Monarchs

Nancy McCleery

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Near Papillion, Nebraska, now and driving across the bridge over Papio Creek with one swallow and two meadowlarks, nine of them head into the wind toward the goldenrod, sunflowers and Queen Anne's Lace. I slow down to recall all the butterflies that once flew against the windshield of my car and died falling into a rush of air behind me. They pass before me flying only the song of their colors with the flowers. My eyes fill with the only voice they know, brief days. What the monarchs say is what I repeat, rising, resigning and falling on any warm prairie day. Old loves, new friends all fit into a small dominion where snow will come. Bright flowers at the feet of mastodons encased in milleniums of ice.