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

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PHOTO BY KATHERINE DICKEY



heat wave

weeds shrink down

turn  
from green  
to brown

as they melt  
back into  
the red dirt

— Sheryl L. Nelms

### 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 Cohbmia

### 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.