

**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