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Crying From The Ground

Maggie Culver Fry

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— a National Poetry Contest winner —

Crying From The Gound

by
Oklahoma's Poet Laureate
Maggie Culver Fry

That soundless cry again!
from somewhere on the ground,
under the rubble that the wind
has tossed. I hear the voice
of **BLOOD**. Squeamish, I read
its earth-red message, as it
pricks the horny scarf-skin
of my consciousness; a burn
I know is there, yet scarce
can feel. . .this vague
uneasiness, half-memory of
forgotten things. . .this faint
yet noisy ricochet of sound,
burning into the spiraled conch-shell
of my knowing. Dim shapes
with voices limp, and yet
stirring, half-animated souls
rising in the Valley of
Dry Bones. I stand
above the trash-covered ruin
of you, my brother!
It is your blood that cries,
vanquished and puddled
in the dust; your blood
and therefore, mine.
Crying from the ground. . .
Crying!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Keeper of Brothers
take the hand
of one born blind!
Here in the dark I find
no bomb-shelter
to save me from
the destruction of
my **PEACE!**