

was out here on the prairies (which bloom so delicately each June with an array of miniature flowers) when he wrote in "Walking" that he always ambled westward toward freedom.

Someday, maybe, I shall return to my native Pennsylvania with her warm and gentle hills as densely wooded as are those of Buddhist Japan. But twenty years of living here in the sometimes plutonian landscapes of the American West have given my spirit certain energies which shall always be retained within. Edward Abbey (another native Pennsylvanian) says of the Colorado Plateau that "the land here is like a great book or a great symphony; it invites approaches toward comprehension on many levels from all directions." He is right. And so much the more so on a winter plain, where memories of earlier golden sunflowers and purple larkspur on a warm, green prairie come to life. These rich sensations of the prairie complement so forcefully the seemingly intangible, invisible human spirit that it indeed becomes somehow felt and seen.

Yes, the great circle of the prairie gives the soul a wholeness that is almost comprehensible.



### **Priscilla Long**

#### TO CALIFORNIA

The road that leads away from you  
winds through semi-arid land:  
red earth cut by canyons.  
I follow a dry streambed

into the unknown.  
The plants are strangely succulent  
and feelings come in twisted shapes.  
I walk alone, old as the chaparral

now. Like the brown hills I go  
down to the immense sea.