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Old Mother / Supremacy

Diane Glancy

Olive DeWitt

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Unifying experiences

Old Mother

By Diane Glancy

There is unity in these fields.
Bunches of alfalfa, ragweed, kafir corn
cross each one.

The slope of hill rises under your head,
weeds wave along the road.
The sky spreads a blue cover above us.

Your bladder swells like a pond after rain,
surgery just ahead will be like pulling weeds
and tying-back tomatoes.

We always knew grace came with the swish of a cow's tail
and black flies leave,
though harpsichord and graveyard sometimes hymn the church.

Buck up, old mother. It starts to get dark.
These wire fences are lines of music flying by the car.
Notes gone.
Hold the bucket of field weeds to you
now that shadows extend across the road.

Heart-stirrings

Supremacy

By Olive DeWitt

Over snow-capped peaks,

Over desert,
canyon,
plain,

The golden eagle appears,
rising,
gliding.

He is supreme
in atmosphere's circlet.

An arrow shoots straight,
higher,
higher it flies;

The invincible falls,
circling,
screaming,

And in death it adorns
a chief's feathered bonnet.