

Banking on  
our final approach  
we see quadrangle cultivation  
penned in by alien trees.  
I contain too much history  
to dwell on patchwork here—  
instead, the iron will  
cross the earth,  
deserting the lingering  
rust of spirit.  
Buffalo grass no longer  
essential, retreats  
from our future.  
It was not charming  
and is not grieved.