

## Prairie Science

Lay upon the painted grass  
look up to clouds, swirling inside a plate-glass sky  
always becoming new

To understand  
be still  
let them show you

To Ithaca, and on  
there were new prairies  
new seas led to old worlds and dear friends  
and, always, new questions

About a world inside and  
outside our own  
where tiny riddles  
swirl inside a drop of air  
always becoming new

For the one who remembers  
the painted grass  
the plate-glass sky

Be still  
let them show you.

*J.L. Stanley*