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Abandoned Farmhouse / My Uncle's Blue Jeans

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symbolic structure

Abandoned Farmhouse

By Glen V. McIntyre

Proud and gaunt against
dark skies,
your eaves and gutters etched with time;
windows and chimneys
strain to hold together;
container of memories,
holder of times gone by,
reminder of lost glories,
hold fast.
You have, til now,
been victorious over time,
but it is a costly victory, one that must be won again,
every day.

GLEN V. MCINTYRE, a regular WESTVIEW contributor, is curator of the Western Trails Museum in Kingfisher.

remembrance

My Uncle's Blue Jeans

By Joel Everett

They were a symbol — something bigger than life. I stood at knee level and pondered the patches of worn spots and washed-out axle-grease stains. I don't remember ever seeing past those jeans because the worn cloth was to me the epitome of the man who filled them. Tough as nails but better and wiser with the age displayed so awesomely. There was dirt on the knees where he had crouched down to pull my ears teasingly or catapult me to the heavens or to scratch the soil to see if his work was coming to life.

I loved the man in those jeans with his hands as big as anvils and his grin that filled all doubts. The random snags were all that served to tell me that he was truly real.

Bigger than life, they filled the vacuum of childhood fears when I saw them. He died before I knew him as an adult, but the jeans will always stay with me to remind me what he was, the man who filled those jeans. They tell me now that he was a war hero and could chin himself with one arm. I have no doubt about that, never will. ■

JOEL EVERETT with his harmonica, electric typewriter, and his position as a banker in Altus, has always believed that the eclectic can exist in the parched bluffs of Southwest Oklahoma.