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Bobwhite / Visions / Haiku

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Glen McIntyre

Inez Schneider Whitney

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Bobwhite

By Dona Maddux Cooper

each and all are needed

The friendly bobwhite
Kept introducing himself
To sunrise joggers.

DONA MADDUX COOPER is a member of the Stillwater Writers. Her book PATCHWORK IN POETRY AND VERSE is in its third printing. She is wife of one, mother of four, and grandmother of seven.

MISCELLANY

Haiku

By Inez Schneider Whitney

past-life panavision

Fields of golden wheat
Cut down by Papa's binder
Shocked by harvest hands.

Suddenly they start
Hailstones pounding on the roof
An Oklahoma storm.

Blue and white daisies
Blooming in our big pasture
At our prairie home.

Barefoot boys and girls
Playing at Prairie View School
In the hot sunshine.

Mt. Hope, our small church,
The old-fashioned M.E. South
On a country road.

VISIONS

By Glen McIntyre

hopeful haunts

We saw the earth our Mother
carrying
vast green seas of grass, wind caressed, great piles of
mountains which
the clouds scraped by,
the rivers dancing in fall sun;
We saw the buffalo our brother,
earth covering until the ground thundered,
though we slew him with
deep veneration
many prayers;
Blue sky was our hunting lodge,
golden sun our fire
and each gift each day brought
was enough;
Long gone those times, high and far away
so that memory now is like a faint breeze
rustling in dry grass;
Yet still, at night
under the secret black sky
memories come back to us
and we have visions.

GLEN McINTYRE, a free-lance writer living in Kingfisher, is curator of the Chisholm Trails Museum.