



## Fall/Earth

I do not want to forget the direction  
of the moon's rise on a clear night—  
that way's east towards home, east  
where miles of desolation runs  
to Kansas.

The full moon rose last night  
while I lay dreaming of the sod house  
and howling, windy plains  
where yesterday's past  
was left behind.

I do not want to forget what  
I thought to carry with me: my sister's  
voice singing with the pump organ,  
hauling water for miles during  
droughts, dust every where.

We were cut down into that flat prairie,  
had to be to weather the storms. It's not  
much better here. I do not want to forget  
my sister's voice singing with the pump  
organ we couldn't carry.

*A response to: Moon and Half Dome, Yosemite Valley 1960*