

FRANCIS LUNNEY

Postcard from Blue Earth, Minnesota

The children walk the muddy banks
of the slow-moving river, search weedy shallows
for bullfrogs, and fish for yellow perch with canned corn.
The only mountain in town is the salt pile
behind the Public Works. With the snowy cold,
the mountain shrinks to a hill, ice melt spreads on the highway,
winter wheat ripens in the sun under a cloudless sky
that travels on across the plains. A red-tailed hawk sails
over the harvested field. Mice rustle leftover grain
from the threshers. I am living my life without you,
finished with these lonely travels. I can find love
in this town if I stay.