

## From Prairie

O prairie mother, I am one of your boys.

I have loved the prairie as a man with a heart shot full of pain over love.

Here I know I will hanker after nothing so much as one more sunrise, or a sky moon  
of fire doubled to a river moon of water.

I speak of new cities and new people.

I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes.

I tell you yesterday is a wind gone down,

A sun dropped in the west.

I tell you there is nothing in the world

Only an ocean of tomorrows, a sky of tomorrows.

I am a brother of the cornhuskers who say at sundown:

Tomorrow is a day.

—CARL SANDBURG

