

Prairie

I am born to nowhere
suckled on ragweed
clothed by dust
dry
my ache
I conserve my spittle

bug juice on brittle corn husks
my story evaporates
drunk by the sun
absorbed by this un-giving landscape.

nails scrape in dirt words
blurred by the movements
of grasshoppers skipping with crisp leaves
their flickering prints
covering my own

skin polished clean by wind
our wrinkles rubbed off
and each day the land and I become
younger, flatter, wordless
until I find
I am already written:
slug trails in a forgotten
damp crevice throw sunlight
at tender shaded shoots.

LEAH SOLOMON