

AGENDA FOR THE PRAIRIE

Above our hearing
treble sound and light announce
the changing season.

The still pond collects
a mule deer's reflection, dark
in leftover ice.

Faint green grows stronger
in midday warmth, lengthening
its reach for heaven.

Rain drums loud and fast,
flowing silver curves in fields
predicting tall corn.

Soon we can forget
cold floors, shivering shoulders.
Sun will light the hearth.