Prairie-land, prairie land
where
does your garden grow?
Hidden in graveyards
where no one will go!

Spring
in Illinois
happens between 2 and 2:30
some day
in May.

ELM, NOBLE ELM

Reaching fingers to the sky
the stately elm stood
as sentinel of seasons.

Then, slowly on the shading leaves
and solid, scaling trunk
a sign of illness came.

Felled by the struggle from within
the stoic elm succumbed,
its epitaph a crown of sprightly shoots.

ODE TO MARION

Take the fragrance from the lilac,
Take the shimmer from the dew,
Take the elegance from the bluebird,
Take them all, as parts of you.

Take the stateliness of maple,
Take the softness of a rose,
Take the courage of a peach bud
That holds on whate'er wind blows.

Take the warmth of summer evenings,
Take the steadfastness of wheat,
Take the loyalty of shade trees
That silently absorb the heat.

Take the silence of the coal mine,
Take the secrets of the hill,
Take the shifting patterns of the clouds
That show the wonders of G-d's will.

Take the indiscernibles of Nature
And try to know their worth.
Take them, O Marion, take them,
For they make of you a daughter of the Earth!

Fat
sunburned robin
here from the south
you've not felt winter's rages,
your're not down in the mouth.

- Rita Kohn