

## Early August in the Badlands

August 2017

The wind slides away today's arid heat, swept  
as if with a broom over the hills and horizon  
following the sun's trailing colors. The few trees and  
grasses here sigh, relieved of harsh

hot

rays, but now deprived of productive light. The birds -

swallows, hawks -

make final swoops before giving way the sky to bats' delight  
of insects and nighttime desert flowers.

The moon shakes her shawl of clouds and dusty haze;

Brighter. Gleaming silver underwater. Twilight

is her shining moment before the first stars

chorus

behind her brief solo and eventually blanket the above

in a sparkling quilt. The crickets rejoice, as do the coyotes –

Now is their time to Sing and to Dance and to Thank

the moon and then roam, playfully, over the prairie.