

# Cedar Valley

By Glenn Currier

Morning sun ache through clouded sky  
sweetgum trees reach for its rays  
the grass, patched with brown  
from the harsh winter  
Cedar Valley rests patiently  
nourishing its young life  
in its second spring.

This place, fixed in verdant terrain  
not quite hills, but not quite plain  
feels now so natural during spring,  
its essence - the fertile  
young but healthy trees  
and placid, clover banked lake.  
The sun conquers morning mist  
sifts through translucent leaves,  
kissed softly by an early breeze.  
Cedar Valley whispers now.

*Author's Note: This poem was written in 1978 about Cedar Valley College, opened in 1977 in Lancaster, Texas.*

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Written in spring 1978*