

# From a Country Overlooked

*by Tom Hennen*

There are no creatures you cannot love.  
A frog calling at God  
From the moon-filled ditch  
As you stand on the country road in the June night.  
The sound is enough to make the stars weep  
With happiness.  
In the morning the landscape green  
Is lifted off the ground by the scent of grass.  
The day is carried across its hours  
Without any effort by the shining insects  
That are living their secret lives.  
The space between the prairie horizons  
Makes us ache with its beauty.  
Cottonwood leaves click in an ancient tongue  
To the farthest cold dark in the universe.  
The cottonwood also talks to you  
Of breeze and speckled sunlight.  
You are at home in these  
great empty places  
along with red-wing blackbirds and sloughs.  
You are comfortable in this spot  
so full of grace and being  
that it sparkles like jewels  
spilled on water.