

To the Trailblazers

Davis Fowlow

Big bluestem rustles
through communal gales
of the tempest
cloaked in suits and ties.

The squall
scratches
its throat
raw,
acquiring
a leave of absence.

Muzzled weeping
escapes
on days free
from ripples
in virile
tainted waters
that cast a hue of red.

Cries synthesize.
One fell swoop
steamrolls
the legislative sod.

Ruby,
a touch of tattered satin,
interlaced
with callused flesh,
wedges stones
on the trampled grass:
relics of antiquity.

A linear array
of scuff-marked strength.
A tiny thousand voices
escaping
through indestructible stones,
“Welcome, Kamala.”

Through hopeful tomorrows
that escort the morning sun,
shadows of the trailblazers
linger on.