

# Pasque Flower in Repitition

Lane Henson

I was born a sister to fox, my mother  
den-bound, wearing grassland's disguise. A curve of  
river through the luminous clearing. Dust in  
sun-shaft and aster.

Voices disappear on the lilac air. When  
wind was born, a brother to bear, these maples  
flamed. What benediction was read there? Slowly  
cottonwood arms bend

into veining canopies. Dancing red-winged  
blackbirds' shrill. Unhastening sapphire sky. Oh  
river, carry everything home I can't. Rage  
turbulent, holy.

Empty fenceline, tremulous skin. Distilled age.  
I have done my fathering: I hold claim to  
nothing. Here, I break through the soil, find light, your  
prairie of language.