



7-15-1988

Bread-Maker / The Scissortail

Margie Snowden North

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

Recommended Citation

North, Margie Snowden (1988) "Bread-Maker / The Scissortail," *Westview*: Vol. 7 : Iss. 4 , Article 20.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol7/iss4/20>

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.



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.



feeder

The Scissortail

By Margie Snowden North

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