

Grassland (The prairie wolf and the bee)
by Anna Bowen

The brush wolves hear your new name --
grassland
a top-of-the-soil translation
it comes to them over the downs
and turns their heads eastward

A whining call rises,
whoops circle Phragmites' mis-haloed head

The rusty patch bees, listening
imagine thicket swamps
map lines elude them
but they smell the rumour of willows

They read lines in a ridge of tall grass
the pollen of swamps,
dampness of rat burrows

The coyote's paw crushes barn grass near-silently
as it walks, as if on water
in the miracle of not-sinking.

The landfill breathes an audible breath
and across the trickster land
the prairie wolf calls.