

*BLUEBONNETS,  
BOOTS  
AND  
BUFFALO  
BONES*

*Sheryl L. Nelms*



*Laughing Cactus Press  
Imprint of Silver Boomer Books  
Abilene Texas*

Published by Laughing Cactus Press, imprint of Silver Boomer Books,  
3301 S 14th Suite 16 - PMB 134, Abilene Texas 79605  
Poems and prose copyright © 2009 by Sheryl L. Nelms  
Cover copyright © 2009 Silver Boomer Books

**BLUEBONNETS, BOOTS AND BUFFALO BONES**

Copyright © 2009 by Sheryl L. Nelms  
Published by Laughing Cactus Press,  
imprint of Silver Boomer Books

Abilene, Texas

[www.LaughingCactusPress.com](http://www.LaughingCactusPress.com)

[www.SilverBoomerBooks.com](http://www.SilverBoomerBooks.com)

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored  
in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means,  
electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior  
written permission of the copyright holder.

Printed in the United States of America

ISBN: 978-0-9802120-6-8

# Table of Contents

<i>Dedication</i> .....	7
<i>Bluebonnets</i> .....	9
Texas Hill Country .....	10
fresh day .....	11
Altocumulus Clouds .....	12
Meditation .....	13
The Pharmacist's Daughter .....	14
Wash Day on the Farm .....	16
Blue Ticks Eating Asparagus .....	17
Spring Soundings .....	18
Sunset at Eagle Mountain Lake .....	19
breathe deep .....	20
Downed Hawk .....	21
from April's palette .....	22
Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring .....	23
The Spit Bucket .....	24
to dust .....	25

---

The Old Goodnight Ranch.....	26
Black Birds.....	28
The Fort Worth Tornado.....	29
Moment In Time.....	30
killing the rooster.....	31
The Spirit.....	32
Texas Wheat Harvest.....	33
Outhouse Blues.....	34
The Car.....	35
fishing for monsters.....	36
Visible Echoes.....	38
Cumulus Clouds.....	39
country cream.....	40
ag synthesizer.....	41
Behind Every Ranch House in Texas.....	42
4th of July.....	43
Chicken Canning Time in West Texas.....	44
Blue Heron.....	46
Meteorite Showers.....	47
Heat Waves.....	48
Icicle Radishes.....	49
Aunt Emma Collected Teeth.....	50
East Texas Root Hog.....	51
Great Cormorant.....	52
<i>Boots</i> .....	<i>52</i>
Those Crows.....	55
City Life.....	56
Real Cowboy.....	57
Bull Fighter.....	58
Rodeo Circuit Cowboy.....	59

---

The Brazos River .....	60
Eastern Tiger Swallowtail, Female .....	61
Grandma's Gypsies .....	62
Grandma's Sunbonnet Quilt.....	63
old lady Wilson.....	64
West Texas Wheat Farmer	
With Early Alzheimer's.....	65
Salting Down .....	66
Picking Granny Smith Apples in West Texas....	67
West Texas Halloween.....	68
Gutting A Diamondback Rattlesnake.....	69
horned toad.....	71
Frog.....	72
it's raining in Texas.....	73
Indian Summer in Bowie, Texas .....	74
Parker County Texas Fall.....	75
Dragon Fly Wing .....	76

## *Buffalo Bones* .....

Evening Thunderstorm on the	
Callahan Divide .....	78
Paleo-Indian Feet.....	79
Josiah Walbarger, Pecan Springs,	
Texas, August 1883.....	80
Cirrus Clouds .....	81
Dallas Farmer's Market.....	82
Houston Street Bag Lady.....	83
The Bag Lady's Ode .....	84
Rosetta.....	86
Stripping Cotton Blues .....	88
Alzheimer's: What Year? .....	90

---

Cirrostratus Clouds.....	91
The Buzzard Roost .....	92
The Fort Worth Queen of Cans .....	93
Blackstrap Molasses.....	94
Sunset in the West Texas Wild Mountains.....	95
Crescent Moon in Texas .....	96
Rusted Red Ford Pick-Up Truck Full of Turkeys on Farm to Market 1178.....	97
Texas Grasshoppers .....	98
The Roughneck Woes.....	99
Runnin' Pipe.....	100
Dry Hole Blues .....	101
Wisteria.....	102
Pelican .....	103
South Going Geese .....	104
Real Talent.....	105
Texas Rangers Baseball .....	106
Winter Words.....	107
Texas Blue Norther.....	108
West Texas Blizzard.....	109
Texas Ice Storm.....	110
The Orchard Spider.....	111
Remember Goliad .....	112
Texas Trawl .....	114
<i>Biography .....</i>	<i>115</i>
<i>Publishing Credits.....</i>	<i>117</i>

*Dedicated to the heroes  
of Goliad*







# *Bluebonnets*

*Texas Hill Country*

spring is  
working its

way north

the meadows  
around Fredericksburg  
are blooming

full of bluebonnets  
black-eyed Susan  
Indian paintbrush  
and buttercups

splatters of red  
yellow and  
blue

flung from  
the artist's full  
brush

across emerald  
grass

*fresh day*

I hear a rooster

somewhere  
back there in  
the clutter of  
rusty cars  
sunflowers  
cockleburs  
and barbwire

crowing in  
the morning

ready to  
go

*Alto cumulus Clouds*

like ginned  
cotton

dumped  
over the horizon

they trail  
sunset

in thin  
filaments

of iridescence

## *Meditation*

a quarter section  
of hybrid

sunflowers

in a west Texas  
field at sundown

reminds me  
of a congregation

of pioneer women  
praying

## *The Pharmacist's Daughter*

It was August first 1955

I knocked on their glass door  
collecting on my paper route  
for the Sweetwater Register

old man Dimmers owned the drugstore  
and they had a real  
nice two-story house

I started to knock  
again

when I saw Mary Alice  
prancing down  
that staircase

one step  
at a  
time

in her black bra  
and panties

she was sixteen and  
all of her was jiggling

I was ten years old  
and I never  
ever

saw anything  
like that  
before

she swung that door wide open

“Hey, Russell,” she said

“Come on in. I’ll  
find your money”

but I turned and left  
didn’t say nothing

never could catch my breath  
never did get my  
money

## *Wash Day on the Farm*

is a philharmonic  
production

drag out the twin rinse tubs  
the Maytag  
the bucket  
the stool  
and the stick

snap down the wringers  
hook up the hose

add hot water  
homemade lye soap  
and the blueing

then carry in  
the clothes

sort them into piles

lightest by lightest  
dirtiest by dirtiest

pull the red knob  
on the washer

dump in the whites  
clamp on the lid

the symphony  
has begun



*Blue Ticks Eating Asparagus*

five  
killer dogs  
bay and bugle  
in anticipation  
of the green stalks  
she holds  
one by one  
she tosses  
each long shoot  
of asparagus  
off the  
porch  
up into the air  
to be caught in  
a gaping mouth  
to watch  
it slide  
unnoticed  
down each throat  
with the  
“Say what?”  
look  
treat  
enough  
for her

