

## Prairie Voices

I live and die in the rhythm of the earth.  
In life, the song of the bugs entertains me  
and the rain sustains me  
As the seasons come and go.

I live to give seed  
To the indolent reed  
And the soil that girded me.  
It has always been so.

Why do you give birth?  
Is it your purpose to seed the eager earth?  
Where do you go?  
The oak tree wants to know.

I was born to give life;  
I die to be reborn  
I sow the soil to soothe my soul,  
The ground is where I go.

The gurgling brook wets withered roots  
And the water brings life  
And the bugs' song survives  
And the cycle of life is revived.



Brenda Ackerman