

The Land Speaks

by Angela (Angie) Trudell Vasquez

The land speaks to me calls from outside the car window we pass valleys, hills what glaciers made 10,000 years ago when people moved to the edges of newborn waters where ice chunks broke off became kettle lakes the sign says basins where ice lay depressions frozen in time melt mark the earth become altered landscapes birth novel plants where fish feed and frogs sing and mushrooms grow round white saucer hats that tip over in spring from the weight of their halo christening. Blue indigo buntings fly by the stars, chart moonlight migrations while we humans sleep our feathered friends leap follow the call to move, swans and geese congregate. See sixteen pelicans preen, their necks dip to drink, undulate herding fish in the water, they dance in rhythm, circle the prey, fin species, their beaks lead fish to a net made out of ripples, bubbles of gas and air, lethal concentric circles culling names unknown...

Before telescopes

night watchers moon shine parades

dinosaur return.