*Spring Soundings*

I hear them

Canadian geese  
up there

in the black

then that veeing  
slipstream tilts  
comes in  
low

over city lights

honking  
spring

North

*Sunset at Eagle Mountain Lake*

ponderosa pines susurrate  
in the gentled  
breeze

fuchsia frosts  
rippled waves

migrating pelicans  
swirl white  
down

onto water

Canadian geese  
squawk over  
the green

of winter wheat

a flock of wood ducks  
seines the shallows  
for snails

as the scent  
of cedar

twangs tomorrow

on the full  
moon

*breathe deep*

whole wheat bread  
baking a crisp crust  
on a December morning

a cedar shelter belt  
after a sudden shower

fresh mown Timothy hay  
under the July sun

hamburgers grilling  
over a charcoal fire

red clover  
blooming  
in a Texas field

apple muffins  
split and steaming cinnamon  
as the butter melts

a Peace rose  
in a crystal bowl  
on my kitchen table

my baby boy  
bathed and powdered  
cuddling against my cheek

life is full  
just breathe  
deep

## *Downed Hawk*

wings drooping

he huddles

beside Highway 35

like a defeated

Comanche

warrior

under a

reservation

blanket

*from April's palette*

the morning sky  
over west Texas is  
a translucent wash

of cobalt  
blue

splotched by  
a wet brush  
fling

of titanium white

that ran  
just so

into swirls  
over the red  
hills

along the Palo Duro Canyon

*Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring*

you see the girls  
laying out  
around the lake

in halter  
tops  
and bikinis

working on their tans

and the guys  
just hangin around  
lookin

and I think of them stud roosters  
Mom used to keep

## *The Spit Bucket*

Whenever me  
and my sister

went to visit great granddad Bobo

I always had to go  
to the bathroom

We'd be stuck indoors,  
because he was sick  
had a stoke, Mama said  
and we would carry all of his meals  
to him and help feed him

Bobo only had an outhouse  
but I never wanted to go  
out there, because

Once I did  
and it was full of daddy-long-legs  
tap-dancing on the door  
slimed slugs  
and huge black scorpions

It smelled so awful  
It was dark and slippery in there

I was petrified

Bobo would always say,  
"Just go over there in my spit bucket, girl!"

So I did



*to dust*

west Texas farmers live in dread  
of spring winds  
whipping

planted fields

stirring grains  
of dirt

that beat  
on each other

until whole sections are blown

in black billows  
that smother

green

## *The Old Goodnight Ranch*

softly  
like an archeologist  
dusting artifacts  
I probe this west Texas homestead  
  
as I move through the kitchen  
a mud dobber floats  
up to the nest  
behind the stove pipe  
  
bees pop in  
through the cistern hole  
beside the enameled sink  
  
mouse droppings litter the kitchen floor  
  
a black high button shoe  
props  
the back door  
open  
  
glancing out, I see the barn  
  
broken  
along the front corner seam  
boards split apart  
like a pair of hands  
unclasped  
  
and in the sky  
over the windmill  
a zig zag of crows

**drifts**

**across the**

**orange**

**sun**

**down**

*Black Birds*

the spatter  
of black  
against  
blue sky  
expands  
into a wave  
undulating up  
over the windbreak  
then as  
if on command  
they pivot  
a notch  
higher  
and flow  
back over  
the cedars  
with a quick flip  
they turn  
and go  
south  
like a Venetian  
blind  
flashing  
black to nothing  
to black

## *The Fort Worth Tornado*

chunks of green  
mirrored  
glass

sucked  
from the Continental Plaza Building

cart-wheeled  
up Main Street

followed  
the funnel

east over  
the Trinity River

slipped  
slivers into

Arlington  
Grand Prairie  
and Dallas

reflecting the wind

*Moment In Time*

at the Thurber Steak House  
a ruby-throated hummingbird

pauses on

the red tulip feeder  
outside the window

his toothpick beak  
probes deep for  
pink sugar  
water

that the snaking  
tongue laps  
up

whirring wings  
into an animated iridescence

that arrows  
the body  
away

*killing the rooster*

Gramps held the rooster  
with his left hand  
and swung the  
ax with his right  
the silver edge  
sliced clean  
and whumped  
into the elm stump  
where it stuck  
handle up  
the red-combed  
head lay  
staring  
off of the stump  
looking sideways across the garden  
at the bronze body  
flapping wings  
lunatic hopping  
gushing blood  
and feathers  
out among the rows  
of green onions

## *The Spirit*

it's there in the  
earthworm smell  
of fresh plowed loam

it's there in the  
Levi work shirt

it's there in the  
worn linoleum  
and the squeaking Dempster windmill

I see it in those sun weathered wrinkles

it's there in every  
rancher

each time it  
rains on

fresh sown seed



## *Texas Wheat Harvest*

plump  
tan kernels  
loll in the June sun  
waiting  
to be  
picked up  
by the churning clippers  
rolling along  
through  
the riptide  
spraying straw  
in a golden  
wake

*Outhouse Blues*

so much of my early  
life was spent  
suspended

above that black  
and gargoyled  
pit

hanging there  
in the cold ammonia draft

remembering the horror  
stories of a cousin  
who disappeared  
forever

when he was  
grabbed  
from

below

## The Car

She's a beauty. A 1931  
Ford. Original owner.  
Bought her new, when he was twenty-one.  
He's eighty years old now. They  
took his driver's license  
away. Said he couldn't  
see good enough to drive.  
So he parked his car.  
Got her up on blocks in  
his garage. He goes  
out there and washes and  
waxes her every Saturday.

I never saw any car  
have such a shine.  
It's got a rumble  
seat and the factory  
upholstery. It is all in  
mint condition.

Shiny black.

She's for sale. That's  
how I found her. I'm  
going to buy her.

He lets me sit in her  
on Sunday afternoons, when  
she's all cleaned up.

What a car!

*fishing for monsters*

it was dough balls  
and stink bait  
mixed days  
before

then we had to wait  
for the night  
of the full  
moon

we'd go at dusk  
to Lake Whitney

spread out Grandma's old quilt

bait the hooks  
loft them out  
set the tensions and wait

in the hot July night  
with the water-cooled breeze  
chattering the cottonwood leaves

we would listen  
for the whine of a reel  
or the flop of a giant cat

as the cicadas packed seventeen years of buzz  
into one blitz

and late in the night we would eat  
white bread sandwiches  
of cheddar cheese and mustard

and I would squint  
at the moon-rippled water  
from my spot  
between Mom  
and Dad

and imagine  
my life

*Visible Echoes*

it rained last night

today the  
timber is full  
of frogs

I stop to listen

every tree  
each blade of grass  
hides

a frog

and back there  
in the dark  
green pond

their croaks  
ripple

across the water  
in circled

grooves of sound

## *Cumulus Clouds*

a gallon of  
rich

country cream

hand-whipped  
into stiff  
peaks

flung  
from the beater

into dollops  
across the blue oilcloth

*country cream*

I wish I could slip back  
into that bedroom

with the lilac scented breeze  
fluffing the starched and stretched  
Irish lace curtains

Big Ben ticking  
and the "Girl Watching Robin" print

to my grandmother  
with her white hair and quiet talk  
who gave me credit for worthy thoughts

to the turtle dove coos  
drifting in from the walnut tree

to the embroidered pillow case  
and the love that swaddled me  
from the world

when life was full  
of afternoon naps  
under the whir  
of Philco fan  
blades

back to that precious time  
when the way  
was easy

and the mulberries hung ripe  
ready to fill the  
evening



*ag synthesizer*

cocooned in his combine cab

headphones tuned to Bach  
windshield tinted cool-ray  
air filtered and conditioned

he moves  
through the milo field

free of the dust and itch  
of the harvest

crops and livestock completely computerized

still called  
“just a farmer”

by big city folks

*Behind Every Ranch House in Texas*

porches  
perch  
on top  
of sandstone steps  
wait  
with their cistern pumps  
white enameled sinks  
and bars of Lava  
to pumice cotton planting  
from calloused skin  
five gallon buckets full  
of sweet well water  
ask to be sipped  
from tin  
dippers  
to wash down  
filed dust  
overalls  
and flannel shirts  
back the doors  
beg for tired  
bodies  
to settle in  
waiting  
for the chance  
to smooth the edge  
of ranch  
life

