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## Reality / Looking Back

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## Reality

*when groceries are needed*

By Margie Snowden North

Old Roany, she  
and Star both had colts:  
stilt-legs,  
wobbling,  
blinking at us from their mother's sides.  
Ava Jean, she loved those colts  
and so did we.

One day Papa said  
We got to sell 'em, girls.  
They'll bring a little  
and we need groceries for the supper table.

Didn't want in that pen,  
those colts,  
and Ava Jean, she  
(reckless and determined)  
headed them the other way.  
Papa, he  
didn't get mad. Never did much.  
But we gotta sell 'em, girls.  
They'll bring a little  
and we need groceries for the supper table.

Loaded 'em up,  
those colts.  
Cried some when no one was looking.  
Ava Jean, she  
cried the most.  
But they brought a little  
and at least we had  
groceries for the supper table.



Illustration by Glenda Miller

## Looking Back

By Lu Spurlock

*memories made of hugs*

I remember the Hayden Place  
where sunrises were pink and gold  
day skies were bluing-water blue  
full moons and stars filled nights  
and fields were always green

I made mud pies and was cautioned  
not to squeeze downy chicks

watched baby turkeys  
peck themselves out of shells

waited for Mamma to take light bread  
from the wood-burning stove

patted wobbly legged white-faced calves  
And rode gentle jersey cows

When winter turned rain to sleet  
and sleet to snow  
Dad read stories  
by light from the Aladdin lamp

I sat on the fireplace hearth  
pretending I was the hero or heroine  
while watching blue and redgold flames  
send smokey dreams up the chimney.

On moving day  
tears made rivers down my cheeks

Mamma hugged me  
said we were leaving  
a rundown shack on a wornout farm  
and before long I'd be glad we moved.  
that's what Mamma said.