

## Letter to L. from the Prairie (on the nature of the poem)

Dear L,

If you could see this prairie  
now, in the early spring, the cold time done,

the green just beginning to reach its majority,  
that is: when it's lush enough

to see above its lowly and charred beginnings,  
maybe you could see  
your life too: the richness  
with which your myriad senses—

much more  
than a mere five—

more like a hundred thousand  
feelers, lush  
in each pore as this colony of prairie dock—  
their fronds rustling  
against each other  
flip like ears against the wind

They do not coil against themselves  
or worry about the clank  
of cranes or cars or voices  
in the distance—

They whisper, they listen, they learn a way  
to speak  
another language  
among themselves  
of peace