

by Kevin Kelleher

How now art thou, my Minnesota flow'r?
Is the south sun as bright as in the north,
Or does it slag across the sky and glow'r,
Sad to be free from its most favorite course?
I hear that northwards snowflakes do descend
Coax'd out 'the clouds by temp'rature's low note.
But here, down south, no beauty falls to mend
The chilling cold that tries my heart to smote.
They say that in the land of purple 'n gold
No sorrow's felt, no time is ripe for woe.
And when I'm far away, that which I'm told
Seems truer to me than else that I know.

My girl, let not the icy hands of Fall
Fall, too, on us, on what is best of all.

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