

# "Mother Oklahoma"

RED IS THE DIRT THAT COVERS HER SKIN. BLACK IS THE BLOOD THAT PULSES WITHIN. YELLOW IS HER HAIR GROWN ALL THE BRIGHT SUMMER LONG, UNDER BLUE SKIES SINGING-THE SCISSORTAIL'S SONG. GREEN AND LUSH GROWS HER DRESS, WE HER CHILDREN PLAY ON. CRIMSON RED, ORANGE AND PINKS BURN HER SUNSETS AND DAWNS. INDIAN BLANKETS SHE WEARS TUCKED HERE AND THERE IN HER HAIR, WHILE BLACK SWALLOWTAILS DANCE ABOUT HER MID-AIR. WHITE BASS JUMP AND SPLASH SILVER, WHITE TAIL DEER FLICK AND PRANCE BY, WHILE HER GOLDEN CORN HAIR GROWS UP TO AN ELEPHANT'S EYE. REDBUDS BLOOM AND BURST OPEN, FAT RED STRAWBERRIES TRY AND CONCUR WITH FATTER REDDER WATER—MELONS ALL GROWING AS HYMNS SUNG UNTO HER. CHOCTAW, CHICKASAW AND CREEK, CHEROKEE AND SEMINOLE; HER FIRST BORN WHO'VE SEEN HER THROUGH BOOMS AND THROUGH BOWLS. SOONER THAN LATER MORE CHILDREN RUSHED TO HER, RED AND WHITE, BLACK, YELLOW, AND BROWN. SHE WELCOMES AND NURTURES ALL HER CHILDREN, EACH COLOR A JEWEL IN HER CROWN. WHEN IN BLOWS DARK WINDS OR CRUEL MEN WHO'S AIM IS TO TEAR HER APART, THEY MAY SOMETIMES SUCCEED TO TEAR DOWN BUT NEVER AT STOPPING HER HEART. FOR HER HEART IS MADE OF THOSE BLUE SKIES, RED TAILED HAWKS AND MISTLETOE. IT'S MADE OF RED DIRT, AND BLACK GOLD AND BULLFROGS, WILD TURKEYS, AND BUFFALO. BUT MOSTLY OKLAHOMA'S HEART IS HER CHILDREN. A FAMILY RAISED WITH STRENGTH AND WITH PRIDE. WE CARE NOT THE COLOR WE ARE OUT, CAUSE WE'RE ALL PURE OKLAHOMA INSIDE. SO WITH GRATEFUL HEARTS WE COME MOTHER OKLAHOMA, AND TOGETHER YOUR PRAISES WE SING. KNOWING WITH FAITH IN GOD, AND YOUR LAND, WE CAN FEAR NOT-FOR LOVE AND WORK CONQUERS ALL THINGS.

DARRON DUNBAR 04/01/2019 WONDER CITY WORDFEST