



Lands, like people, come to be known in generalities, but such generalities are false and incomplete. Differences mean even more than similarities do, and life is everywhere expressed in variety and contrast, expanding and changing.

Every one thing is *itself* first, and to see one thing at a time as itself is true knowledge.

We offer here a few moments in time, small niches in space intended to open the eyes and engage the mind by being for an instant only what they are and what they alone imply.

THE FLINT HILLS

Time rests across the prairie
 easy, lingering,
Stretches out the mind
 to where the eye can see to.

Distance is the present here
 and far is real as near is.

No secret and no past--
 but only Now
that folds the days down,
gentle.

Those daily patterns
that our feet have known
Ask for the eyes as well.



How does this white so etch each edge
fragile, delicate,
Where was rich rustling yesterday.



The water wins-- a while.
But wait.
The patient sun
will steady back to
living soon.





The roaming waters spread
a fragile net,
catch shadows and their leaves
in autumn.

In grass, like seas,
more beats and breathes below
Than man can guess at
passing.





The grasses weave themselves
to shelter
For small hidden lives
to run in, safe.

Oak and elm and hickory
share sunlight
till the fall shall shed
such brightness to
The forest-floors for keeping.





In sky and grass is music,
silent songs
tuned and toned
to color-rhythms.

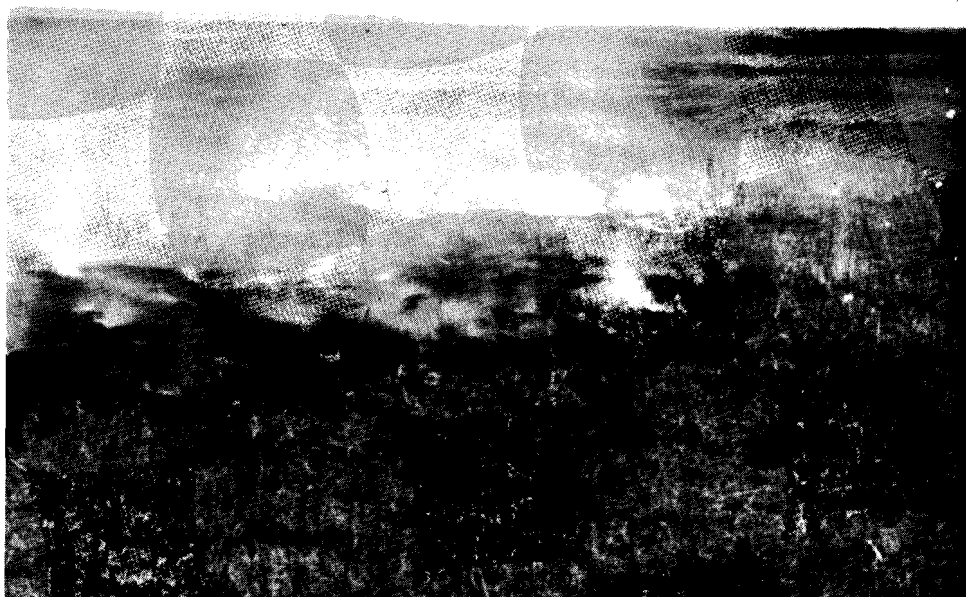
Strength at the core
ungiving, raw, and ageless
bone of the living earth.

