

Prairie Interview

Like someone whisking a microphone
back and forth between us.
You, I. Me, you.

Who ever found love recording
premeditated dialogue,
questions architected,
answers carved to fit?
Our conversation should be
semi-articulate, riotous,
unscreened, running
like prairie fire
from an innocent spark.

Away with stilt and form.
Let us spread ourselves
somewhere on a flat
uninhabited mile,
and bounce our posings,
our responses,
off the engulfing blue
of a satellite sky.

JOHN V. HICKS