



7-15-1991

Entertainment Out West

Ken Shroyer

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

Recommended Citation

Shroyer, Ken (1991) "Entertainment Out West," *Westview*: Vol. 10 : Iss. 4 , Article 19.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol10/iss4/19>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.



ENTERTAINMENT OUT WEST

—By Ken Shroyer

Great Country Western Music creates a special heart glow—
Flowing from the lines of those outdoor songs that we love so much.
It reflects the lives of folks like a beautiful work of art,
Reminding us again and again of the fun times we've had together.

A gathering of friends and neighbors around a warm fire,
Clinging to the tunes of a harmonica, each with a story to tell,
A heart glow of entertainment flowing from an old guitar,
Bring back sounds and memories of days on the Western prairie.

I liked to hear the fine rich tones of that harmony we had together,
A period of goodly times, pleasure, and merry making, the very best,
A time of relaxation and foot patting as the strings of the old fiddle
Make up those magic ingredients, the finest of the Western plains.

Happy times in a neighbor's home with popcorn for all to share,

*"It was a little like
stardust sprinkled along
the dusty trail."*

*"Knowing that God had
touched each of us in a
special way."*

Added with kindness and love and an old-fashioned housewarming—
The banjo music and stories with happy endings on a

rainy afternoon,
The frost on the window pane and cold apples adding a special touch.

Waltzing to that old country favorite we always enjoyed, with logs burning in the fireplace—cane-bottomed chairs scattered around,
The smell of raw dust as the caller chants that old country square,
And once you've been there you'll never forget it or be the same.

Those precious memories of the Golden West will live forever,
Blended together to create a harmonious sound that filled our lives.

It was a little like stardust sprinkled along the dusty trail,
Knowing that God had touched each of us in a special way.

(KEN SHROYER and his wife, Reta, live in Weatherford. Ken's first appearance as a poet in WESTVIEW was in the Fall, 1990 issue.) ●

Designed By Olivia Ortiz