

RICHARD WOOLLATT

GIRL FROM THE FOREST CITY

She left behind
plump houses of yellow
brick & gingerbread
daffodils

 tulips &
 forsythia
umbrella elms &
 benign maples
sheltering citizens
like medieval arcades

and arrived
dazzled by sun
choked by dust
in a prairie town
where trees were scarce
as raindrops
only grain elevators
cast substantial shadows,
main street
 a wind tunnel
between the dominoes
of leaning store-fronts.

At night
instead of crickets
coyotes yapped
relentlessly
in an emptiness
that had no metaphor.

