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Clintora Byrne-Harris

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The Pansy

By Clintora Byrne-Harris

*The morning mists rise lazily
Among the leaves on tender boughs
Of trees that line the winding creek.
A tiny pansy lifts its face
Upward in soft adoration
To the supplier of its needs
And the morning sun continues
Its steady climb through deep blue skies.*

*Then disastrous storm clouds roll in
Blotting out the midday sunshine.
The pansy bends beneath the storm
Until a break in the clouds lets
A shaft of light come flooding through
Illuminating a deep pool of
Water near the drenched flower
Providing hope for the future.*

*As the violent storm moves on,
One massive cloud is outlined with
A bright band of shining silver.
High above the purple pansy,
Nestling among the dripping pines,
The band slowly widens until
The evening sun slips out to bathe
The woods in the spotlight of faith.* ■

CLINTORA BYRNE-HARRIS, now deceased, was a longtime resident of Hinton and then moved to Weatherford. She was also a student at SOSU and a member of Weatherford Wordhandlers, a club for both amateur and professional writers.