

Somewhere in the Prairies

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Somewhere in the Prairies

by Agnes Bellegris

I stood outside the passenger side of my car
And stared at the blank beauty of the bluebird sky.
The snow was damaged by the tire trail
Of a singular pickup truck in four-wheel drive
that had chosen to venture out on that snowy sideroad.
It had come and gone and left its tracks as a souvenir.
We were the only ones passing by now,
With two sisters and their little brother in the backseat.
They would have preferred to throw snowballs at each other
But the snow was too dry to mould in their hands.
Instead, they stretched their legs while I took my photo.
“Listen,” I said to the children. “What do you hear?”
“Nothing” they said. “You’re mistaken,” I replied.
We stood in silence and heard it again.
It was the breeze, singing its crisp swish chorus
As it kissed our cheeks. And when we moved our feet,
The snow’s gorgeous crunch song under our boots
Began its rhyme.
The prairie sky offered its delight too.
The geese passed by in a perfect V
Filling the air with their annual harmony.
In defence of nothing, the children agreed
That this visual feast was something in the sunlit blue
Sky and snow as far as our eyes could see.