

For Dallas from Kansas, the Badass

by Carol Feiser Laque

He tinkers—digging words oceanic
across Kansas, a first and last Sky Blue.
His species maps birth to death.

The poet is a precious designer
of skittle steps across
peril drowning in love and loss.

He watched a deep convoluted mystery
the soul of things blooming
covered with frost at Spring Grove Cemetery.

Dallas lived crazy, raging—a pious
Mennonite full of constellations
and moony Rituals asleep—

Dead, exhausted with tears and grief.
He wanders in herds of ghosts
leaving flowers on the grave of his love.

He has walked and written
Kansas poems all along
eternity's joyous, tearful road.