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## Cloud-low BluegrassPortrait

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## Cloud-low Bluegrass Portrait

Out from under arches in Saint Louis she echoes clear to the east, standing in a wine-lit prairie expanse, singular and urgent as a silhouette.

My old friend will not miss tomato season.

She uprooted and drifts now, pulled through the sixth-month sex of the flatlands; shy under brush blankets, the wildflowers low and her dress, worn soft dog-eared like a violet bellows everything should be homespun..

In summer sweat straw hair turns a pale autumn; brown sticks like corn-wisps over eye corners as she turns earth with heel and toe-nail teeth where getting clean is easier than gripping water.

I broom dust out of my garage, watch bag worms feed, motionless suck a plumb to the pit to pass the dusk, beg to extend her days in the bushes.

By Emily Kay Carson