April 2\textsuperscript{nd} 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.