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Levels of Love / Wheat Harvest / Eastward Bound

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Explorers
Levels Of Love

By Yvonne Carpenter

Clinging to an ice floe
In an arctic ocean,
Cold buoy in the chill.
Break off a weapon, less
Standing room aboard. Beat
Another with cold club,
Fewer warm companions.
Bore the frozen mass to
find ice at all levels.

Each ice dweller decides
How deeply to explore.

A mighty force
Eastward Bound

By Dick Chapman

Spreading wide from hill to hill
roily red and rolling
never soundly sleeping
only waiting for a chance
to demonstrate its mighty power
and make the willows dance.

Cottonwoods will shudder as they bend
before the tide that throws the
debris out and on before the waters wide.

Ever rolling eastward
claiming its right to move
never satisfied to stay within a grove
reaching with mighty wavelets
all within its maw
since before the time of man
was the restless Washita.

Sensuous signs of harvest
Wheat Harvest

By Jill Carpenter

Chalky wheat dust coats me
in a dry film.
I coax the truck into motion.
Pregnant with grain, it roars
and gripes across the tracks in low
gear.

clutch shift gas
Second is a relief to us both.
Wind stirs the dust and candy
bar wrapper on the floor board.
The motor complains loudly;
it's uncomfortable in second.
clutch shift grind grind gas lurch
Dreaded third gear achieved.
A short calm, then the motor
starts to work on outgrowing third.
Looking out through the steering
wheel, I feel outsized.

The truck smell of dust, exhaust,
and suspected rodents settles into
my skin along with the wheat dust.

Ignored stop sign simplifies
the process and
clutch shift gas
Fourth gear soothes the motor
which settles into the pace.

chug
The truck loses power
Panic
clutch grind shove chug
Third gear doesn't help
clutch gas
Nothing

Inertia carries the load a block
traffic horns stares
The motor turns in endless circles.
Brakes only slow the rolling
Pride and assurance are
backed over.
Surrender Defeat
a level side road
abandoned.