12-15-1986

Reality / Looking Back

Margie Snowden North

Lu Spurlock

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.swosu.edu/westview

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol6/iss2/20

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.
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.

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

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

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

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.

When Mamma took light bread from the wood-burning stove

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.