**“If You Are Not From the Prairie”**

**David Bouchard**

If you’re not from the prairie,

You don’t know the sun,

You can’t know the sun.

Diamonds that bounce off of crisp winter snows,

Warm waters in dugouts and lakes that we know.

The sun is our friend from where we are young,

A child of the prairie is part of the sun.

If you are not from the prairie,

You don’t know the sun.

If you’re not from the prairie,

You don’t know the wind,

You can’t know the wind.

Our cold winds of winter cut right to the core

Hot summer wind devils can blow down the door.

As children we know when we play any game,

The wind will be there, yet we play just the same.

If you’re not from the prairie you don’t know the wind.

If you’re not from the prairie,

You don’t know the sky,

You can’t know the sky.

The bold prairie sky is clear, bright, and blue,

Though sometimes cloud messages give us a clue.

Monstrous grey mushrooms can hint of a storm,

Or painted pink feathers say good-bye to the warm.

If you’re not from the prairie,

You don’t know the sky.

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