*4th of July*

there is something  
in the day  
spent at

the Fort Worth  
tractor pull

watching the fireworks  
at Sweetwater Lake

or eating watermelon  
at the Mitchell family reunion  
in China Spring, Texas

there is something  
in the day  
in the way  
of life  
we

have here  
in Texas

it just feels  
good

## *Chicken Canning Time in West Texas*

Momma always said,  
"Russell I need twenty-five chickens today"

I'd get  
a coat hanger  
from the closet

go behind the barn  
sprinkle some corn  
in the dirt  
and hook

those chickens  
one by  
one

as they trotted around  
the corner

I'd wrap their legs  
with bailing wire

and drape them  
over the clothesline

Momma snipped  
each one down

whipped the  
head off

and turned them loose  
my old dog, Tuffy

would go berserk

chasing that flock

of bloody

headless chickens

*Blue Heron*

Sweetwater Lake is  
evaporating fast

now it is nothing  
but a mud bay

knobby  
with cedar stumps

and out in the middle  
a blue heron dabbles

stalks  
on stilts

slices out a whiskered bullhead

then bobs  
the lump

down

## *Meteorite Showers*

like a poked  
pine log

burning in the fireplace

the glistened spatter  
of shattered  
moons

ripples across the black  
velvet of

Texas  
sky

## *Heat Waves*

August sun  
ricochets

up  
from

fresh asphalt

radiates  
into blue sky

evaporates clouds  
before

they  
are



## *Icicle Radishes*

Gramps would pull a fist  
full of white  
radishes  
long and fat  
covered with  
black loam  
he'd wash them  
behind the garage  
with the green garden hose  
massaging their plumpness  
until the dirt  
was gone  
then take them in  
to the north porch  
where we'd sit  
munching into pithed  
coolness  
of icicle radishes  
dipped in  
salt

*Aunt Emma Collected Teeth*

at night  
when the senile  
were contained by  
their roll-bars  
and tie-downs  
she would flit out  
shadow down the halls  
with her sewing  
basket  
collect their unmouthed  
dentures from the  
bedside water  
glasses  
like some pearls being shucked  
those bare gums knew  
tried to tattle  
but all the nurses ever did  
was confiscate her basket in the morning  
and shuffle out  
the teeth  
to those minus them  
never did get all  
the bites right  
they said  
even after Emma died

## *East Texas Root Hog*

we could always tell  
when the hounds trapped  
another armadillo  
under the  
house  
because it  
would go to jumping  
and thumping up  
against  
the floorboards  
knocking  
and knocking  
until we couldn't stand it  
no more  
and we'd all have to  
go out there  
no matter what time  
and get a  
hold of all  
them dogs  
and Grandma would crawl  
under the house  
with her broom  
and whisk it  
until the darn thing  
waddled out  
so cool

*Great Cormorant*

black  
wings whisper

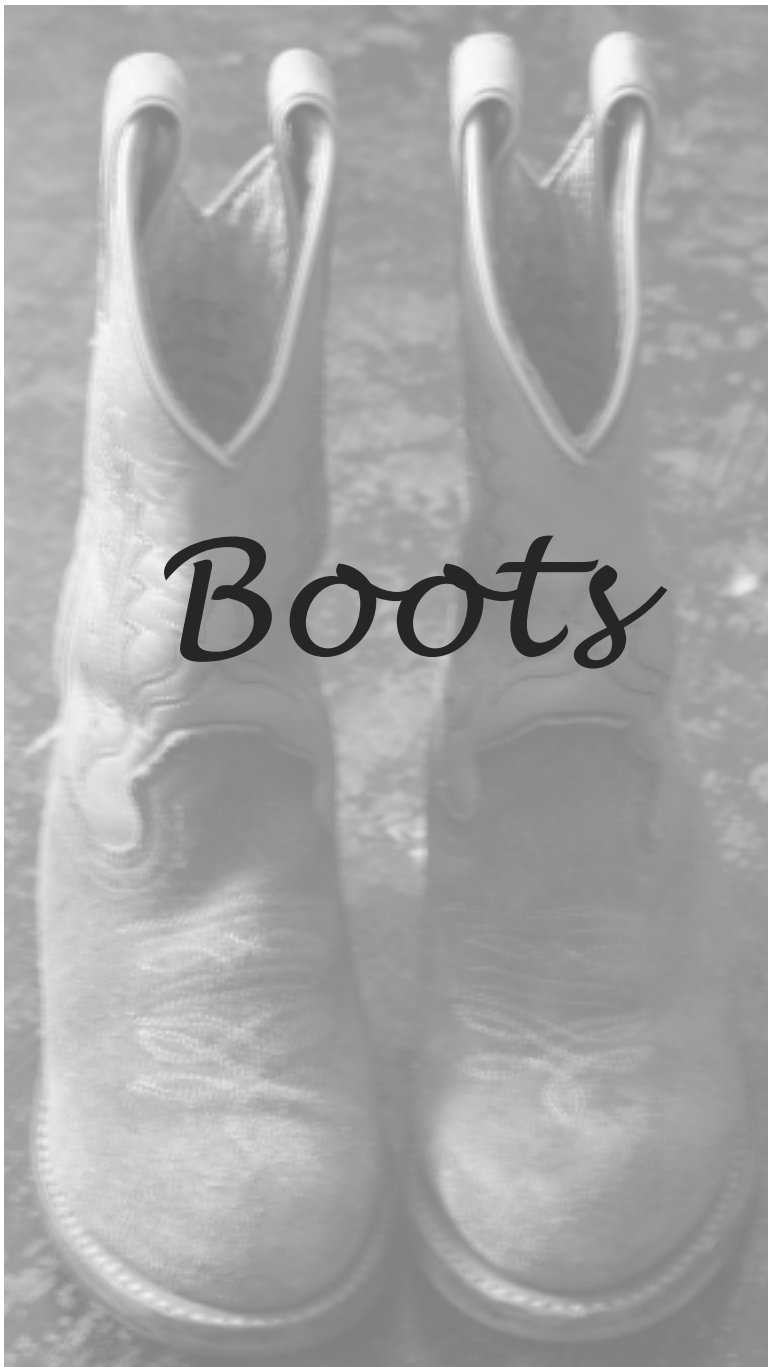
fervent as  
a prayer

into  
blue sky

circle  
Clyde Lake

swoop in  
to

land



*City Life*

at dawn  
when Mercury  
still hangs  
in the west  
and scattered  
night clouds  
begin to turn pink  
around the edges  
  
and street lights  
down across Trinity Valley  
sparkle  
bright  
through the rising  
river mist  
  
and a row  
of crows  
lifts off  
out of the cottonwoods  
along the water  
  
to become black  
silhouettes  
in the morning sun  
  
city life doesn't seem so bad

*Those Crows*

floating close  
to the ground

zig zagging across the park

up over  
the water sprinklers

they laugh  
to each other  
as they fly

like a bunch  
of teenagers  
testing

the limits

## *Real Cowboy*

“Them rodeo  
cowboys  
are just  
another kind  
of pro athlete  
  
just a fine tuned machine  
  
now you take  
an old boy  
that’s been out  
there brush  
poppin  
them cows  
outa mesquite thorns  
  
now there’s a real  
cowboy  
  
but he probably  
wouldn’t do  
no good  
in pro rodeo  
he’d be too  
damn slow  
  
he’s just a hard working  
good old boy”



