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"Sonflower Seeds," authored by Sally was awarded Best Poetry Book 2002 in Oklahoma Writer's Federation, Inc. Her latest book, "The Late Sooner," is a creative non-fiction based on her great grandfather's diary. He participated in the first land run of the Oklahoma Territory in 1889.

Her work has appeared in The Mid-America Poetry Review, Cup of Comfort Devotional for Mothers, Vista Magazine, The Best Times, Lawrence Journal World, Mature Years, Kansas City Voices, Lifeline Journal, Women Alive!, Presbyterians Pro-Life News, and The Christian Communicator.

Sally is a member of Kansas Authors Club, Missouri Writer's Guild, Oklahoma Writer's Federation, Inc., Ozark Writer's League, Kansas City Writers Group, Tulsa Night Writers, Heart of America Christian Writers, and Christian Writers Fellowship.

## A Visit With Aunt Katherine

She draws the window blinds  
behind sheer curtains;  
shuts out the bright sunlight.  
Her feet shuffle behind me  
across the threadbare tapestry rug.  
In the darkened room I can barely see  
tatted doilies, worked around fine linen  
that adorn the faded arms and head-rest  
of the brocade wing-back chair.  
A musty smell permeates the room.  
Matching lamps, shades still dressed  
in cellophane,  
stand guard on walnut tables at each end  
of the sagging divan.  
With shaking hands, she sets a silver service  
on the small Windsor table  
next to white Haviland tea cups and saucers,  
pours.  
Passes me a tinkling cup,  
"I'm so glad you have come  
to brighten my day."

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## JUNE EVENING

Cows graze  
in gathering dusk  
over rolling Kansas fields;  
Whippoorwills call the darkness.  
Eager children dash about  
in search of lightning bugs;  
make deposits in glass jars  
fully aware of true treasure.

## Cuties In Key Overalls

Tractor swap-meet filled  
with hopeful buyers  
in Key overalls.

One saunters down an aisle  
curly shoulder-length flaming hair  
held back by blue bandana;  
balloon belly fills his bib.

In his shadow  
a shorter companion tags along;  
cuffs rolled,  
long beard down his chest.

Another, an over-stuffed walrus  
side buttons agape,  
girth too large for weak knees  
rides a battery-powered scooter.

They wind through endless aisles  
of old tractor parts, tires, and fenders  
displayed on flat-bed trailers.

Tall shopper  
overalls too generous for his thin frame  
heads for his truck  
big grin under his ball cap bill,  
carries a bucket of bolts  
and a rusty headlight.

## Patterns

Clop.  
Her steps sound hollow on the plywood  
stretched over bare rafters  
beyond the fourth bedroom door.  
She squints to adjust eyes to semi-darkness,  
reaches for the bulb.  
Light illumines the rocking chair  
full of old music books.  
She removes the stack and sits. The rocker creaks.  
She opens the ancient chest,  
draws out a child's cash-register, pushes a key.  
The drawer flies open.  
She fingers plastic coins, drops them,  
one at a time, back into the drawer.  
Near the cash register is a pile of letters,  
weekly epistles from Great-grandmother to her children.  
She unties the stack; the faded purple ribbon  
slides to the floor.  
She slips the first one out of a yellowed envelope.  
Onion paper crackles.  
She reads of daily tasks, trolley cars,  
family concerns, health problems.  
Ties them with a fresh bow;  
returns them to their place of rest.  
She closes the lid.  
Beside the rocking chair are boxes of patterns—  
sizes 6 months to 7 years in one, 8 to 14 in another.  
Will anyone ever use them again?

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## 169 Highway Kansas City To Tulsa

Two horsemen amble through  
a dew-filled pasture  
on quarter horses.

A thousand hand mirrors  
dance on a farm pond  
in morning sun.

A symphony of birds swoop in tandem  
to an unseen choreographer  
through the fall breeze.

Six rotund hay bales  
loaded on a narrow trailer  
appear to be a hairy behemoth  
on its way to feed hungry cattle.

Fleecy clouds play hide and seek  
with the afternoon sunshine  
until Nowatta.

I rush past rusty oil wells  
sucking black syrup from the earth.

Crawl past Ooglala-Talala high school  
at twenty-five miles an hour.

Three jet contrails streak  
the pale blue sky.

Four-lane highway ribbons  
over long rolling hills  
toward horizon.

Around a curve,  
over a rise,  
Tulsa  
juts from the landscape.