

April 2nd in Nebraska

A peach skin sunrise over Loess Hills
and bluffs cut by a Rockies' western
cold front. It's a good day for a walk

or a marathon - whatever the day calls
for. The majesty caught in the middle
of a world without a break, inundated

with drifts of pollen and glacial runoff
that all floats down the Missouri River
regardless, while the floodplains glow

terracottas and aquamarines—potential
energy. Meanwhile, Virginia Creeper
and her lover, a Canadian Moonseed,

vine pathway borders, enthralled with
their familiar homes beneath a forest
of American Lindens and meadow-

larks and bottle brush. A symphonic
love letter to the sharp and the fuzzy,
the yellow-browns and the baby greens

that all litter spring, hung up in shifts
of middling winds between home and
the wonder of where it all is headed.