## *Bull Fighter*

he glides me around  
the dance floor  
in delicate  
four four  
steps

I marvel at the moves

of his  
stubby body

a balloon  
blown

to the precise point  
before it pops

full black beard

balding head  
covered with

a straw Stetson

he's the  
third clown  
in every rodeo

the one they  
call the

barrel man

## *Rodeo Circuit Cowboy*

you seen one  
you seen  
them  
all

every one is  
the same

a rodeo here  
or on down  
the road

Mesquite or Abilene or Stamford

the bulls  
broncs  
cowboys  
and the girls

it's all happened before

I don't watch  
anymore

just get a grip  
and ride

## The Brazos River

smart weed and nettles droop out over the water  
a shadow tunnel  
of limbs hangs  
over a slow boil  
of mudded water  
that roils around  
limestone boulders  
behind a dam of flood debris  
a cottonmouth floats  
limp  
then instantly the  
snake swizzles  
cross current  
and disappears  
under the riverbank  
silver dorsal fins  
of spawning carp  
poke up  
in the shallows  
of a gravel bar  
a fish ring ripples  
in the current  
then another  
further downstream  
but they're gone before they grow

*Eastern Tiger Swallowtail, Female*

she emerges slowly  
jerking, resting, jerking

long black legs  
out first

tentative testing, then clutch  
pulling the crimped wings along

a final spastic jerk  
and the plump  
black velvet abdomen is free

wrinkled little wad of  
crinkled yellow tissue paper

resting, pumping, resting  
she clings tenaciously to  
the empty green chrysalis

pumping unfolds  
brilliant velvet hues

yellow, black and cobalt blue

## *Grandma's Gypsies*

she fed a whole tribe  
once

they came begging  
at her back door

she took them  
to the cellar

loaded them up  
with jars and jars of  
fermented dill pickles

they went away happy  
never came back  
she said

## *Grandma's Sunbonnet Quilt*

Iva and Eva pieced it  
from flour sacks  
back in the winter of 1888  
they trimmed hundreds  
of material slices  
then sewed them  
together in the kerosened halo  
through blizzard-blanketed  
west Texas nights  
their precise stitches  
marching in  
three-fourths inch time  
through three generations  
those threads have  
come to spread  
into my life  
to hold me  
together  
now

*old lady Wilson*

she had money  
lots of money

saved it by  
walking on the Fort Worth Star-Telegram

said that way  
she never had to  
scrub or wax the floor  
and didn't have to buy a mop or broom

saved it by  
recycling birthday cards  
and Christmas gifts people gave to her

said that way  
she knew they would like what they got

saved it by using  
one flush  
a day

said she kept  
the lid  
down

and any company she ever had  
never stayed long enough  
to flush

but she had money  
lots of money

*West Texas Wheat Farmer  
With Early Alzheimer's*

round and  
round

and round  
he went

over his  
eighty  
acres

he drove

his John Deere tractor  
pulling the twenty-four row

wheat planter

never noticed  
he had no  
seed

never noticed  
he didn't  
have to  
stop

for more



## *Salting Down*

it was Grandma  
dipping wash rags  
in salted  
water

one after  
another

after another

on through the magnoliad night  
before his funeral

that kept Grandpa  
from turning

kept him decent  
for the burying  
she said

*Picking Granny Smith Apples  
in West Texas*

green  
and tart  
  
they hang  
  
in the sultry  
August  
sun  
  
clumped  
together by  
  
threes  
  
waiting for  
the twist  
of  
  
harvest

*West Texas Halloween*

the yellow bloom  
of broom-weed  
fills the overgrazed pasture  
a mistletoed snarl of  
mesquite tree  
pokes up  
here  
and there  
flash of white  
tail ruffles  
the green swoop  
of live oak  
branches  
that sway  
in the warm breeze  
thin necks of wild  
turkeys  
wave this way  
a javelina  
climbs  
the limestone hillside  
an October's  
full moon  
slips over  
the Callahan Divide

*Gutting A Diamondback  
Rattlesnake*

at the Sweetwater  
Round-Up

the Jaycees  
clean them

six at  
a time

rattles  
looped into

nooses

one slick  
slice

down each  
white belly

as bloody fingers  
grab the

slim  
intestines

a quick  
jerk and heft  
into a blue barrel

then the sleek  
peel of  
meat

from scaled  
skin

brings twenty-six dollars  
a pound

*horned toad*

a big brown devil

sits on  
my sleeping bag

flicking  
a quick tongue  
at the plump  
red ants

skittering across  
the lumpy landscape

I retreat

leave nature  
to balance  
herself

*it's raining in Texas*

grey clouds skim  
low and slow

just clearing  
the tree  
tops

rain

scatters  
down across  
the bur oak grove

spatters the leaves

like sand  
sifted  
onto

waxed paper

a crizzled crow call  
cracks the  
grey

from back in the timber

rubbery  
croaks of  
green frogs

bounce out  
of the cracks

*Frog*

He hangs  
just below  
the surface  
of slimed water  
bumpy marble eyes  
jut out  
like a submarine surfacing  
He hangs  
a limp lump  
until I  
lean to look  
then he's gone  
in a swirling wiggle  
of green scum



*Indian Summer in Bowie, Texas*

a toasted breeze  
ripples  
chartreuse orbs  
of bodark  
apples  
oak leaves  
crinkle  
yellow and crimson  
through the timber  
a flock of grackles  
settles into  
dusty tree tops  
sumac veins  
blaze red  
across the pasture  
pumpkins scatter  
orangeness  
between bales  
of timothy  
hay  
as the crescent  
moon cleaves  
October

bodark - Texas rendering of bois d'arc, known in other areas as bowdark, Osage Orange, hedge apples, of the mulberry family, prized for bow wood.

## *Dragon Fly Wing*

squares radiate  
from the wing joint

like spread fingers  
webbed together

square to square to square  
of crackling cellophane

an iridescent shimmer

as I tip it  
to the light

*Parker County Texas Fall*

cottonwood leaves  
yellowed by

the first frost

dangle over  
the meadow grasses  
fluff of seeds

cedars rock  
to and fro  
as the wind

shifts

with the whip  
of cold air

a squirrel chatters  
over an ear  
of corn

acorns pummel  
the dirt

a rotting apple  
attracts

a hover  
of flies





*Buffalo  
Bones*



*Evening Thunderstorm on the  
Callahan Divide*

clouds pile  
along

the eastern  
horizon

like scoops  
of hand

churned

vanilla bean  
ice cream

*Paleo-Indian Feet*

once tread  
this red

west Texas dirt

rolled over  
these

rounded geodes  
as they

packed  
mammoth-boned

tents of  
buffalo

hide  
across

the Callahan Divide



*Josiah Walbarger, Pecan Springs,  
Texas, August 1883*

he said

it felt  
like thunder

ripping up  
over

the curve  
of his skull

then down  
across

his forehead

as that Comanche  
knife peeled

his scalp  
from

his bone

*Cirrus Clouds*

fibrous and feathered  
they whisk

their ice  
crystals into  
sunset

like tufts  
of raw  
silk

twirled  
together

*Dallas Farmer's Market*

bulges with mangos  
and papaya

and yellow-meated watermelon

surrounded by the florescent  
froth of  
pink

azaleas

bumble bees  
blitz into  
the

purple  
perfume

of wisteria

draped  
around

Rush Hour

*Houston Street Bag Lady*

like a  
hummingbird

feeding

hollyhock to  
hollyhock

she bobs  
and darts

garbage can to  
garbage can

down  
the street

sifting  
sorting

looking for aluminum

## *The Bag Lady's Ode*

think of me  
whenever you

empty a can  
of Diet Coke

read Newsweek

or wipe  
with toilet paper

think of me  
pawing the dank depths  
of Safeway's dumpster

for wilted lettuce  
stale rolls  
and molded cheese

I am the  
grey bundle

trundling it all

along the Miracle Mile  
in a Kroger cart  
looking for a

safe place  
to curl

the night

while you  
in your creamy satin

negligee are  
home

fluffing  
your

down pillows

*Rosetta*

she was gutsy  
and built like a brick outhouse  
and so blonde  
and she'd just had another baby  
her fourth  
and we were having a revival  
at First Baptist  
where daddy was preacher  
with a visiting evangelist  
a real hellfire and brimstone man  
and he was preaching that night, hammer down  
when she started  
undoing  
now I was up in the choir loft  
and I could see what she was fixing to do  
and I thought  
Oh Lord!  
but she just kept unbuttoning  
and pretty soon she  
sorta popped out  
all over  
and that old preacher was going ninety miles per  
when he looked down at her  
nursing that baby

