3-15-1982

Prairie Spring / Intruder In Springtime / Adios

Sharon Edge Evans
R. R. Chapman

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PRAIRIE SPRING
— Sharon Edge Evans

The dogs are howling
And the moon's disappeared:
The storm is moving in.

The rooster is crowing
Into the dark
Adding his voice to the din.

The lightening stretches
Forked arms to the earth.
A coyote cries for the moon.

Nature is playing tag
With the wind.
The storm will be here soon.

INTRUDER IN SPRINGTIME
— Sharon Edge Evans

Watching my tensions
Rise with the minutes
As the barometer
Falls with the storm:
Seeing the hail
Come in like the rain.
Uninvited,
And the wind toss its head with scorn.

It is April
When Nature
Like a barren woman
Vents her passions
On the open plains.

ADIOS
— R. R. Chapman

After all these years have slipped away —
Months, weeks — some bright, some gloomy days,
Wondering why —
Questioning as the sun consumes the morning dew.
After all this time, I love only you

Why so late.
Why all these years have come and gone their way?

Then I find it's you I love today.
Life sometimes plays tricks that make little sense,
And I find that I love you without my consent.