

## Offerings

This place makes us leave bits of ourselves behind—the years of our youth,  
a finger in the combine, even the farm when the crops won't yield,  
abandoned house overtaken by the wildness it was meant to settle,  
prairie grass and the trees moving in, holding things upright.

A hardening happens here, work and weather making us tough and brittle  
like cicadas, giving us all we can handle until we are just a shell.  
When we think we've had enough we squeeze from the husk  
and fly somewhere else, always returning to chirp the same song with the others.

Perhaps the Plains have earned it, the years, the house, our brittle bodies.  
These are our hard offerings to this hard place. But we survive,  
however marked. There are more years. The house still stands.  
And up close, the fallen skeletons are delicate, amber and translucent.

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