

Prairie Yields

by Gary Hardaway

Where I'm from
is hard to love.

It's business friendly
but not very kind.
There isn't land
but real estate.
There isn't work
but productivity.
There's not a city
but a Standard
Metropolitan
Statistical
Area.
The river's not
a river but
a FEMA map
of flooding probabilities.
Levies neatly
wall the hidden,
channeled water.
You'll find little
God but a bunch
of big churches.
You'll find little
Art but some grand
arts facilities.
I'd leave but I've
been taught quite well:
the opportunities away
will never measure

up to home.

Our towers sparkle
with merciless sun.

