

Plane's-Eye Prairie View

Vast earth tray some child has ruled
With tongue-working exactitude;
These were the lots that drew men,
Their felt loam. Down there every clod
Is a universe, its centre and node
Some Bay-bought weatherboard home
Grown so long past makeshift life
Who could abolish it now?

At winter's end the windbreak trees
Fail to seem native there—
Bleached fossil trophies from afar—
But soon at gates their quick leaves
Will challenge that dark acreage,
Frail mysteries like their outpost
Planters—whom deprivation drove
There and rich desolation sustained.

—Michael Thorpe