

# THE GOLDEN COUNTRY

*Edited by Fred R. Pfister*

## Ozark Winter Blues

I've got those Ozark winter blues and I  
can't shake 'um none,  
Had 'um since late November, when  
winter just begun.  
It's winter in the Ozarks, and damn it  
sure is bleak,  
These winters in the Ozarks ain't for the  
meek.  
We haven't seen no sunshine since can't  
remember when,  
Hope when March comes, we see the  
sun again.  
There has been plenty snowfall, and God  
is it deep,  
Try and shovel a path to the wood pile,  
and you'll surely weep.  
Don't think I'll shake these blues until  
the dogwoods bloom,  
Oh, Lordy, please make that very soon.  
I've got those Ozark winter blues and I  
can't shake 'um none,  
But, a big old dose of sunshine would  
surely help me some.

—Mark Heins, Springfield, Mo.

## Four Scores

Next spring four scores I'll be.  
My brother questioned me.  
Are you planning a garden next year  
brother?  
Assurance I gave, I'll be in the ground  
next spring,  
One way or another.

—Don R. Kinsey, St. Louis, Mo.

## The Map

I will ask Mattie to draw me a map of  
the old place;  
She must remember where every fence  
post stood,  
Every dogwood tree and hazelnut bush,  
Mattie can tell me where buttercups  
bloomed  
And where to find morel mushrooms  
And the best place to pick greens in  
spring.  
Mattie must remember when they shot  
Old Dan  
After the bull gored him in the flank.

He was a pacer but he learned to pull a  
drag sled and  
I guess she remembers that, too.  
Mattie was there when I was born, so  
If I want a starting place, a compass  
point,  
She would be the one to ask.  
My head fills with fragments  
Like busted shards of window glass  
When I try to recall these things—  
I need a clear image, a picture  
Of rolling hills and persimmon places,  
I need to imprint them so deeply  
That I will never walk through the world  
without them.  
I will go ask Mattie to draw me a map  
Of the old place.

—Carol Collins, Parma, Idaho

## Mama's Pies

I can still smell 'em as they bake—  
Lots better than cake!  
She'd roll out the dough  
For that flakey crust, just so.  
Perfection time after time,  
Her pies sublime.  
Chocolate, coconut, fruit pies, too,

There wasn't a pie she couldn't do.  
And try as I might  
I could never quite do it.  
Even side by side  
I could never hide  
That mine weren't as good,  
'Cause I never really could  
Duplicate her pies.  
Gosh, they were nice—  
Wish I had a slice!  
—Cindy Prince, Hermann, Mo.

## Priorities

Some people would flip  
If they could see  
The dust and clutter on my TV.  
For today I played a game with my child  
Called a friend who was sick  
Sent a note 'cross the miles.  
Should this be the day that my life ends  
Another will wipe the dust from my TV  
But my child and my friends  
will think kindly of me.  
P.S. I'll clean house tomorrow!  
—Glenna Ragan, Harrison, Ark.

We appreciate our poets' and readers' submissions for this page. Send them to our Branson mailing address (Poetry Editor, *The Ozarks Mountaineer*, 815 Lee St, Branson, Mo. 65616) or by email to [frpfister@suddenlink.net](mailto:frpfister@suddenlink.net).



(photo: Fred Pfister)