

IRIS PARKER CORRY

## November Freeze

Not the birds ready  
nor I, nor the last petunias still warm  
against the house. In the dry fields  
the herd discussing a frozen mud hole.  
The fence rusting, the last-turned furrow.

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## The Day President Harding Came

Ever last jack man, woman, and papoose  
was down to the station to see the President  
come steaming in, smoke blowing, Panama waving  
pleasure to ride your new train yessir nice  
country Senator Smoot Squint Indian howdaya do.

Shade side of Main we watched five miles of cars  
head for Zion. Dust from here to Harmony.  
He bit into a Dixie Peach at Anderson's  
Ranch. Choirs, drums, and bunting all the way  
to the Great White Throne. Then Buicks, Pages,  
Model T's boiled up the Black Ridge to Cedar  
and the folks shook Mr. President's tired hand  
and my uncle said, "How are you, Warren G.?"

