

Postcard From My Last Night as a South Dakota Farm Girl

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After Postcard to I. Kaminsky

I was leaving a land of buffalo grass for a city of rain and libraries. I asked the prairies to wait for me, not to become housebroken like the topiaries—trimmed 'til they've forgotten what they were. I filled my bags with alfalfa petals, a pheasant's feather, a scattering of topsoil, packed the scent of honey crisps at harvest time for my perfume. The bags felt heavy in my hands, but I clung to them, lingering as the coyotes sang their goodnights, howls floating like down over the hills. *Hurry*, the city beckoned, *this land-locked place can bring you nowhere*. But I knew the city knew nothing of wheat fields that rise and swell like sea. So I set my bags down and let the mourning dove be my lullaby for one more night.