

Rachel Austin

Blue Grama Drum Rondeau

Are you really free? Asks a creek-side sign
That the Boulder Republicans left behind.
Lanky boys on the stones, scattering birds
Cracking ice on the current, testing their nerve
They seek a drum, don't you? To mark time.

Blue grama grows round the old, empty mine
Snow sticks to the needles of sweet-smelling pine
The arch of the sky holds its unending curve
Are you really free?

Blue grama east to the horizon line,
Listening for rain from this high-color sky
Remembering bison, in thick-flowing herds
Seeking a drum, aren't you? In your words,
Do you resonate deep, can you mark your time
Are you really free?