Landscape

Emily Woline

*Iowa State University

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Landscape

By Emily Woline

Pale veins curve over ridges of tendons, knuckle and across the wide plain of my hand and wrist.
Long fingers stretch to octave and verses word tapestries
paintbrushes
acrylic blues
and black
soil clinging to rhizomes.
Rough and firm scarred
A clean, honest hand
Callused and worn
Life textures
of Iowa’s
Life textures
Callused and worn
By combines, tractors
Honest, straight
Corn rows, county lines
and dirt roads leading to red barns
green hills
Chester whites
Black Angus wandering
fields of Purple Coneflowers
Black-Eyed Susans and the elusive pink Prairie Rose.
Long yellow sunbeams stretch over wide rolling Grant Wood hills
and golden harvested gardens deepening through scarlet, gold, twilight to night.
Pale veins of rivers, streams, creeks curve across the wide plain, sheltered by oaks and black walnuts, the life textures echoing me.