

**Grassland (The prairie wolf and the bee)**  
**by Anna Bowen**

The brush wolves hear your new name --  
grassland  
a top-of-the-soil translation  
it comes to them over the downs  
and turns their heads eastward

A whining call rises,  
whoops circle Phragmites' mis-haloed head

The rusty patch bees, listening  
imagine thicket swamps  
map lines elude them  
but they smell the rumour of willows

They read lines in a ridge of tall grass  
the pollen of swamps,  
dampness of rat burrows

The coyote's paw crushes barn grass near-silently  
as it walks, as if on water  
in the miracle of not-sinking.

The landfill breathes an audible breath  
and across the trickster land  
the prairie wolf calls.