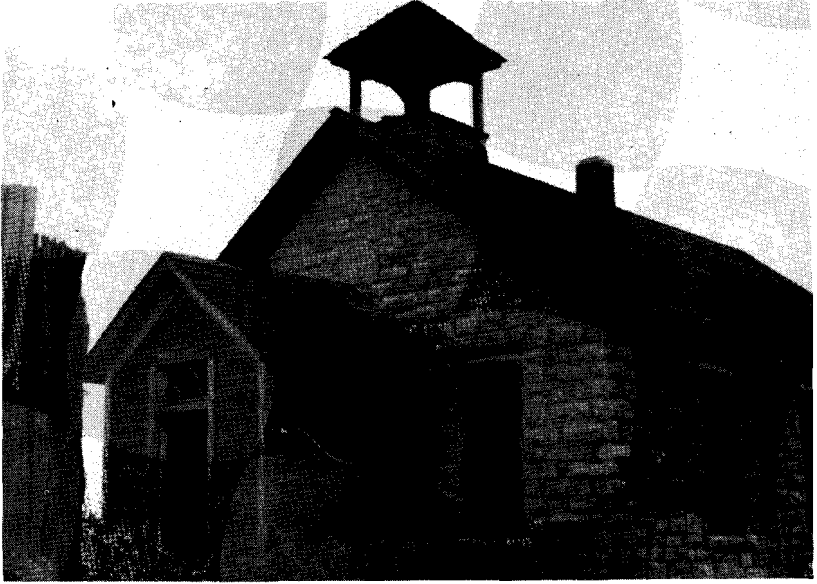




Never twice but moving, moving--
formless form
like dreaming--
free.

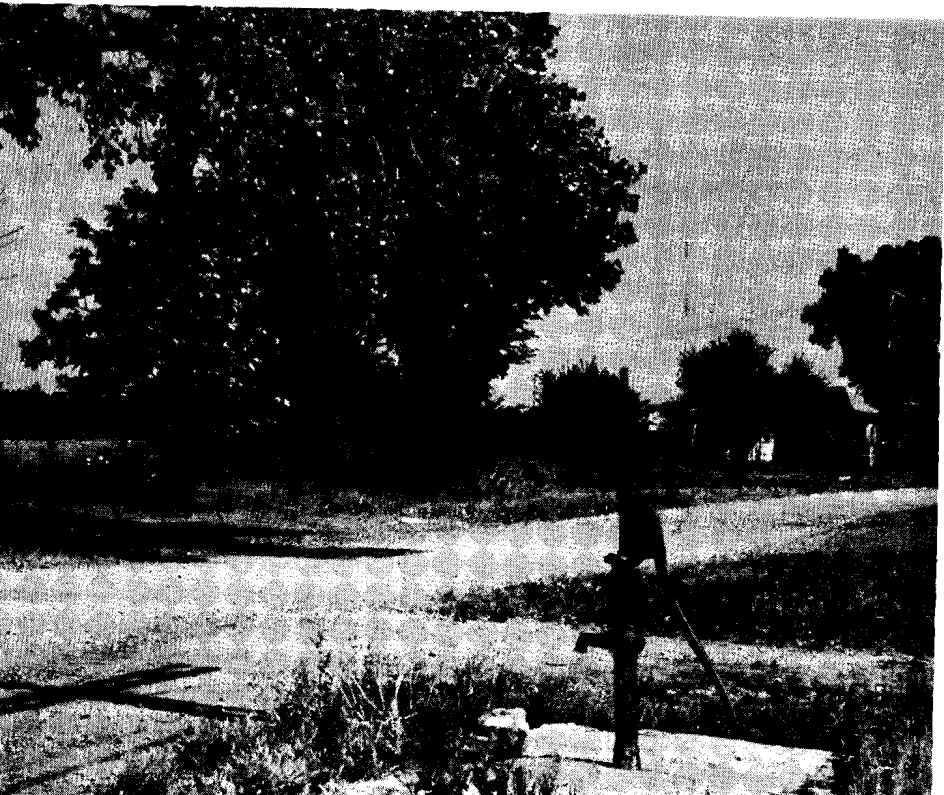
A curling line
flows on the prairie floor
And black behind it
loops
like wave on shore.

