

Iowa Impressions

"I'm from here", they say.
When asked of down the road,
"They're from there."
From there, they were from here.
In Bohemian town roman arches
display Islamic peaks at their crown.
Does it point them to heaven lest
blowing sand block their way?
The old clock, no longer travels round
as if it was harboring
an awareness it is
an old base sixty wind
in a base two world.
Dvorak lived here
for a while explains the sign.
Men crave to leave a mark,
children do, with colored chalk.
Obsessions today are couched in electron's
repeating cycles.
A little while smacks of eternity
as Warhol spoke,
"In the future everyone... fifteen minutes."
Andy's wrong.
It is now much less, less than that.
Fields of Iowa, Indians
long since mixed in its soil,
viewed across its level plain to
like horizon,
with forever written on their hearts.
An old tree lives on in an alfalfa field.
A lone sentinel standing,
unfaltering,
on its watch through the passing years.
Does it hold fast to now faltering life,
to hear a whispered phrase,
"Well done?"
The red barn, harboring offal stench continues
in its upright stance,
completely filled with silence in its fibers.
The old house, patiently waiting
to bare its soul,
to tell of passing years,
of ones who claimed they owned,
yet but guests,
ones thinking they possessed time itself.
The mighty Mississippi, a river
ever of varying tellurian way,
yet consistently the same as
an old man rolling in his bed at night.
Stairs stepping down to it,
yet it leads to nowhere
while obeying its free-fall
through space, and time.
Are all the words,
for through the words,
we speak forth worlds,
are all our markings scrawled
in colored chalk, awaiting coming rain?