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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.