

Tumbleweeds

Ted Kooser

It seems they're all males, with the females far out at the end
of the wind, not necessarily waiting, but there.

The weeds tumbling past us are all overweight, pushy, coarse,
shouldering each other out of the way, and

those too fat to make it up over the fences aren't offered help,
but left behind panting and helpless

while the rest bound along, shakily, toward a finishing line
that retreats and retreats, a wind-driven horizon.