



12-15-1985

Smokey / The Sleeper

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Recommended Citation

Daugherty, Pam and Glancy, Diane (1985) "Smokey / The Sleeper," *Westview*: Vol. 5 : Iss. 2 , Article 18.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol5/iss2/18>

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*A parental horse in the Promised Land**Smokey*

By Pam Daugherty

Around midnight, in a valley still green,
 A mare lies in labor; her chances are lean.
 But the Master is near, looking with a watchful eye,
 He stands ready to protect the foal, should the mare die.
 But the mare hangs on, determined to see her son,
 For this colt will be her first and last one.
 She stands and tries to go on,
 But it's too late; she's too far gone.
 And there in the cold, dark night,
 The mare lies, still trying to fight.
 That night, one life was traded for another —
 One life shared by a son and his mother.
 One life, shared by two and now by one,
 For this life now belongs to the son.
 This small, black colt looks for Mother everywhere,
 But realizes now he'll be in Father's care.
 The Master steps up, and the colt takes his place.
 Then the Master darts off at a furious pace.
 The colt stands a moment, shocked at Father's speed,
 Then races off after the great ebony steed.
 Days, weeks, months, and years all pass by.
 Smokey stands near, for soon his father will die.
 Smokey, yes, that small black colt,

Has grown to have the power in one thousand volts.
 He's large and fast, yes he's gained speed.
 From a small black foal, he sprouted like a seed.
 But now he's Smokey the loner, out on his own.
 Smokey whose future once again is unknown.
 Smokey, who throws his head in the wind,
 Smokey whose future is uncertain again.
 Days, weeks, months, and years all pass by,
 Now in a valley a mare in labor lies.
 On this night, one life will be traded for another.
 This time a daughter, but who will be the other?
 Smokey stands near with a watchful eye,
 But soon, he himself will die.
 Yes, Smokey is the other life.
 Suddenly, a wolf's teeth cut his side like a knife.
 Smokey spins and starts to fight again,
 But this time he's fighting the Devil over an uncommitted sin.
 Satan screams, "It's your daughter or you!"
 Smokey screams back, "Take me; my time is due!"
 And then Smokey falls — never to rise again.
 But Satan didn't get him, for he'd committed no sin.
 Satan won the battle, though brought down by Satan's hand,
 For now, Smokey runs through the Promised Land.

*And a mother watches**The Sleeper*

By Diane Glancy

Wide sweep of sky with a tail of rain.
 My daughter sleeps in the backseat
 Under an old sheet with three small holes
 for eyes and nose when she was a ghost.
 A piece of hair across her cheek,
 a turtle on her finger.
 Two women sit back to back across her eyes,
 they speak with hands that hold her dreams.
 Three crows cross the sky,
 fly toward the spare sheet with holes:
 a rain-ghost following
 the small dark openings of her sleep.