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## Spring Festival

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PERSPECTIVES  
classic festivities



It is a rare warm day as we stand in my  
home town  
eating a picnic lunch in the city park and  
enjoying dreams  
of rain and a good season for bumper crops  
in the summer  
A paper cup rolls half around on the picnic  
table and around  
again in the gusty wind, and our two city  
visitors are  
standing near my father and mother under the  
sycamore tree—  
everybody eating fried chicken—everybody in  
cowboy clothes  
when a siren blows signifying the parade has  
started down  
the main street.

We quickly finish our noon meal,  
for we don't want to miss anything.  
The band sounds and the floats roll  
and the horsemen and wagons move into view.

There are flags and banners,  
old classic cars and beauty queens,  
passing along like in a child's dream.  
Later we'll see the hot air balloons;  
a huge chili cookoff  
and a fiddler's contest;  
then there is a rodeo with bucking  
horses and bulls and rodeo clowns;  
contests for  
oldest inhabitant,  
ugliest man, and crowning of the Western  
queen;  
street dancing, juggling, and merry-makers  
until the small  
hours of the night.

The spring wind dashes across my face  
as I store away brief telegenic episodes  
of a spring festival in our town of Cheyenne.

*AARON A. BAKER of Burns Flat, a frequent contributor to WESTVIEW, was reared in Central and Western Oklahoma and is an alumnus of OU. Although he has enjoyed careers in public education, journalism, and state civil service, his love affair with the written word has never faded. His latest chapbooks are SOMETHING WILL COME TO YOU and MAKE ROOM FOR THE INTRUDER.*