on the front  
row

and he had false teeth  
and those teeth come  
plum out of his mouth

well, he caught them  
in his hand  
and shoved them back in

I thought sure he was going to choke  
but he just went right on  
preaching



## *Stripping Cotton Blues*

Now you listen to me real good  
hear what I'm a saying

Well it was back in 1941  
right after we first come out here  
and I was the Crew Boss  
only black boss they had

and I had me about a hundred and fifty men, good  
men  
brought most of them all the way from Alabama  
clean to Stamford, Texas  
with me

and I was buying sacks  
stacks and stacks of new sacks  
five hundred sacks a day  
every day

hauling them out to the fields

and I worked them men  
blacks and whites  
Mexicans and Indians  
they was all the same to me

sunup to sundown

but I was fair  
done right by them men

and they done right by me  
five hundred sacks a day  
full of cotton

now that's a lot  
of cotton

all done by hand  
not nothing easy about that

but that's how we done it  
back then

just a stripping cotton

*Alzheimer's: What Year?*

like the scarlet  
flash of

cardinal

that flits  
telephone line to  
oak limb

the thought  
paused in

my brain

but flew on  
before it  
reached

my lips

*Cirrostratus Clouds*

fluff white  
across the  
west Texas horizon  
like a goose down  
comforter  
coming  
unstuffed

## *The Buzzard Roost*

every day  
it looms

silver above  
the west Texas plains

a crimson strobed  
cell phone  
tower

feathered with  
the black

of turkey  
vulture

settled in  
at sun

down

## *The Fort Worth Queen of Cans*

Her 1976 red  
Chevy Impala  
stacked roof  
high  
with  
crumpled cans of  
Coke  
Dr. Pepper  
Pepsi  
Big Red  
green beans  
hominy  
spinach  
potatoes  
tomatoes  
rutabagas  
sauerkraut  
peas and beets  
leaves precisely  
enough room  
behind the steering wheel  
for her  
stocking  
capped  
self  
to squeeze  
in

## *Blackstrap Molasses*

juice squeezed  
from fat sorghum

stalks

boiled  
and condensed

becomes a  
shimmered

sweetness  
rippling

over blueberry  
pancakes

and butter

*Sunset in the West Texas  
Wild Mountains*

five dragonflies  
do a square  
dance

over the garden

full of tomatoes  
cucumbers  
zucchini  
and okra  
pods

in the distance  
a deer  
steps

from the grove  
of live  
oaks

lifts her head

then jumps  
the fence

into the black-eyed peas



*Crescent Moon in Texas*

the sliver  
of warm gold  
rocks over  
Lake Brownwood  
slips into  
the cedar brakes  
leaving glittered  
water washing  
up onto limestone slabs

*Rusted Red Ford Pick-Up Truck Full  
of Turkeys on Farm to Market 1178*

caged in  
the bed

feathers  
ruffed

by the parched wind

toe  
nails

claw

for a  
hold

that never  
happens

## *Texas Grasshoppers*

mile  
after mile after  
mile of west Texas  
swarms with  
orange  
and black  
and brown  
and blue  
heads  
bobbing  
nodding  
up and  
down  
as each silvered  
proboscis  
sticks into  
sandy soil  
sips  
oiled molasses  
up through  
cap rock  
to separate  
from salted water  
to store  
in empty tank batteries

## *The Roughneck Woes*

“It’s at night  
always at night  
if you’re gonna  
have  
trouble  
that’s when it’s  
gonna happen  
usually about three in the morning  
you’re seldom disappointed  
especially if  
you’re  
pullin’  
pipe.”

## Runnin' Pipe

"Now in runnin' pipe  
you got three  
holes

you got the oil well itself

then you got your  
rat hole

and your  
mouse hole

the rat is  
where you  
keep your spare

pipe

the mouse is  
where you  
hook 'em  
up

and the well is where you put 'em."

*Dry Hole Blues*

it was a sure thing  
he said

the land lay real good

gentle rolling  
hills pricked  
with oil  
rigs

on every side

the geologist  
predicted  
production  
in the Mississippi Lime  
with an out  
side  
chance  
in the Lower Carmichael

then they sank the six thousand foot Wilcox Test

today they drop  
the cement  
plug

*Wisteria*

lavender froth  
foams from  
the snaking vine  
  
that has squeezed  
into the pecan  
tree trunk  
  
in one strong constriction  
that left only  
dead wood  
  
and crushing vine  
  
corpulent  
with the scent  
  
of wisteria

*Pelican*

white wings  
stretched

she floats  
low

through the space between waves and clouds

black feathers  
at her wing  
tips

finger the air

hold momentarily  
before she  
drops

to the Gulf water below

where the fishing  
looks

best



## *South Going Geese*

The geese are flying over  
this morning

snows and blues  
down from  
the North

pushed out  
of the Dakotas  
Nebraska  
Kansas  
and Oklahoma  
by this frigid  
blast of Artic air

they've been  
coming through  
all morning

flocks and flocks and flocks

held low  
by thick  
grey clouds

loose V's  
pointing

South

*Real Talent*

Dad had some  
talent  
he could stand on  
his head  
he would make  
that perfect tripod  
then slowly  
precisely  
raise  
his legs  
and there he was  
all six foot two  
of him  
upside down  
smiling

## *Texas Rangers Baseball*

the screeching grey  
haired lady

in white tennis shoes  
tells them  
how to  
do it

a red-faced fat man  
yells the strikes  
before the  
umpire

the tan beauty  
in white shorts  
can't see the plate  
but doesn't complain

a pair of old men  
behind home  
make all  
batters  
swing

then chuckle to  
each other

## *Winter Words*

water splashes up

out of the crack

in the creek's

icy crust

shatters

cold quiet

like crystal

teeth

chattering

*Texas Blue Norther*

the barometer drops  
fast

chubby grey clouds  
float down  
across the sky

pushed by a stiff northwest wind

then the snow  
starts

a few light flakes first

then more  
and more

until the air  
turns to

white grosgrain

*West Texas Blizzard*

chived potato soup  
ladled into  
a hand-thrown pottery bowl

hot rye bread  
on a wooden  
cutting board

the drifting  
scent of fresh  
banana cake

the spatter of sparks  
shooting out  
against

the fireplace screen

a tall stack  
of library books

all tucked  
in

by driven  
white crystals

*Texas Ice Storm*

fresh ice  
outlines the silver  
chain-link  
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

*The Orchard Spider*

hangs  
red and yellow  
black and white  
in her horizontal orb  
centered  
among the apples  
primed for a  
Med fly  
to buzz  
in  
when he  
does  
she titters  
over  
to immobilize  
then  
dissolve  
her meal



## *Remember Goliad*

trapped in a waterless  
depression on the Texas prairie

three hundred and forty-two men  
surrendered and were marched  
back to Presidio La Bahia  
the old fort at Goliad

they spent part  
of that March night  
singing "Home Sweet Home"  
believing after dawn's  
white flagged  
surrender

in English  
and in Spanish  
they would live

only to be duped  
on that Palm Sunday  
by General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna  
the Prince of Butchers

into moving out in three divisions  
wounded and dying pulled from their beds  
Colonel James W. Fannin, Jr. and fellow officers  
last

into the fiery flintlock finale  
with any survivors sabered  
then roasted in  
bonfire

that only twenty-seven men escaped  
by running to the river  
before the Mexicans  
were finished

with Fannin  
and his heroic  
volunteers

## *Texas Trawl*

spiraling in a slow motion vortex

like dark

leaves trapped

in a dying

tornado

seven

buzzards weave

concentric

circles

over

the buffalo

bones

below

## Biography

Sheryl is from Marysville, Kansas. She graduated from South Dakota State University with a B.S. in Family Relations and Child Development.

