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Blanket The Years / Cumulus Clouds / Bright Carnival

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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.