

## Children Pick Rocks

Children crouched low to the earth tilted  
like scrub brush a cruel prairie wind breathes  
as they bend blows as they pick and throw  
and pickandthrow andpickand throw  
ancient rocks hurl bits of ancient history  
into a rusted pickup for the promise of orange Fanta  
the mirage dances above simmering heads

as the wind whips

through their hair the wind

whines in their ears

the children rock as they scoop

totter as they toss the wind sweeps

through the fallow

through alfalfa

wind weaves

through grassy hillocks

whittles out coulees little by little

wind caresses cactus prickles sashays over rock piles wind

drives tumbleweeds and scatters dandelion seeds

the children watch the display stretch cramped backs  
turn charbroiled faces to catch a whiff  
of perfume from the pasture from Russian thistle  
brown-eyed Susan and sage content  
they continue to bend and toss and bend  
and toss until bending and tossing  
are the most natural things they could do  
on a windswept summer's afternoon.