She has had over 4,500 poems, stories and articles published. Some of the magazines, anthologies and textbooks that have used her work are: *Reader's Digest, Modern Maturity, Kaleidoscope, Capper's, Grit, Country Woman, Poetry Now, Confrontation, Strings, This Delicious Day, The American Anthology* and *Men Freeing Men*.

Thirteen collections of her poetry have been published. Some of them are: *Their Combs Turn Red In The Spring, The Oketo Yahoos, Strawberries and Rhubarb, Rural America, Land of the Blue Paloverde, Friday Night Desperate, Aunt Emma Collected Teeth, Secrets of the Wind, Howling At the Gibbous Moon* and *Greatest Hits 1978-2003*.

She has taught writing and poetry classes at conferences, colleges and schools in Texas, Oklahoma, Arizona and South Dakota. She recently taught workshops at Amarillo College, The University of Texas at Dallas, Abilene Christian University, Tarleton State University, the Society of Children's Book Writers Conference in Arlington, Texas and at the Tarrant County College. She was a

---

Bread Loaf Contributor at the Bread Loaf Writer's Conference, Middlebury, Vermont.

She was Editor of *Oakwood*, the SDSU literary magazine. She was a Contributing Editor to *Byline*, a national writers' magazine and to *Streets*, a national literary magazine. She was the Editor of *Crawford's Chronicles*, an insurance trade publication. She has been a staff writer for several newspapers and magazines. She is currently the Fiction/Non-Fiction Editor of *The Pen Woman Magazine*, the national magazine of the National League of American Pen Women.

She is a member of the National League of American Pen Women, The Society of Southwestern Authors and Trinity Writers Workshop.

She makes a living as an insurance adjuster. She is also a painter, a weaver and an old dirt biker.

## Publishing Credits

### *Bluebonnets*

1. "Texas Hill Country" – *Hot Springs News and Ram*.

2. "fresh day" – *My Restless Heart, Grit, Poetry Forum, Sisters Today, Lyrics of Song, The Best Poets of 1999, PMS, Hiram Poetry Review, Nettles & Nutmeg Anthology, Lutheran Women, The Goofus Office, Audio-Visual Poetry Quarterly, Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring, and Strawberries and Rhubarb*.

3. "Altocumulus Clouds" – *Silver Wings*.

4. "Meditation" – *The Courier-Index, ...having writ..., Progressive Farmer, Sound and Waves Anthology, Kaleidoscope, Voices for Peace, Audio-Visual Poetry Quarterly, Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring, Strawberries & Rhubarb, Bitterroot, Earthwise, Lincoln Log, The Beebe News, Japanese Mail Art, Capper's Writers Voice, Time of Singing, Integral Yoga Magazine, Pegasus, Moose Bound Press, yefief, Purpose, Wandering Anthology, and Girls Night Out Anthology*.

5. "The Pharmacist's Daughter" – *Trinity Writer's Workshop Newsletter*.

6. "Wash Day on the Farm" – *The Small Pond and Elements Magazine*.

7. "Blue Ticks Eating Asparagus" – Unpublished.

8. "Spring Soundings" – *Wings, Poetpourri, Pinchpenny, River City Sampler, Channels, Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring and Strawberries & Rhubarb*.

9. "Sunset at Eagle Mountain Lake" – *Land of the Free Anthology, Skyline Literary Magazine, and SP Quill Magazine*.

10. "breathe deep" – *If We'd Wanted Quiet, We Would Have Raised Goldfish, The Gatekeeper, The Waterways Project, Writers Voice, In My Shoes, Time of Singing, Our Bundle of Joy, Messages From Mothers To Sons, Purpose, Kaleidoscope, Silver Wings, Farm Wife News, Dialogue, Progressive Farmer, Aztec Peak, Capper's, Yesterday's Magazette, We Magazine, Feelings, Rockhurst Review, Ideals, Silver Boomers, and Victory News Journal.*

11. "Downed Hawk" – *Progressive Farmer and Audio-Visual Poetry Quarterly.*

12. "from April's palette" – *Silver Trees and Wind Songs, Purpose, Wanderlust New Mirage Quarterly, Bibliophilos, The Poet, Midwest Poetry Review, Capper's Capper's Anthology, Roanoke Review, Kaleidoscope, and Strawberries & Rhubarb.*

13. "Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring" – *Zen Tattoo, Flimsie Excuse, Earthwise, The Kindred Spirit, Dead Angel Magazine, The Maine Mail Art Exhibition, Nettled & Nutmeg Anthology, The Courier Index, Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring, and Strawberries & Rhubarb.*

14. "The Spit Bucket" – *Autocaust, Long Island Quarterly, and Best Poets & Writers in Literary Achievement.*

15. "to dust" – *Underground Rag Mag.*

16. "The Old Goodnight Ranch" – *Ruby, The Poet, Wildcat, Central Maine Morning Sentinel, Westview, The Wesleyan Advocate, Yesterday's Magazette, and Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring.*

17. "Black Birds" – *Wellspring, Audio-Visual Poetry Quarterly, Capper's, and Friends Journal.*

18. "The Fort Worth Tornado" – *Capper's.*

19. "Moment In Time" – *Aero Sun-Times, Capper's, Audio-Visual Poetry Quarterly, Lutheran Women, The Cameron Forum, and Night Roses.*

20. "killing the rooster" – *Horizons, Poetry Magazine, Embers, Japanese Mail Art, String Anthology, The Mind's Eye, Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring, Strawberries & Rhubarb, After the Storm, Oakwood, Pteranodon, Imprimatur, and Princeton Spectrum, American Poetry*

*Anthology, Dancing Shadows Press, Poetry Today, Harpur Palate and Howling At the Gibbous Moon.*

21. "The Spirit" – *Sunshine & Butterflies, Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring, Strawberries & Rhubarb, Integral Yoga Magazine, Pudding, The Poet, Porch Swing Rhyme, Scree, Central Maine Morning Sentinel, Westview, The Courier-Index, Sunrust and Texas Anthology.*

22. "Texas Wheat Harvest" – *Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring, Strawberries & Rhubarb, Farm Wife News, Purpose, Wanderlust Anthology, Westview, The Pawn Review, AmericaN POETRY Anthology, Audio-Visual Poetry Quarterly, The Point and We Magazine.*

23. "Outhouse Blues" – *Midwest Memories, The Music of What Happens, Nightmares of Reason, The Mind's Eye, Newsletter Inago, Manna, Capper's, The Maine Mail Art Exhibition, Writers Showcase, Winewood Women Anthology, Modern Maturity, Capper's Anthology, Westview, Art Mag, Strawberries & Rhubarb, Crystal Rainbow, The Ecophorizer, Two Twenty-Four Poetry Quarterly, Waterways, Voices, Feelings, The Funny Side of Feelings Anthology, Borderlands, Expressions, Pegasus, Fast Food Blues, Alpha Beat Press, Desktopper, The Orange Room Review and Freckles to Wrinkles.*

