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## Courting a Prairie??

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## Courting a Prairie??

"We know you are off  
the deep end  
about prairies, but  
this is  
too much.

What can we tell your wife?"

My friends are tolerant,  
you see, but --  
well, they don't understand.

This prairie of mine; no, it  
isn't really mine.  
This prairie is my friend. She  
really is that.  
I know her moods, her many  
moods. She's lots older'n  
me, too; lots older. She's real  
special, though,  
and I think she likes me.

I go out to see her whenever I can;  
even in the rain.  
She's pretty in snow; yes, and in an  
ice storm  
she sparkles.

You can't exactly  
say  
she sparkles in the  
springtime;  
better to say she glows. Then  
she puts a golden sprig  
of *Lithospermum*  
in her hair.

Her hair is snarled,  
sometimes,  
with prickly brambles, so  
I cut them out, but  
I leave the wild roses,  
even though they're scratchy.

She likes her Shooting Stars.  
In fact she's quite famous for  
*Dodecatheon media*, which is Latin, I  
guess, for a  
very dainty nodding flower  
that looks like it folded its  
petals back,

sort of streamlined,  
as though ready to take off  
like a shooting star.

My fellow botanists and  
biologists,  
taxonomists and ecologists,  
are sure I  
even talk to my prairie.

Well, I do!

I get down on my knees to  
cut out the willows that  
threaten  
her special beauty.  
On my knees  
I get to see and share  
her secrets about  
what's to bloom next week.

I tell her she's charming,  
and she is!

It's not so dumb to court  
a prairie,  
especially since she often  
tells me stories,  
and delights in surprising  
me with new events every week.

She may be old, but she's  
able to program an  
endless variety of  
spectaculars!

She's a winner! She's your  
friend too, you know! If you are  
too bashful to talk to her, then  
learn to listen. She's fun!

--Arnold H. Webster,  
who talks to prairies