

## Broken Sonnet

Each day I miss the Keya Paha braided  
with sandbars, birds and bugs stitching  
songs to bottomless mornings. I miss  
the soft bend of road under cottonwoods,  
a rotten zipline to the far unknowable shore,  
cousins slogging endless beanrows, pulling  
a pipe for riverwater, tractor plopping ahead of us.

Forever I miss my long gone uncle working  
a toothpick between gapped teeth—his bronchitic  
chortle in TV light. I still miss my aunt's hands  
ruffling my summer hair, sending me to read  
comic books under cottonwoods in the farmhouse  
yard before time took it all away. I miss the Keya  
Paha sun-warmed knee-deep whispering stay.