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Flint Hills Prairie

Daniel R. Wildcat

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FLINT HILLS PRAIRIE

Impossible — to capture the beauty, the power, of the prairie
in a photo, words, painting, or symphony,
And yet, we try — why?
Because when standing surrounded by her beauty
When one is fully present, one stands in awe.
A place where there are no borders, no boundaries
Only horizons, where the earth touches the sky
Where the horizon is an invitation to imagination.

Yes, the prairie can be harsh, a place of extremes.
Hot, cold, wind, the weather makes one take notice.
Minus a roof and walls, one can easily be tested —
With no intent to produce fear, but to encourage respect
For her rolling hills and the life and power therein.

How long can the prairie roll like thunder
And the land take on so many subtle hues
From verdant greens with sprinkled colors in spring and summer
To pale yellows, browns, and reds in fall and winter?
How long ... the Flint Hills, a landscape where the shifting
light and darkness of the sky
Change our view of the beauty around us.

A February day where the hills possess an austere beauty.
Where the sky is overcast with silver blue stratus clouds
And the light is translucent — diffused — not so much
Illuminating the prairie as lightly shading her
Bringing forth mid-winter hues — subtle earth tones
of brown and yellow.

For those driving through who find her dull on such a day
I say — you're not looking — you cannot see.
Because you're only driving through to get
to the next town

Going 75 mph in your car, thinking about where you're going.
Just slow down.
Take a walk on the prairie.
You will be surprised at what you find.

Daniel R. Wildcat