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Rock

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Rock

Bill Elgersma

These prairie flats,
no stones, no trees, no lakes
but mostly, no rocks.

The Bible talks stones
casting stones, and mill stones
rolling stones, and hilltops
and tomb stones.

Peter the rock
and foundations built on stone
but this is dirt
clay and silt and sand and loam
rich to be sure,
but not rock

When the wind blows
the rock stands
but plains move
to pile up like mustached snowdrifts
black-tinted with ever fertile dustings

Buffalo grazed and moved and grazed
ruts and rivulets to follow their trenching hooves.
More delicate, the deer
still worn paths to watering holes
and better feed

This tender face, so quick to gouge
victim to the elements
stands firm to nothing
But gives with time
to absorb with peace
but not to shatter nor resist.

Perhaps this scape, this verdant mat
a maternal touch to a crusted world
shapes people and place and mind,
Softly given to teaching
Giving God's grace in a world of hard.