

DWELL ON]

konza prairie, ks

i carved an ear in
the prairie carved
a mouth to listen

& talk at once to
thresh a birdsong
dream a shrapnel

wire fence decayed
to rusted tooth-
picks a fire retired

to laceration the blue
sky burns the fields a-
gain more life in valley

than gold hill peaks'
bald heads lonely
looking out to be-

hold grains as sparks
hear a deer chew or cheer
on the chirring wheats-

talks up here the air
curls round my earring & over-
bite a crooked windmill

winds down the stream-
bed clotted with cotton