

Everything Else You Can Get You Take · *Robert Dana*

Blue fields. Great white
bison of cloud lugging their
easy humps. It's that kind
of day.

Hay and panic grass
combed into rolling windrows.
Minstrel-faced sheep. A few
head of cross-bred Charlies.

No place we ever imagined
we'd be. No sea's edge
where a low wave sputters,
ignites like a fuse, and races
hissing along the shore.
No thin, viral mist fizzing
the windshield, gorges rising
grey as China in the rain.

Only this long roll of
space where day-lilies
leap any breaks in the fences,
flooding down ditches, orange
against the many colors of green,
—only the jingle and ring of
morning crickets in the dew.

Don't ask how long we've
been here, or why we stayed.
You fall in love with
a climate. Everything else
you can get you take.