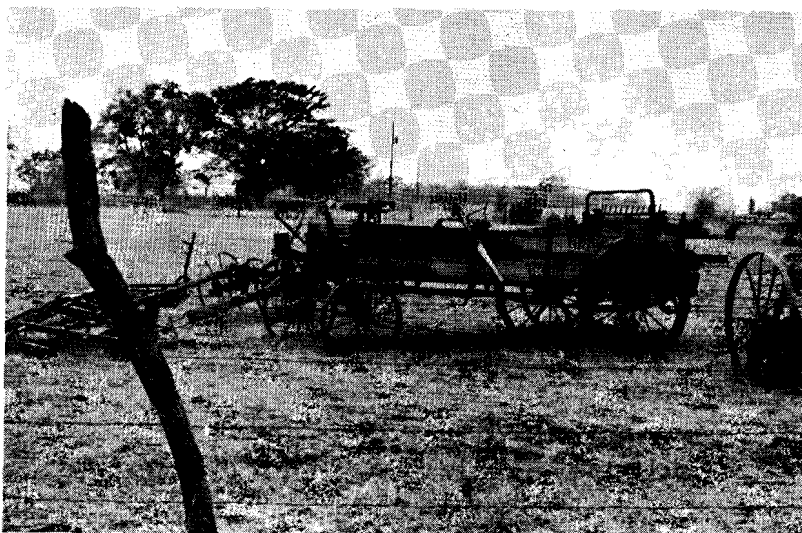




What patient day-by-day
was here
in season,
Whispered sharing, unsaid wonder
stilled and living yet.

Cool cups of talk and meeting
lie beneath,
not called for now,
remembered gently.



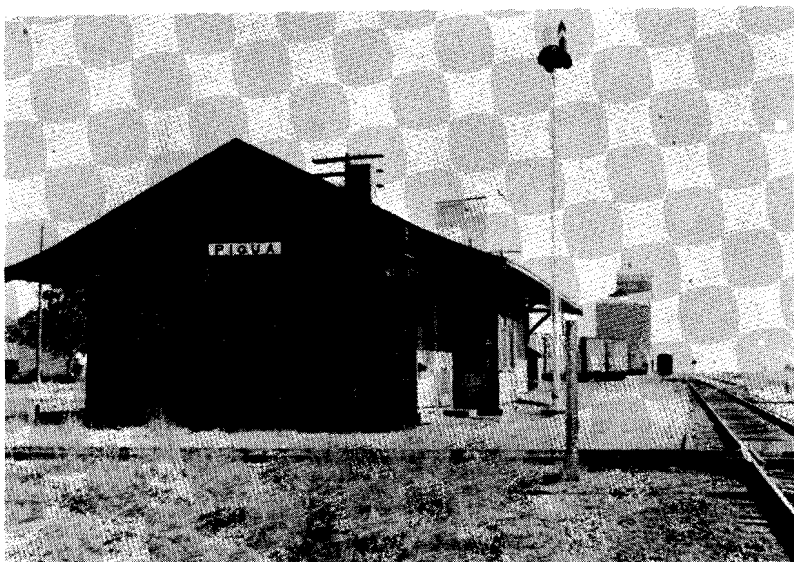


Venerable and resting now
like those who
felt the hard clean working
when the day was
theirs to do.

A road comes by from far to here--
a nod, a pause,
then goes on to everywhere.



The going West and West
carried the miles away
leaving only Here
and a lonely whistle floating
on the mind of memory.



The wide earth too has clouds--
like sky but other;
fire and water,
black and the shining sun.





Life goes from rich
and complex
To this bare simplicity
alone.

