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Blanket The Years / Cumulus Clouds / Bright Carnival

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POETRY

Blanket The Years

— universal thief —

by Hazel Bell

Time was — When lithe and bronze she stood, Jet eyes flirting And inky hair, Long as the corn rows, Lay in braided trails And touched her slender hips.

Dashing young braves Vied for her full, red pouting lips. Daughter of a chief She was — and vain.

Time was — A cradleboard Clung to her shoulders, And a fringe of pitch-black Hair bobbed from a blanket therein.

Tales she told And children listened Spell-bound.

Now winter - old she sits, While others' children Dash past her bulky form.

She shivers in the chill And gathers her flimsy Old blanket Around her winter soul.

Cumulus Clouds

by Sheryl Nelms

a gallon of rich country cream

hand whipped into stiff peaks

flung from the beaters

into dollops across the blue oilcloth

Bright Carnival

— a scene sometimes observed during a Western Oklahoma winter —

by Joanna Thurston Roper

A million icy carets shimmered the world in the golden sun. Tree limbs shone brittle in the light, and yucca blades hardened to a glisten. Fence posts with silver shadows surrounded fields of crystal tangles, and clumps of fragile weeds stood four square, each stem a sculpture — iced, sheathed and armorcoated. Then the golden sun fused the kaleidoscope colors, and the ice carnival was gone.