

Easter Comes to Tom Green County

for Kay

The road's a flat-felled seam of dust stretched taut
Beneath a stone-washed Texas sky. I don't
Get out here much these days. *You must*
Stay pretty busy with that job back east,

Says B.C., riding shotgun, as the miles
Roll by. From Abilene to Robert Lee
The scene's the same old same old, harrowed fields,
Rusted pumpjacks, barbed-wire, purple sage.

We pass the cattle auction and the lake.
It rained this March, he says after a spell.
Come a norther, more'n we seen in years.
The green of the mesquite trees bears him out.

Around the curve the pickup switches gears;
We're well into hill country, heading south
Across the county line. Not long to go
Before the gathering in San Angelo. And then

The landscape changes like a trumpet blast:

Bluebonnets blanket every rocky slope.
Man, Dad, you ever see a sight like that?
He thinks about the question. *Nope.* I see
The tear well up. He brims his Stetson

Lower, looks away across the blue
Profusion, daisies sprinkled in like gold.
Dry majesty, thorn-circled, flower-crowned,
A carpet for a king, these desert hills.

Nobody plants 'em there, you know. The seed's
Just lying in the ground. In times of drought
It waits, he tells me. It can keep until
The rains come. And when they do, at last . . .

He looks away across the blue.

BARBARA BRANNON