

## 1 FOUR-PART HARMONY

Summer slows to baritone,  
basso profundo  
foghorn drone,  
plumbs-depths-low  
tuba groan,  
drowsy blows of  
saxophone...

Autumn opts for tenor breeze,  
reaching, arresting  
treetop seize,  
late-leaves-dropped  
guitar ease,  
rolling pops of  
timpanis...

Winter wisps soprano's word,  
thin-as-river-ice  
white-winged bird,  
shiver pitch  
wind's sharp sword,  
chill vibrato  
harpsichord...

Springtime sings an alto thrum,  
samba, a rumba  
struck steel drum,  
stacked numbers  
packed in sum,  
cherry blossom  
bees' high hum!

-- Steven Withrow

## 2 SONG

I've always loved music. It fills me with joy  
but I've never been one of those people who cries  
until the first orchestra concert I heard.  
My heart overflowed and poured out of my eyes.  
Bows shivered.

Strings quivered.  
I started to weep  
as I trembled in time to a song, sweet and deep.

-- Amy Ludwig VanDerwater

3 LYRICAL

A song sung  
From the heart  
Is pure poetry.  
The Meadow Lark  
Sings a melancholy tune  
Resting on tips  
Of prairie grass.  
The Bullfrog  
Sonorous song  
Courts near a pond  
High on a wire  
Above the trees  
Sits the Mourning Dove  
Singing its mournful song.  
What  
Would life be  
Without a song  
To sing  
To hum  
Or  
To whistle.

-- © Mary Nida Smith

4 AFTER THE RAIN

The bluebirds and robins sang her awake  
So she crawled out of bed and walked down to the lake.  
They sang just for her. Oh, how could that be?  
What all did they know? What all could they see?

Was it seconds of pain, minutes of tears?  
Her hours of grief, or her days of fear?  
Did they see years of hurt? A lifetime of trials?  
They sang like their songs could somehow make her smile.

The storm clouds grew black as she started to cry,  
The birds became silent. One more of life's lies?  
But when the storm passed- they were singing again.  
For there's always a healing song after the rain.

-- Gay Fawcett

5 BEDTIME STORY

When I go to bed,  
will you sing me a song?  
Will you read me a poem?  
Can I read along?

I'm not a bit tired,  
I don't want to sleep.  
I'm not into counting—  
especially sheep!

But... if you read me a story  
or tell me a tale—  
my eyes will snap shut,  
and my dreams will set sail.

I'll circle the earth  
in a dingy at sea,  
I'll eat Chinese noodles,  
I'll drink Turkish tea.

And when I wake up  
in the crackling light,  
I'll tell you the tale  
of my travels last night.

-- Julie Krantz

6 MY SONG

Have you ever wondered if you are the only one  
That hears that little song.  
I'm not sure where it comes from I only know it's there.  
When I'm sitting all alone I hear it in my ear  
I call it mine my gift to me that no one else can hear.  
It comes from far the inside of me  
It's Just a little ditty

It singings in my ears and I just hum along  
I am not sure when it started, it's just always been  
Nobody else can hear it,  
It's my song of life.  
When I am lonely it is there.  
When I am happy it's still there.  
Just before I fall asleep I sing along.

-- Cherie Geisler Neal

7 ROCKY MOUNTAIN MELODY

Columbines cartwheel down  
Steep mountain slopes,  
Penstemons somersault,  
So full of hope.  
Red paintbrush plunges for  
Valleys below.  
Lithe larkspur leaps beneath  
Singing sky's glow.

-- Jane Heitman Healy

8 UNTITLED

Striped and shackled they stand in the sun.  
Bring the hammer down, boys.  
Smashing stone at the point of a gun.  
Bring the hammer down.

Muscled arms steeped in sweat  
Swing hammers heavy with regret  
For lives and deeds they can't forget  
As they bring the hammer down.

And they sing the songs of better days.  
Bring the hammer down, boys.  
Of better lives and better ways.  
Bring the hammer down.

In tenor, alto and baritone  
Their harmonies rise in a mournful tone  
As they sing their songs to the Great Unknown  
And they bring the hammer down.

Their songs fly free on a summer breeze.  
Bring the hammer down boys.  
Escaping the hell of the gang with ease.  
Bring the hammer down.

But the only escape that exists for the men  
Are their songs of hope and 'remember when,'  
The songs they sing of what might have been  
As they bring the hammer down.

