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## Splendor in the Pasture / standing behind every farmhouse in Western Oklahoma

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*standing to serve*

# standing behind every farmhouse in Western Oklahoma

*By Sheryl L. Nelms*

porches  
perch  
on top  
of limestone steps

wait

with their cistern pumps  
white enameled sinks  
and bars of Lava  
to pumice corn planting  
from calloused skin

five gallon buckets full  
of sweet well water  
ask to be sipped  
from tin  
dippers  
to wash down  
field dust

overalls  
and flannel shirts  
back the doors  
beg for tired  
bodies  
to settle in

waiting

for the chance  
to soften the edge  
of farm  
life

*dream to reality*

# Splendor in the Pasture

*By Margie Snowden North*

Once I was a ballerina  
twirling on bare toes in the sand,  
gliding through pasture-shinnery and ox-eye daisies  
kicking my leg high in the late afternoon sun.

The music in my head  
was beautiful  
and so was I  
and the invisible crowds gasped and cheered  
as I pirouetted on a corner post,  
enveloped in a splendor  
as tangible as the hot sun  
on my back.

In the sand and shinnery my finale  
was the dead-swan act  
and the world stopped  
and time hang suspended  
and the crowds were stunned into silence  
at so awesome a performance.

Then ole Daisy lowed,  
questioning,  
and the magic went in a poof  
and I picked my way  
barefoot through the hot sand and long shadows  
and headed the cows toward home  
for milking time.