"Wrought by Red"
by S. Kierstan Barbre
Tie: 2014 Prize for Poetry

When summer winds go sweeping down these plains,
curled clay cries for rain.
The earth is whittled down
in this forgotten sunset of Dis.

Curled clay cries for rain
as terra cotta goes wild.
In this forgotten sunset of Dis,
the land is wrought by red.

As terra cotta goes wild,
the red silt leaves its signature.
The land is wrought by red;
nothing is left untouched.

The red silt leaves its signature;
the earth is whittled down.
Nothing is left untouched
when summer winds go sweeping down these plains.