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Bread-Maker / The Scissortail

Margie Snowden North
AND EVERYWHERE GLADDENED THE LANDSCAPE AND EYE.
I HAVE EASED THE HOT FOREHEAD OF FEVER AND PAIN:
I HAVE MADE THE PARCHED MEADOWS GROW FERTILE WITH GRAIN.
I CAN TELL OF THE POWERFUL WHEELS OF THE MILL.
THAT GROUND OUT THE FLOUR AND TURNED AT MY WILL.
I CAN TELL OF MANHOOD, DEBASED BY YOU.
THAT I HAVE LIFTED AND CROWNED ANEW.
I CHEER, I HELP, I STRENGTHEN AND AID:
I GLADDEN THE HEART OF MAN AND MAID:
I SET THE CHAINED WINE-CAPTIVE TREE.
AND ALL ARE BETTER FOR KNOWING ME."
THESE ARE THE TALES THEY TOLD EACH OTHER.
The glass of wine and its paler brother.
AS THEY SAT TOGETHER, FILLED TO THE BRIM.
ON THE RICH MAN'S TABLE, RIM TO RIM.

INEZ SCHNEIDER WHITNEY, a resident of Arlington, Virginia, is a member of a writers group which oversees the publication of SENIOR SCRIBES. She is an alumna of Custer City High School and a former student at SOSU. Her Master's degree is from Georgetown University.

provider

Bread-Maker
By Margie Snowden North

Mama made bread
in a dishpan,
a bulbous mound of dough
in a bed of flour,
hands adroit, sure,
kneading, punching, molding,
(this artist)
her face flushed with heat from the stove.
Melting hoglard in the breadpans
she worked,
shaping loaves and buns,
letting them rise in the warmth
until all the house was filled
with lovely fragrances
of bread and security.

MARGIE SNOWDEN NORTH, Erick writer, adds to
her many WESTVIEW credits in this issue.

The Scissortail
By Margie Snowden North

The Scissortail
hovers,
touches down,
intercepts the grasshopper
midair
and hurries home
to fill empty stomachs.