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Okie Pride / Wing Shot / a sense of pride

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OKIE PRIDE — by Pat Kourt

Okie pride is a collage of faces, places, and dreams.

Pride shows in the dust-worn smiles of the migrants returning home —
in the retired farmer receiving his first oil-lease bonus —
in the nervous nine-year-old 4-H' er modeling her hand-stitched apron —
in the family burying its Great Grandma Kate, who made the Run.

Pride reveals itself in the manicured rows of frosty, gray-brown cotton stalks —
in the school rooms flying the prairie-sky blue state flag —

in the country pulpits echoing a booming Midwestern drawl —
in the dusty, rugged arena of man vs. beast known as rodeo.

Pride envisions progress in understanding the venerable Cheyenne-Arapaho culture —
in providing an answer for the troubled, searching unemployed —
in maintaining a “Bible-Belt” morality for tomorrow’s grandchildren —
in keeping the red-earth environment as natural as God first created it.

Okie pride — assorted faces, places, and dreams —
a work of Western art.

WING SHOT — by Dr. R. Samuel Lackey

Beneath the polished shell of Flamingo Motherhood,
The neck of the egg is broken out of time
By an arrow and a brightly painted stick
That will slide like bubbles in the blood until
In flight the dark horizon flashes full of beaks and early fishes.
The sea spins tightly around his pain.
His eyes seek out the earth again.
The waters churn —
No stars within, but only He who will not break the Fall.

The atom turning clockwise snaps the feathers of the throat
And stills the fluted breath.
There is no marker here,
No broken reed to cross the wind.

The water, always rising,
Floating choruses,
Brings dark counterpoint
To crunch of sand and moccasins,
One season in the sun... Before the last plumes crack.

a sense of pride — by Sheryl L. Nelms

it’s there
it permeates western Oklahoma
flows through the veins of the people
born Choctaw and Cherokee

they remember

make me wish
I’d been
born just a little bit Indian