

On the Bald Hills

Under the white oaks
June-green grass is dotted
With larkspur and columbine.
The breeze is sweet, moist
With a whisper of ocean.
A thrush sings;
Oak leaves quiver in the breeze.

In the clearcut beargrass blooms everywhere.
Beargrass loves this brick red earth.
An Indian woman stands in the clearcut
gathering blossoms for the flower trade.

In the evening, prairie lupines glow
Luminous blue on fog-soaked grass.
They remind me of a childhood print:
Mary on a donkey, a child in her arms,
Lead through a field of lupine by Joseph.

Beyond that ridge lies the ocean.
The beauty surrounds us.

June 4, 2006