

PRAIRYERTH*

Driving across Eastern Illinois
Mendelssohn's violin concerto
on the radio

In my isolation I feel the
pull of the ancient prairie

A lush expanse surrounds me
bean and corn fields punctuated
by periodic silos

Shades of green against deepening sky
amber tassels of corn touched
by slanting sun

A plane dusting crops dips
low casts shadow between
the sun and me

Dark clouds pile against the horizon

Overwhelmed by space
I disappear into the prairyerth

Judy Beerman

*Prairyerth: "..... In a stroke of scientific shorthand, the
soils of our central grasslands are sometimes called simply 'prairyerths'."
John Madson,
WHERE THE SKY BEGAN (1982)