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Mother's Trip / Let The Pots Dance / Hands

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Memorable events
Mother's Trip

By Lu Spurlock

Growing up,
Mother picked cotton on Rocky Hill
while wearing her brother's shoes
that made blisters on her feet,
Never was enough money
to buy shoes for her.

At mealtime, Grandma
always told her to be lady-like--
"Ladies don't need much to eat."

On washdays while Grandma
cooked dinner for Granddad and the boys,
Mother got out the lye soap,
made a fire under the washpot,
and carried water up the hill
from the stock tank.
The boys helped carry water,
didn't help scrub clothes.
Washing was woman's work.

When weather was so bad,
the boys didn't want to saddle up
and go to the mailbox, Mother went.
Rode Sadie. When she was out of sight,
she ungirded the side-saddle,
lifted her skirts, and rode bareback.
Thought hurrying pleased Granddad,
he never said it did.

She fell off Sadie one December morning,
Broke her left arm.
Granddad hitched the team to the wagon,
said he'd get her to the doctor pretty quick,
but he stopped by Roy Ferguson's still.
Started drinking and it was dark
when they got to Dr. Lowry's office.
Mother's left arm always hurt when it rained.

Mother never said much good
about life at Rocky Hill,
but at ninety-one her mind returned
to Grandma and Granddad and the boys.

I didn't know why Mother made the trip
until she said,
"It's good to be home."

The mother impulse
Let The Pots Dance

By Glen V. McIntyre

We were part of the mother,
the earth,
clasped to her brown bosom upholding
all the universe,
nurturing all created creatures--
even man.
Then you with your
questing, curious hands
reached
into us and took us
apart--
and shaped us in your own dreams,
your own wish fulfillment and then
kept us
separate.
Still we dream of the Mother
and at night
we dance to her rhythm
unheard by
denser ears.
Let us dance.

Hands

By Olive DeWitt

her rough hands lay still,
lines of selfless labor of love
etched across her palm

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