

AGAIN

Morning has arrived
like a question,
birdcalls all querulous
and rising,
trucks
on the highway to the south of us
searching
through the gears
toward a place of indecision,
True/False, True/False . . .
True faults
of the mind,
in time: forgetting
and remembering.

Kansas.

Early morning.
The streets yellow dust
in the sunlight,
backyards stretching themselves
full length
between the fences.
And again my friend and I
rise up from sleep
on the hard bed
of a wheat truck,
certain
and supple
in the day's low promise:
the dry smell of grass

and chaff
 along the ditches,
 the blue shirt of sky
hung out on the line to fade
 toward white,
 flies humming dark
in the cab doze of afternoon,
 10,900 mornings
 ago.
And the people I saw there,
 eating eggs,
 stepping down
from a porch,
 lifting a small piece of cloth
 to the cheek –
do they still,
 rain time or sun time,
 wonder
under the prairie dirt,
 whether they too will push,
 some spring,
their dark way back
 to the surface,
 eyes
viridescent in the changed
 light, wind
 filling their mouths again
with each other's name?
 Again
 morning has arrived
like a question,
 a wooly worm striped
 black
and amber, back
 with its secret knowledge
 from the other side.