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Rose Stone Tears / Two Plus

Evelyn Bachmann

Diane Holcomb

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Rose Stone Tears

By Evelyn Bachmann

I found the barite rose in the Ozarks
 Misplaced, lost.
 A desert flower,
 Made from sand and crystals in the red earth of Oklahoma.
 The Cherokee rose.
 Petrified tears, they say,
 And a stranger to these hills.

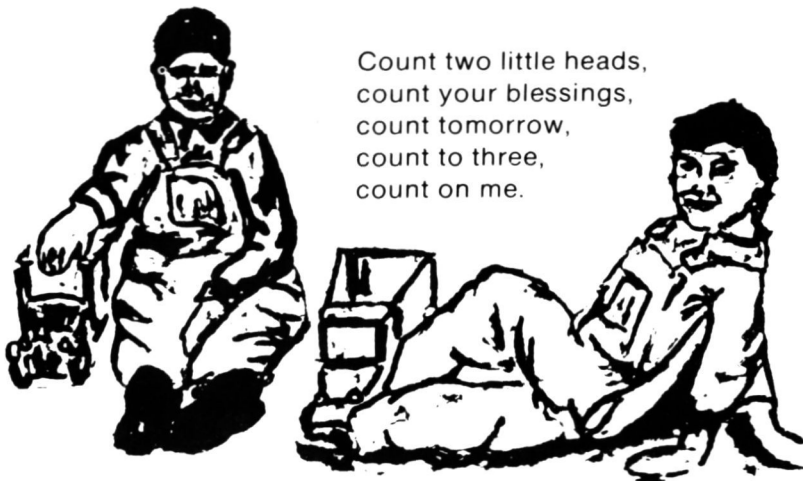
Yet, there it was,
 Pink barite petals lying on the top timber
 of the zig-zag rail fence,
 Draped with possum grape and last year's crop of poke.
 It must have been placed there, a treasure,
 Carefully by a chubby hand for safe-keeping,
 And then forgotten.

I held it in my hand.
 It was warm.
 Warm as the tears of Cherokees along the old trail,
 Uprooted by the inhumanity of man.
 I felt a kinship to this stone flower
 As hot tears runnelled my cheeks.
 And the taste of sorrow
 Was bitter on my tongue.

the best ability--dependability

Two Plus

By Diane Holcomb



Count two little heads,
 count your blessings,
 count tomorrow,
 count to three,
 count on me.