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The Long Sleep / Western Oklahoma Ice Storm

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The Long Sleep

by Hazel Bell

And so the old man sleeps —
Dreaming of clear, blue streams
Where fish jump free
And mule-deer pause to drink,
Trembling and alert.

He wears again the breech-cloth
And a feather in his hair.
He dances the Calumet,
Asking the Great Spirit for rain.

He hears the thundering herds of buffalo.

He squats around the campfire,
Watching the shadows leap upon the teepees.

He builds the wigwam and birchbark canoe.
His step is noiseless in the forest.

The old man dreams of buffalo dances —
Wearing horns of the buffalo.

He fashions the bow
And chips the arrows for his hunt.

Winter leaves whisper in the forest.
The old man stirs in his dreams —
The Great Spirit quietly
Escorts the warrior
To his Happy Hunting Ground.



ILLUSTRATION BY: Sam Moore

Western Oklahoma Ice Storm

by Sheryl L. Nelms

fresh ice
outlines
the barbwire fence
like a transparent shadow

a northeast wind
wiggles
through the
scrub oak grove

limbs rub and bump

sound gritches
around like
a hundred hands
squeezing cellophane