

Celebrate This Kansas

Celebrate this sky, this land beyond measured time that tilts the seasonal light. Dream the return of the stars, the searing rise of summer or fast spread of thunderheads, the secret-holding cedars and witness rocks that migrate across the prairies. We breathe the air of those who spoke languages forgotten as the glaciers. We walk the fields that once fed the fish of inland oceans. We turn our heads away from where the raccoon hid his family from the storm hundreds of generations beforehand. This rain was once a man's last wish, this heat what warmed a weathered rock enough for a woman to rest on with her baby, these fossils, love songs of memory and longing after the beloveds die. This horizon the homeland of butterfly milkweed orangin in ancient sun. This creek's trail rerouted by deer and wild turkey. This wooded curve the one favored by bluebirds following last summer south. All we see, the ghost and angel of billions of trails through grasslands, the remnant of hard rains where the grandmothers and grandfathers sang of weather and loss, wars and births. The bones of this land and the feathers of this sky know us better than we know ourselves.

~ Caryn Mirriam-Goldberg