Grandma's Medicine / Spanish Dagger

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R. R. Chapman

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Grandma's medicine
— by Sheryl L. Nelms

springtime always meant
that we went
out into the timber
to pick
those first
fuzzy flowers
then Grandma
soaked them
in the ten gallon
Redwing crock
finally strained
and fermented
into that
delicate
golden
dandelion wine
the sure cure
she swore by

Spanish Dagger — by R. R. Chapman

Majestic, defiant, standing high
Every blade pointing to a June day sky
Asking no favors of beast or man,
Growing saddle high on unclaimed land
Solitary though scattered in disarray;
Untouchable daggers hold full sway.

From the Canadians west to Magollin's Rim
Beyond the border and the Rio Grande
It proudly stands on plain or crest,
A symbol of life in the great southwest.