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heat wave / Into the Wheatfields / Prairie Wind: Now and Then

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INTO THE WHEATFIELDS

Come walk with me in the winter wheat.
Feel the new, green blades brashly Poking up from the frozen soil!
When you see the fields of emerald velveteen
Speak of your dreams.
Marvel at its awesome color at sunrise.

Come walk with me in the springtime wheat.
Laugh as the soft beards tickle your elbows
And ribs.
Lie down and hide in the sea of green
As children love to do.
Delight in its radiant scent at full sun!

Come walk with me in the summer wheat.
Be silent in the tides of shimmering gold.
In the dry rustlings you may hear —
The secret music of your heart.
Be at peace in its absolute beauty
At sunset.

— Sheila Cohnia

heat wave

weeds shrink down

turn
from green
to brown

as they melt
back into
the red dirt

— Sheryl L. Nelms

PRAIRIE WIND: NOW AND THEN
— Joanna Thurston Roper

The wind is blowing
A pattern of sound
Around my house.
The dust cloud is howling
A curtain of gloom
Over my roof.
The light is dwindling
A wall of dimness
Inside my room.

Fifty years ago
The wind and the dirt
Pelted my mother’s house
With shrieking darkness.
She willed an enlightening spirit
And survived with happiness intact.
Now this pall will lift
And I, too, will taste
Effervescence again.