

*BLUEBONNETS,
BOOTS
AND
BUFFALO BONES*

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breathe deep

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*Dedicated to the
fallen at 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

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

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

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