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Children's Play

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When we were children, we loved to play
In a big haystack across the way.
On one adventure late in fall
With Nellie the leader of us all,
We hurried toward the stack without a care.
 Suddenly from behind the hay, AN ANGRY BULL
CHARGED US THERE!
 Terrified, we turned to flee (everyone but me,
 barely three).
 Between dragging arms was Baby Ed.
 Forgotten, I found my feet and fled
And very close on my behind came the BULL!
I scrambled under on my belly—just in time—
The lowest barbed-wire of that blessed fence!
I’ve never loved a HE-COW since!

To see if the pie was done in the darkened drum,
He lit a match and “KINGDOM COME”!

Nothing more to say!
Brother Hobart bears a scar on his forehead today.

I remember well my older sister, Nell.
It would take a book to tell
The things I’d like to say
On this, her special day,
To let my love shine through—
My adoration, too
So she’d be sure to know
That my thoughts are hard to show.

I remember well my lovely sister, Nell...
Our mother’s hands with gentle care
Would twine rag curlers in Nell’s hair.
Then after Nell wore them all night,
Mother brushed and curled Nell’s dark hair just right.
Then she placed there a ribbon bow,
Tied and fastened it just so—
And glowed with happiness as she smiled
On Nellie dear, her firstborn child.

When I was ten and Nell fourteen,
She played the organ and I’d sing.
Our friends would gather round and cheer
Us on to more old songs they wanted to hear.

My sister Nell was the first to know
Her speaking lines for our school show.
When Nellie knelt to tell us there
Of little “Annie and Willie’s Prayer,”
We listened to her voice so dear
And wiped away an errant tear.

(ELVA HOWARD DEEDS, who earned a Master’s of Teaching degree at Southwestern Oklahoma State University, is a retired teacher living on a farm near Sentinel with her husband, Eldred.)

Design By Scott Vaigt