

Driving through the Flint Hills

Julie A. Sellers

A Golden Shovel Poem after William Stafford's "Across Kansas"

A sunny breeze whispered in the tallgrass, and I
heard its echo of meadowlark and horizon as I drove,
resonating somewhere ancient and distant, down
in the depths of the chambers of my soul. An
unbounded symphony of sky and earth flanked an aisle
of humming gray under flying tires, a ribbon of
movement carrying me on its current of sound.