



10-15-1984

Crying From The Ground

Maggie Culver Fry

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

Recommended Citation

Fry, Maggie Culver (1984) "Crying From The Ground," *Westview*: Vol. 4 : Iss. 1 , Article 16.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol4/iss1/16>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.



— 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!**