

Discovering Iowa

Our airplane traverses the sky, in decent, a cloudy day
below, but above that, so sunny.

Now, between layers of cotton, getting darker. The haze of
the fogs softens the starkness of reality. We're still smooth
and gentle, though, by the hand of an exquisite pilot.

The second shroud of water vapor brings nearing night.
And then, as if queued, we push through the bottom, the
first thing seen, a bright red barn stolen from a pre-K
picture book. Beyond that, grain silos and rolling green
hills.

Thank you, Iowa. The Americana of lore lives here, like
the intent of the Forth of July, every year, without the
pretentious pomp of bad bad Neil Diamond songs.

Middle America.