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When the Meadowlark Sings
From the Tire Swing Tree

Reed Gifford

My friend, the abominable meadowlark-
yellow breasted and perched afar,
whistles with wit,
that lambasting riff,
he is the foreman of this frontier.
My amusement, the rogue rancher-
weather tested and tried tired,
lumbers through the rattlesnake wheat.
A two by four in tow, covered in muddy blue plastic
he flips it on to his broad flannel shoulders, rests both wrists on the beam.
Takes a second to look up, before moving on,
he is crucified in grain.
My downfall, the rogue rancher’s daughter-
lily of life in land that is harsh,
she teeters on a tire swing,
hung from the same bow on which the lark is now perched.
Her favorite smell is new puppy,
and she blends well with honey.
She teases when she travels,
says it’s her that brought the sun.
In truth- she’s being followed.
Witness how her innocence can guilt-
even the gall of thunderhead clouds.
Neither rancher nor lark,
may take this from her.
She is purer than saturated sage meadows
in springtime release.
She is the reason
for the rogue rancher’s labors,
thus, she is the source
of the meadowlark’s warn.