



3-15-1986

Spring Gala / River Coffee

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Recommended Citation

Gibson, Rosemary and Bachmann, Evelyn (1986) "Spring Gala / River Coffee," *Westview*: Vol. 5 : Iss. 3 , Article 17.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol5/iss3/17>

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Awakening beauty

Spring Gala

By Rosemary Gibson

Winter draws its dark curtain when spring equinox has passed.
Then in every orchard of the land, fruit trees at last
Are limbed with shining wands atip with white and pink.
I relax and watch them wave the wind and think.

I see fairy wings unfolding, gaily dancing
Through sunsprays to shed sweet fragrance in their prancing
Over pristine air so newly washed with snow,
Seeming to linger fluffy white among the blossoms as though
slow to go.

Birds orchestrate their ruby throats with melodic quintets,
Fluttering, sky dueling in romantic pirouettes.
Tulips and violets peek up from the emerald grass,
Flashing bright color like the skirts of a gypsy lass.

Memories--dreams of love

River Coffee

By Evelyn Bachmann

Once we camped
On a gravel-bar island.
A rocky bed, passion-pillowed in pearly moonlight.
I have not forgotten those gelid pebbles
That brushed my bare feet
As nature insistently called
(I should have slept in my shoes)
Or the feeling of shared aloneness
Adrift in midnight river mist.

Morning came crashing,
Ricocheting sun shafts shattering my eyelids,
Birds, piercingly sweet, staking territorial claims.
The incredulous smell of your caffeine-laden river coffee
Stirred with a stick and settled with egg shells
(I didn't know you could even boil water).

I have not forgotten that island.
It is gone now--
Drowned in a man-made lake.
But it is still there, an unseen Atlantis.
Though my old bones now seek softer love and less,
I still remember
That rocky bed
And the smell of river coffee.