

Ode to Grant Wood

I want your America
of rolling hills
sunburned men planting trees and working their farms
aproned women, of motherhood enthroned with her scepter of sharp pointed plants,
of the stern northern renaissance faces in front of the Gothic window

I want your peaceful, undisturbed America
the steady warm light on the grassy hills
of perfect circles of foliage on each tree
the exact rows of corn
of white clapboard homes and red school houses
the Stone City

Perhaps you too longed for an earlier time
when our first President, even as a boy,
could not tell a lie

Grant, I want the America in your paintings
tranquil
reverent
harmonious
hopeful
with everything in it's rightful place

Grant taps me on the shoulder and lets me know -
This is the power of art, to make us remember a time and place that
never existed.