

The Rural Child

Sheri Samson

Dear Child

I stand gazing at vast, endless skies, wildlife uncontained
looking upon our land without fences,
all is lying wide open - Mother Nature's welcoming arms-
strands of long grasses are bending over,
and I smell the mink-brown soil that is soft between my bare toes.

Our Northern Nevada wind is gently upon us
swiftly swings my hair outta my face,
forces me to hold my leather cowboy hat,
the one purchased at the Lattin Farm Fair today,
use it to cover the hole in my work shirt, not quite tucked into my Wrangler jeans.

The full sun is setting a hard-cast orange tonight
intensifying the skies like a painter's palette,
multiple colors touch our barren land-
an adoring kinship, our nature and nurturing spirit,
are life extending, fix everything many times over so it can last.

Soon I will walk inside our humble home, screen door slamming
watch the secret light of the bright moon shine in
clearest of skies, allow the nighttime stars to beam and dance-
that simple pleasure that the big towns never enjoy,
no interruptions, limitless, unbridled outer space revealing its full self.

Five generations of our heritage, a vintage family, will meet up tomorrow.
Kids will ride bikes, dogs will run beside us, Oats Park in sight.
Antique moments will happen, with sepia-toned photos shared.
Open hugs will show adoring kinships, even with new friends,
the stories of forged poverty and hard work will positively be shared.

Great loyalty emerges to God, to Country, to those that were Battle Born.
With sputters from shaky voices, they will openly speak of pride and sacrifice.
They work dawn to dusk, they plan around the daylight hours.
Gratitude gets high marks and prayers come forth without hesitation.

Lovingly Signed, The Rural Child
- and sadly, our generation is almost gone