24. "The Car" – *Tucumcari Literary Review, Time of Singing and The Writer's Voice.*

25. "fishing for monsters" – *Newsletter Inago, America, Strawberries & Rhubarb, Westview, The New Era, Dance in the Sun, The Best New Voices in Poetry, Acorn Whistle, Central Maine Morning Sentinel, Crab Creek Review, Writers Showcase, Capper's, Audio-Visual Poetry Quarterly, Bubble Gum and Poetry, Calm Thoughts, Ideals, Victory News Journal and Atlantic Pacific Press.*

26. "Visible Echoes" – *More Big Thoughts, Kaleidoscope, Poet's Fantasy, Wilderness Blessings, The Louisiana Review, Howling At the Gibbous Moon, Their Combs Turn Red In The Spring, Sleepy Tree II, The Archer, Central Maine Morning Sentinel, The Beebe News, Capper's and Cricket.*

27. "Cumulus Clouds" – *Sisters Today, This Delicious Day, The Kindred Spirit, Writer's Info, Westview, Golden Blessings, Tales of the Old West, Poetry Now, Scree, Central Maine Morning Sentinel Capper's, The*



---

*Courier Index, North Dakota Rec, Modern Maturity, The American Anthology, Cricket, Trail and Timberline and Wilderness Blessings.*

28. "country cream" – *The New Press, Eve's Legacy, Strawberries & Rhubarb, Marriage and Family, Time of Singing, Chiron Review, Buffalo Spree Magazine, Minotaur, Capper's, Inky Trails, The Courier Index, Mill Hulk Herald, Crossing the 50 Yard Line, Poet's Fantasy, Alpha Beat Press, Silver Wings, Reflections, Westview, Over the Back Fence, Hazmat Review and Victory News Journal.*

29. "ag synthesizer" – *Into the Teeth of the Wind, Poetry Now, Westview, Capper's, Sunrust, Evangel, Strawberries & Rhubarb and Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring.*

30. "Behind Every Ranch House in Texas" – *Curbside Review, Midwest Poetry Review, Capper's, Sunrust, Westview, Angus Journal, Cornerstone, Progressive Farmer and Strawberries & Rhubarb.*

31. "4th of July" – *Silver Wings, Byline, Modern Maturity, Capper's, Psychopoetica and The Writer's Voice.*

32. "Chicken Canning Time in West Texas" – Unpublished.

33. "Blue Heron" – *Another Place to Publish, Tapjoe, Live Poets, Prophetic Voices, Capper's, Oakwood, Piedmont Literary Review, Collegian, Audio-Visual Poetry Quarterly, Lutheran Women, Ripples and The Goofus Office.*

34. "Meteorite Showers" – *Silver Wings.*

35. "Heat Waves" – *Purpose Magazine, Highway News and Good News, Candles in the Wind and Silver Wings.*

36. "Icicle Radishes" – *Night Roses, Sketches of the Soul, The Writer's Voice and America at the Millennium.*

37. "Aunt Emma Collected Teeth" – *The Village Idiot, The Western Journal of Medicine, Iowa Woman Anthology, The Ecphorizer, The Roswell Literary Review, Yet Another Small Magazine, The Artful Mind, The Black Fly Review, Incendiary Publications, Audio-Visual Poetry Quarterly, Kaleidoscope, Strawberries & Rhubarb, Tearful Soul, Creosote, Hard Row to Hoe, Dan River Anthology and Art/Life.*

38. "East Texas Root Hog" – *Gryphon, Modern Images, Delta Snake Quarterly, Famous Last Words, The Writer's Voice, The Roswell Literary Review and Texas Poetry Calendar 1999.*

39. "Great Cormorant" – Unpublished.

## *Boots*

40. "Those Crows" – *Night Roses, The Advocate, Writer's Voice, Streets, Blue Unicorn, Agenda, Pinchpenny, The Beebe News, My Restless Heart, Prophetic Voices and Shooting Star Review.*

41. "City Life" – *Capper's, Wherever Home Begins, The Aureorean, The Backwaters Press, Measured Progress, Iowa Woman, Howling At the Gibbous Moon, Strawberries & Rhubarb, The Beebe News, Horizons, A Galaxy of Verse, Strings Anthology, ...having writ... and The Poets Perspective.*

42. "Real Cowboy" – *Gryphon.*

43. "Bull Fighter" – *Reflect, The Texas Anthology and For Folks with Their Boots On.*

44. "Rodeo Circuit Cowboy" – *Nexus.*

45. "The Brazos River" – *Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring, Strawberries & Rhubarb, Oregon, Princeton Spectrum, Vanderbilt Review, America, Audio-Visual Poetry Quarterly and Late Knocking Poe Anthology.*

46. "Eastern Tiger Swallowtail, Female" – *Audio-Visual Poetry Quarterly, Anthology of the Best Poems of 1988, Bluestem News, Poet's Fantasy, Hard Row to Hoe, Abbey, Blackbird, Hyperion, Pasque Petals, A Galaxy of Verse, The Beebe News, Calli's Tales, Love Letters and Waterways.*

47. "Grandma's Gypsies" – *Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring, Strawberries & Rhubarb, Kaleidoscope, The Ecphorizer, In My Shoes,*

*America, Blindskills, Fresh Tracks, Princeton Spectrum, The Kindred Spirit, The Maine Mail Art Exhibition, Writers Showcase, Capper's and Tales of the Old West.*

48. "Grandma's Sunbonnet Quilt" – *December Rose, The Beatrice Sun, Array Magazine, The Waterways Project, The Ecphorizer, So Young, Aim, Cer\*Ber\*Us, Up Against the Wall Mother, Crystal Rainbow and Tales of the Old West.*

49. "old lady Wilson" – *Beginings.*

50. "West Texas Wheat Farmer With Early Alzheimer's" – Unpublished.

51. "Salting Down" – *New Words Unlimited Anthology, Hard Row to Hoe, Ambergis, The Higginsville Reader, Ellipsis, The American Aesthetic, Window Panes, Poetic Eloquence, Curbside Review, Aldebaran, Soundings East, Dark Starr, Crazy Quilt, Men's Issues Anthology and T.R.'S Zine.*

52. "Picking Granny Smith Apples in West Texas" – *TWW News & Showcase Newsletter.*

53. "West Texas Halloween" – *Anthology Who's Who of 2008 and Wanderlust Anthology.*

54. "Gutting A Diamondback Rattlesnake" – Unpublished.