-- Barbara Turner

9 MY SUNSHINE

I miss his songs  
The Sunshine song the most  
Sung after prayers – when tucked in tight  
Or sometimes on a Sunday afternoon  
With nothing much to do...  
My father loved to sing  
When happy, sad  
At times when mad  
(The shower song -  
When things went wrong)  
Not one for loud  
Or talk.  
Singing was Dad's way -  
To catch a falling star  
Declare a holy night  
Pass on the fathers' faith  
Rejoice in each new birth...  
The Sunshine song  
Will make me sad,  
Remember how I miss my Dad...  
Still  
Underneath the skies of gray  
His Sunshine sung  
No one can take away.

-- Liz Schultz Korba

10 THE WEIGHT WAIT SONG

I cannot sit  
in my new chair.  
Nor return it—  
I bought it where??

I should have read  
the paper code,  
What it could take—  
its top weight load.

For I exceed  
by twenty pounds,  
'Cause I am tall—  
and really round.

I walk on by  
this furniture.  
But it has worth—  
of that I'm sure.

It motivates  
me every day,  
To see how much  
that I still weigh.

I'm nearly down  
to what it holds.  
I will plop down!  
I will be bold!

Who would have thought  
my diet goal,  
Just took a chair  
to crash and fold!

-- Euleta Usrey

11 COUNTRY HAIKU

Heard a country song.  
It reminded me of you.  
Cheatin', no-good man.

-- Beth Carter

12 SONG IN MY HEART

I have always sung.  
As loud as I could.  
Each room had it's  
own sounds.  
Bathroom best echo.  
My bedroom gave a  
stage feel.  
Kitchen with the windows  
open, almost outdoors,  
more muted.  
The school ground running  
in the wind, breath taking!  
The mountains among the  
giant trees, birds squaked.  
At the ocean, my song  
rose above the pounding  
waves on the rocks.  
Smelling the seaweed and  
tasting the salt, made my  
songs sweet.  
Opera was my choice.  
Musical movies were a  
most enjoyable part of  
growing up.  
Choir, all my friends  
tried out.  
Some were shocked I  
was in they were out.  
Sang in the church choir.  
Got married, two kids,  
I sang to them.  
Woke them with a song,  
put them down to sleep  
singing again.  
As they grew I sang as I  
drove them to school.  
Many years went by as I  
sang along.  
Went to the new church a  
couple of weeks.  
The preacher came to my  
house. Wouldn't come in,  
"He just wanted to have a  
few words with me."

“I wanted to ask you not to sing in church.” he said.

“I teach at SMSU Music Department and I have perfect pitch. You throw me off key.”

I sputtered, “The Bible says make a joyful noise unto the Lord. Not sing only if you have perfect pitch!”

“But ” he said, “you, are only making noise not singing.”

I cried as he drove away. Never enter that church’s door again.

I kept on singing because there is always a song in my heart.

In glad times and sad times, a song can bring you through heartaches and sorrow or heighten your joy.  
Sing on.

-- Janet Kay Gallagher

13 SONG OF THE WEST

How do you sing a song of the West,  
Refrains of days gone by?  
Start with a banjo, a Stetson, a vest  
Then let the melody fly.

The clickety-clack of wagonwheels;  
The screech of hawks above;  
Son-of-a-Gun Stew for too many meals  
Are themes of the West we love.

Around a campfire, many a night,  
Keeping the cattle calm—  
A mouth-harp plays, assuages their fright;  
A comforting, soothing balm.



Prairie grass hums a tedious song  
In concert with the wind—  
Repeating stanzas all day long;  
Tiresome drone without end.

A ballad of storms, strife, and stampedes  
Demanding a cowboy's best.  
Sing of your awe of this gallant breed  
Of men who conquered the West.

-- V. L. Gregory

14 THE INSPIRATION

he sang to me on my birthday  
on holidays sent singing e-cards  
he typed lyrics sung by Chicago  
that's why I took it all so hard

he left to serenade another  
replaced me quick and too easily  
love songs I heard on the radio  
were there always reminding me

so I put in a pair of ear plugs  
deleted i-Tunes new and old  
hummed survival lines by strong artists  
then wrote a vengeful song that went gold

I don't think I'll soon be forgetting  
the streams of tears and deep heartache  
but I'll admit I'm slightly grateful  
for some good came from that mistake

-- Jackie Huppenthal