Howdy / Rock Mary

Dick Chapman

Glen V. McIntyre

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

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol6/iss3/22

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.
Howdy
By Dick Chapman

They may have higher mountains somewhere in the West--
They may reach nearer skyline where the wild eagle nests--
They may cover more territory.
Spread out farther east or west--
But the land from here to Kansas
Holds the land of our country's best.

It has soils to fit the season--
It has lakes and mountains too.
It has people with a "Howdy" and a handshake's nothing new.
It has people from here to yonder:
   North, South, East, and West.
It has called them from the nation and has kept the very best.

And they live here from the hills of Pushmataha to the
Red Hills of the West.

a scene near Hinton--off I-40

Rock Mary
By Glen V. McIntyre

In 1849, thousands of pioneers pushed through Oklahoma on their way west to the
gold fields of California. One of the landmarks they looked for to guide them on their
way was a large rock outcropping near Hinton called "Rock Mary."

Even the land shifts
as shaking pale blue air rises
in furnace-like blasts:
here there are no trees to mark the way.
no monument.
the horizons stretch out until they touch
the awful remote face of heaven.
not even God could find His way
in this uncertain emptiness.
surely we will wander here until we die:
but then, faint at first.
indistinct on the indistinct horizon.
a point.
still and certain as the hope of heaven.
an island in this shifting sea of grass,
Rock Mary, we are fixed upon you.
sure for a time in an unsure world.
we are on to California!