55. "horned toad" – *Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring, Strawberries & Rhubarb, The Courier-Index, Ursus Press Anthology, Great Lakes Fireside Reader, Capper's, The Kindred Spirit, The Muse Letter, Hieroglyphics Press Anthology, Abraxas, Cumberland, Bury Me Sioux, Poetry Flash, An Old Wag's Tale, Japanese Mail Art, The Courier-Index, Today's Prairie Woman, Kids Say "Oh Billy" Magazine, Skywriters, The Gentle Survivalist, Poet's Fantasy, Bibliophilos, Skyline Literary Magazine, Musings and Dan River Anthology 2004.*

56. "Frog" – *Poetry Press, Creative Graphics, Central Maine Morning Sentinel, Capper's, Poet's Fantasy and Atlantic Pacific Press.*

57. "it's raining in Texas" – *Nit and Wit, Hot Spring News, Late Knocking Poe Anthology, Bibliophilos and Strawberries & Rhubarb.*

58. "Indian Summer in Bowie, Texas" – *New Texas 2003, Bibliophilos, Clackamas Literary Review, Voices of a Nation, Timber Creek Review, Silver Wings, Poetalk and Time of Singing.*

59. "Parker County Texas Fall" – *Soft Whispers II.*

60. "Dragon Fly Wing" – *Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring, Strawberries & Rhubarb, Crystal Rainbow, The 100 Best Poems of Beauty, Faith & Inspiration Anthology, Bluestem News, Poetry Depth Quarterly, Poet's Fantasy, Oregon, Hazmat Review, Atlantic Pacific Press, Green River Review, The Honey Creek Anthology, Love Letters, The Courier Index and Z Miscellaneous.*

## *Buffalo Bones*

61. "Evening Thunderstorm on the Callahan Divide" – *Lone Stars Magazine and Trinity Writers Workshop Newsletter.*

62. "Paleo-Indian Feet" – *Confrontation and Fat Tuesday.*

63. "Josiah Walbarger, Pecan Springs, Texas, August 1883" – *Feelings.*

64. "Cirrus Clouds" – *Writer's Journal, Welcome Home, Crazy Nation, Art Mag, Lone Star Magazine and Bay Windows.*

65. "Dallas Farmer's Market" – *Chronogram Magazine and Writings of the Ages.*

66. "Houston Street Bag Lady" – *Cries on the Wind, Poetry of the People, Onionhead, Aim and Words of Wisdom.*

67. "The Bag Lady's Ode" – *Golden Apple Press, First Northwoods Anthology, The Awakenings Review, Kaleidoscope, Publishers Choice: Selected Poets of The New Era, Lactuca, Silver Wings, Feelings, Poetry of the People and Earth's Daughters.*

68. "Rosetta" – *Howling At the Gibbous Moon, Gryphon, Soundings East, The Pub and Fox Cry.*

69. "Stripping Cotton Blues" – *Felicity, Kaleidoscope and Riversedge.*

70. "Alzheimer's: What Year?" – *Survivors Share Their Success Stories, STET, Words of Wisdon, The Hearthside Reader, Backwoods Home Magazine, Sidewalks, Anthology, Time of Singing, Candlestones, Feelings, Infinity, Audio-Visual Poetry Quarterly, Opossum Holler Tarot, Sisphys Poetry Quarterly, Art Times, Alzheimer's Association Anthology, Star Line, The Unforgettabel Fire, Sisters Today, Mother's Underground Magazine, The Waterways Project, Manna, The Garden of Life, Hob-Nob, Writer's Voice, Echoes, Ibis Books, Challenges, Pandaloon, The Awakenings Review, The Storyteller, Time of Singing, Words of Wisdon, First Northwoods Anthology and The Rockhurst Review.*

71. "Cirrostratus Clouds" – Unpublished.

72. "The Buzzard Roost" – *Call It 2008 Anthology.*

73. "The Fort Worth Queen of Cans" – *Offerings and Verse Libre Quarterly.*

74. "Blackstrap Molasses" – Unpublished.

75. "Sunset in the West Texas Wild Mountains" – Unpublished.

76. "Crescent Moon in Texas" – Unpublished.

77. "Rusted Red Ford Pick-Up Truck Full of Turkeys on Farm to Market 1178" – Unpublished.

78. "Texas Grasshoppers" – *The End of the Age of Oil Anthology, The Southern Standard and ALURA.*

79. "The Roughneck Woes" – *Westview.*

80. "Runnin' Pipe" – *Westview, Texas Anthology and Smellfest Magazine.*

81. "Dry Hole Blues" – *Westview.*

82. "Wisteria" – *Colonnades, Capper's, Oregon, Angels Embrace Our Hearts and Dan River Anthology 2002.*

83. "Pelican" – Nexus, *Audio-Visual Poetry Quarterly*, *Who's Who in Modern Literature 1998*, *Prophetic Voices* and *Out of Our Minds*.

84. "South Going Geese" – *Pivot Sharing*, *Audio-Visual Poetry Quarterly*, *Capper's*, *Silver Wings*, *Cricket Magazine* and *Mayflower Garden Log*.

85. "Real Talent" – *New American Poets*, *On the Threshold of a Dream*, *Time of Singing*, *Tidings to a Tick*, *The Village Idiot*, *Voices*, *English as a Second Language*, *Sagebrush Scholar*, *John Milton Society for the Blind*, *Buffalo Spree Magazine*, *Hope Tracks*, *The Kindred Spirit*, *Poetry Flash*, *Capper's*, *This Delicious Day*, *Celebrations of Life*, *Cricket Magazine*, *The Poetry Mission*, *Sink Full of Dishes*, *The Roswell Literary Review*, *Cer\*Ber\*Us XXXII*, *Heavenly Words*, *Silver Boomers* and *Atlantic Pacific Press*.

86. "Texas Rangers Baseball" – *Cricket Magazine*, *Fan Magazine*, *Flimsie Excuse*, *Poet's Fantasy*, *Green's Magazine*, *Dark Horse*, *Spitball*, *Anthology*, *Spitball Anthology of the Best*, *Audio-Visual Poetry Quarterly* and *Nite Writer's*.

87. "Winter Words" – *The Christian Science Monitor* and *Cricket Magazine*.

88. "Texas Blue Norther" – *Alabaster Pathways*, *Saint James Press*, *Time of Singing*, *Golden Apple Press*, *Botique*, *Wellspring*, *The Beebe News*, *Lucky Jim's Saloon*, *America*, *Angus Journal*, *Not Your Average Zine* and *Endless Sky An Anthology of Air and Space Poems*.

89. "West Texas Blizzard" – *Angus Journal*, *Paisano*, *Capper's*, *Time of Singing*, *Capper's Cookbook*, *Writer's Voice*, *Cricket Magazine*, *Silver Wings*, *Cattails & Meadowlarks*, *Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring*, *College Poetry Review*, *Cricket Magazine*, *Silver Wings*, *Cattails & Meadowlarks*, *Their Combs Turn Red in the Spring*, *College Poetry Review*, *Pegasus*, *Active Aging*, *The Pegasus Review*, *Audio-Visual Poetry Quarterly*, *A Trinity Writer's Workshop 2006 Christmas Anthology*, *Creative with Words* and *TWW Newsletter*.

90. "Texas Ice Storm" – *Capper's*, *Sisters Today*, *Poetry of the People*, *Voices Poetry Magazine*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, *Seasons Anthology*, *The Writer's Voice*, *Poet & Critic*, *Strawberries & Rhubarb*,

---

*Pauses In Time, The New Press, Voices for Peace, Newsletter Inago, The New Era, Wanderlust Anthology and TWW Christmas 2006 Anthology.*

91. "The Orchard Spider" – Unpublished

91. "Remember Goliad" – Unpublished.

92. "Texas Trawl" – *Inside Joke, Blue Horse and Strawberries & Rhubarb.*

other books from

~ **Laughing Cactus Press** ~  
imprint of Silver Boomer Books

*Poetry Floats*  
by Jim Wilson  
August, 2009

*Not So GRIMM*  
*gentle fables and cautionary tales*  
by Becky Haigler  
To be released January, 2010

~ from **Silver Boomer Books** ~

*Silver Boomers*  
*a collection of prose and poetry*  
*by and about baby boomers*  
March 2008

*Freckles to Wrinkles*  
July 2008

*This Path*  
September, 2009

*Song of County Roads*  
by Ginny Greene  
September, 2009

~ **Eagle Wings Press Imprint** ~

*Slender Steps to Sanity:*  
*Twelve-Step Notes of Hope*  
by OAStepper, compulsive eater  
May 2009

*Writing Toward the Light*  
*A Grief Journey*  
by Laura Flett  
July 2009