Driving to Kingfisher on a Summer's Morning / Cumulus Clouds

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country and settled in Western Oklahoma followed the trail of the humble cottonwood. Without this tree the history of this state and nation might have been different. Beckoning the settler westward, it made a cool shade for the weary traveler. It supported his sod house, provided fodder for his animals, wood for his fires, logs for his dwellings, a windbreak against the cold...and beauty on the face of the land.

ERNESTINE GRAVLEY, co-founder of the OWFI and founder-director of Shawnee Writers, is a devoted supporter of and contributor to WESTVIEW.

Driving to Kingfisher on a Summer’s Morning

By Glen V. McIntyre

Wheatfields bow to the west wind,
two white cranes cross the trickling stream,
a single meadowlark sits and sings for its breakfast and all the while,
shining on the horizon,
drenched in azure
the city wakes to golden sunlight,
towers of alabaster indefinite
in early morning light;
“We have often sung your praises
but we have not told the half.”

Note: Last two lines taken from “Oklahoma A Toast,” the first Oklahoma state song.

Western Oklahoma beauty

Cumulus Clouds

By Sheryl L. Nelms

a gallon of
rich
country cream

hand-whipped
into stiff
peaks

flung
from the beater

into dollops
across the blue oilcloth

SHERYL L. NELMS, now of Tucson, has roots in Kansas and South Dakota. She has the distinction of being the most prolific published poet of the OWFI.