

Wheat on the Fields

The head-high prairie grasses
 must have been
 more living than these fields
 fuzzed green with wheat.
 Pioneers, tender-eyed,
 liked to compare the sight
 of grasslands
 to the sky, to the sea,
 and to the blowing fur of beasts
 in the beginning.
 Chickens, grouses, fowls
 of all species
 bred and nested on the sod,
 and *plow* was a sound
 seed heads made
 when air went gushing past them.

Captives of the County Fair

In the still morning air
 their calls rise,
 disembodied bladders of sound
 that bawl and bleat
 and float away without them.
 The stalls and sawdust,
 hobbles, halters and ropes
 confine them almost
 entirely. But now it is time
 to go to the fields.
 The deadbolts spring alive
 and slide, the gate
 hinges rip from the wall
 and the captives
 sweep grandly down the ramp.
 They trample grass
 and roll in the luscious dust
 at last, gently scrape
 and shimmy themselves to lose
 the foul hoof black,
 horn shellac and udder wax.