

## THE LAND AT PRATHER'S CORNER

I think of the land at Prather's Corner  
pregnant with our dreams  
of use and good work,  
of people making a nation together,  
building it carefully  
in the old way  
with pegs that won't rust  
corners which have character,  
and love that will never betray.

I think of the earth  
by the Little Miami River  
resilient, like my heart,  
with the rains of winter;  
anticipating the digging up of sod,  
the turning over  
that must precede sowing.

I think of Canadian geese  
startling the twilight  
in a dappled tantrum  
of honking; bass flashing  
silver in the late afternoon sun:  
the quickening you stir in me  
with your wide-toothed laughter  
and sassy grin.

I think of the golden tangle of limbs  
mirrored by the river--  
thick and thin  
horny and succulent  
beckoning for bees and leaves:  
the enfleshment,

the winter leanness in us  
waiting  
for spring.