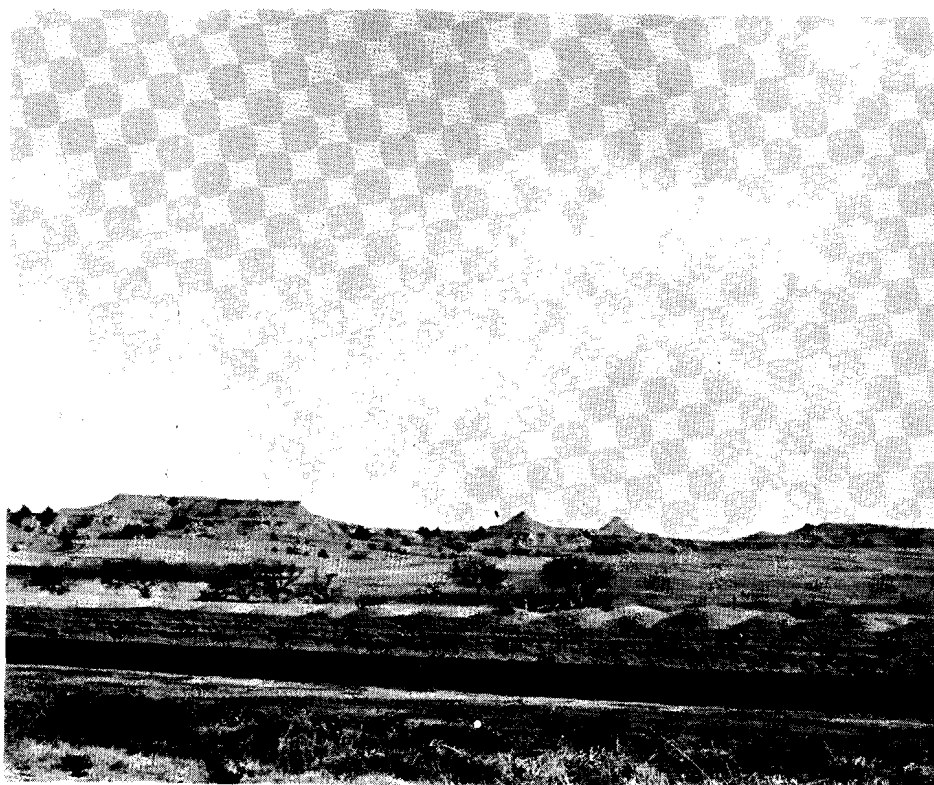
The eye runs down the edge of sight
and waits there patient
for the mind to follow
on these paths of purpose,
silent rhythm.





From flail to wheel
a man knows harvest
by its grain:
the hard sweet taking,
sun from earth
and hand to hand
again.

A wide red land
where worlds ago
are visible and now.





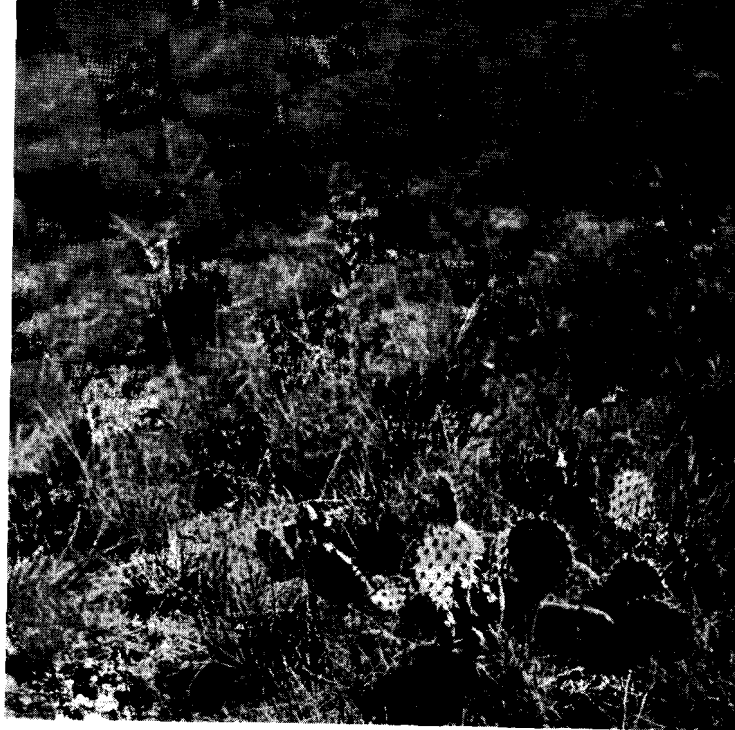
Rich is many things to earth:
the growing, waiting, heading out
to harvest.

