

Dry Grass Singing

We wandered the veld
red dust crusting splayed toes,
searching
through brittle gold grass, hip high,
and found—
bones,
bleached white and fissured,
which we carried home,
not knowing then
we did not have to search for death.

Sometimes,
we found flame lilies
blazing in the dry grass,
fire red petals
gold tipped—tongues
on top of tender stems.
They died when we transplanted them.

I still seek
that fragile flame
in the fine dust
and frozen fields
of the prairie.

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