

A Prairie Remnant

Yellow coneflower—
leading the eye across fields
further and further—

Where all else tires
of filling prairie colors
spurge takes over!

Ticktrefoil,
memory not enough, insures
going home with me—

Poking up here and there,
a middle ground for the eye—
"common" vervain.

Shuffling along,
first smelling—then turning to see
my patch through mint—



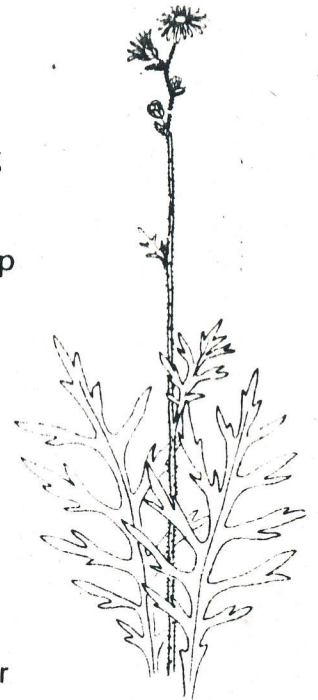
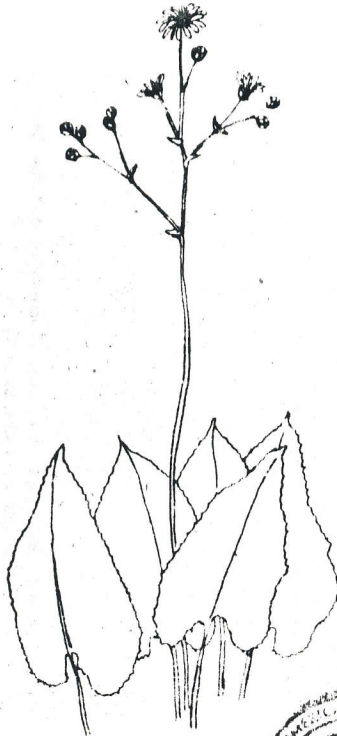
Bergamot:
this bee, forgetting her work,
goes flowerhead strolling

Across a slope
of goldenrod, a breeze comes up
up, and over—

Abandoned canal:
here pointing up the silence,
stands of prairiedock.

Lost in Joe-Pye-Weed
how these old canal moorings
anchor the monarchs!

Lone against the sky,
compassplant waves—still further
on beyond this ridge



Douglas Ingels

