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Landscapes

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Landscapes

by Dennis Ross

I do not appreciate a mega city,
folks in herds on sidewalks,
cars lined up snouts to tails
like cattle in loading chutes,
or even the midwestern small town
where most knew my angular
grandmother, my alternative-reality
mother, me as a shy ghost.

Farmland with houses and barns
a half mile apart, with corn
in rows or wheat waving goodbye
to the horizon brightens my heart,

but I sail away on the wings
of a meadow lark in sparse grass
country with the occasional steer,
a woman in a pickup headed
to a distant town for groceries,

human population spread almost
transparently thin, miles of gravel
roads or asphalt with weeds growing
in the cracks and cars once an hour.