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Senses of Place

By Elizabeth Schultz

"Cicadas"

Kansas summers,
Kyoto summers,
Stitched together
By cicada sound.
Three children walk
In morning mist
Toward a shrine
With a pet cicada
On a string leash.
My mother offers
Me a cicada husk,
Light as a tear,
All sound escaped.
Bright green and
Yellow threads
Of sound shimmer,
Sewing earth to sky,
Sacred memories
Into a light quilt
Of summer.

"Out Here"

Out here, the earth breathes.
Inhaling and exhaling clouds
In pulsating puffs and guffaws.
Stretching and spreading
To the edge of the sky,
In mid-day heat, its panting
Is an iridescent shimmy,
In late afternoon cold,
An opalescent palpitation.
With forests and mountains
Unnecessary, the horizon
Vibrates unencumbered.
Out here, it ripples
With minimal metaphors.

"Flint Hills"

On a May morning,
We set out from harbor,
Over the bottom of the sea,
Moss-green as a tortoise's back.
Haze erased the horizon,
Waves washed the sky,
While buzzards swam
And sighed above us.

Elizabeth Schultz, author and KLT
member, explores her own response to
the natural world in "Senses of Place," a
Stewardship Notes feature.