A day swept away
Chelsea Peterson

Blowing coolly across the prairie and my neck,
The swift wind carries the morning away.
Gusts come and go,
Each taking a part of the day with it
One takes the chilled dew-tipped morning
The next the rising heat
Another the high noon
And the humid afternoon
Sweeping and sweeping away the time
Until, the day
Gone
Rustles in the tree leaves up over the hill to the east
Parting with the last wind