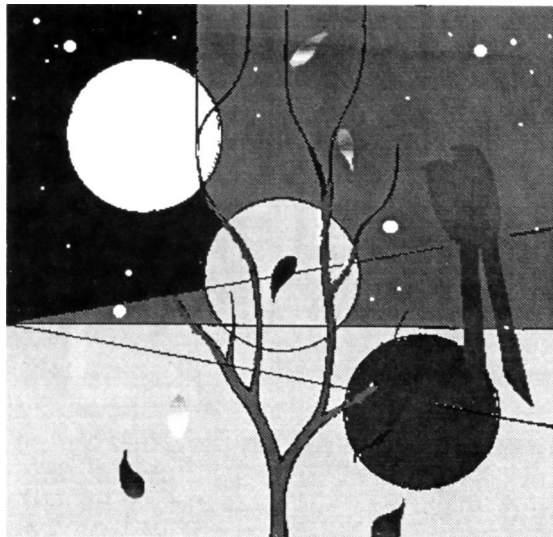


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