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Grandma's Medicine / Spanish Dagger

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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.