

The Farmer And The Poet

Betty Bice

H. Ec. Sr.

Yep! 'bout plowin' time, I guess:
River risin'; grass a-comin' up. . .

*Through earth's brown crust
Green blades push out like wisps of smoke;
Great rivers clear their throats
And cough uncertainly beneath their restless waves. . .*

I see the buds is comin' out;
And the birds got back—
They're chatterin' on the silo roof again;
Why, feel that wind; it's warm. . .

*The fingertips of every Maple
Pulse with life; winged songs drift out
On every mellow breeze. . .*

Them kids is wild as colts!
Ain't that a marble game they're shootin' by the barn?

*Young feet beat restless paths;
Nimble fingers busy at their play
Move colored spheres in dusty patterns. . .*

That wet black loam smells good;
You can almost see the seedlings sprout;
Spring's come, all right—I feel it in my bones.
Good thing! Been a long winter.

*And the fragrance of a strange perfume,
The echoing of growing things,
The stirring of an urge within
Give evidence that God has re-created spring.*