

JOHN D. ENGLE, JR.

August Ohio

Ohio wears a hat
of tasseled corn
fringed with Queen Anne's lace
and chicory.
Dressed in a gown of willows,
slightly worn,
she does her dance
and sings her song to me.
Throughout the hot
and sultry days of haze,
she waltzes through
the meadows and the hills.
Singing a grape and apple song,
she plays
like a country child
that knows no cares nor ills.
Addicted to her movements
and her song,
curved in the warm,
green comfort of her arms,
I am convinced
this is where I belong—
breathing the beauty
of trees and streams and farms.
Through megaphones
of morning-glory vine,
Ohio sings her love
and makes it mine.