

## Ode to Lucy

she loves her prairie clouds

hears stories they tell  
sees the shapes they paint

the highway won't take her back  
to live  
a visit is fine

but she spent too many nights  
too close  
to the master bedroom  
sister asleep  
too many overheard words  
shouted  
strong  
sharper than the tent preacher's recriminations

it's fluidity she wants  
the baptism of forgetfulness  
hidden below  
seen only by those who feel the  
warmth of the sun

that's where the ocean comes in  
proximity everything  
calmness optional  
but the depth  
so very deep calm obscure

the grain waves rhetorically  
sirens bleat  
the blue flax and the yellow canola  
harmony as Creation intended  
wide as a farmer's morning view, permanence lacking

the only souvenir she keeps  
are sunflowers  
that hold the only light  
she remembers

now the Rockies keep her safe

the Pacific feeds her calm