

A Place in Kansas

—for Jon Gierlich

Somewhere in Kansas, a friend found
an empty stone house alone in a wheatfield.
Over the door was incised a ship's anchor.
There was no one to ask
what that anchor was doing in Kansas,
no water for miles.
Not a single white sail of a meaning
broke the horizon, though he stood there for hours.
It's like that in Kansas, forever.

—Ted Kooser