The river leaves its markers
though it knows the shore
by touch.



This skeleton is rich
with ages' treasure
born of an ancient sun.

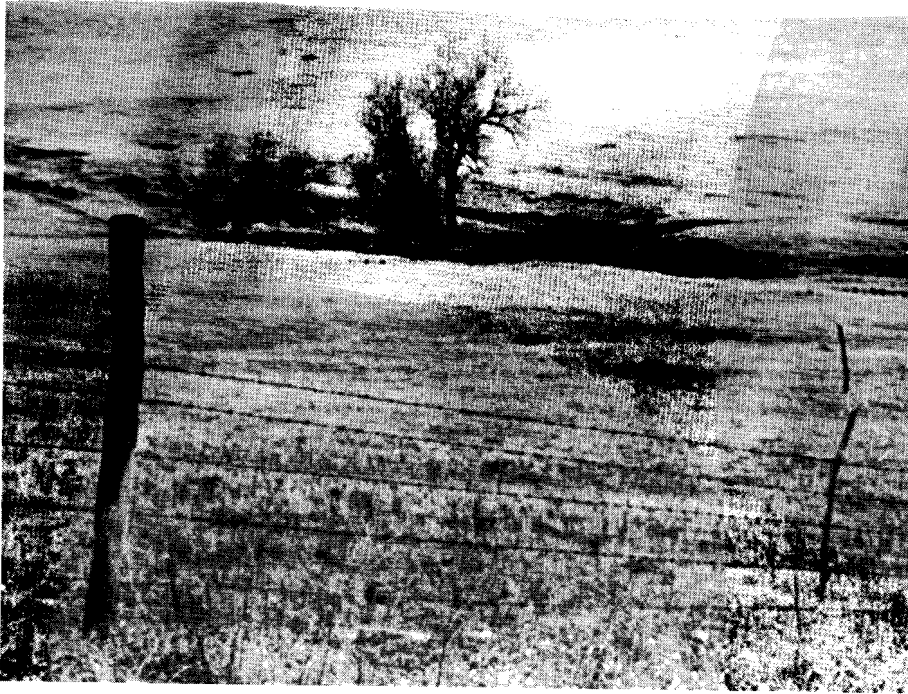




Patterns of defiance,
not soft like grasses--
Yucca, cactus, sage
and prickly-pear.



Yarrow: brightness scattered
on the brown and green
like grace-notes in the
prairie's song.



What is one edge in all this lying?
Man's weak attempt to stretch
his mark on vastness.

This issue of *Heritage of Kansas* started somehow, somewhere, somewhen from a love of the outdoors, and of people, and of sharing. It came about because of the fresh eyes of the photographer and the fresh eyes of the poet. It came about because of their realization that most of us forget to look around us, because we forget that the Kansas stereotype does not really fit: the state is not just drab and flat.

The ideas for this *Heritage* grew and changed and came to life, and now "Kansas Varieties—A Mosaic of Picture-Poems" comes to you.

The word-artist, the poet, is Geraldine Hammond, Professor of English at the University of Wichita. Dr. Hammond takes time to translate life into sounds sometimes, to awaken thoughts that have been dormant in our own minds. She has no illusions about the state: it is beautiful and ugly, gentle and cruel, barren and prolific.

The picture-artist, the photographer, is Wilma Dunlap, instructor in the biological sciences at Wichita High School West. Among many other avocations, she spends time looking at things anew, and taking pictures of them. She, too, recognizes Kansas for what it is—and respects both its goodness and badness.

"Kansas Varieties—A Mosaic of Picture-Poems" did not start out as a tribute to Kansas . . . and it does not reach you as that. Actually it is a tribute to those of you who will take time to really see what the fresh eyes have to say, and then will use your own new awareness to look about you.

Vol. 1, No. 1, *Men Against The Frontier*, February, 1957 (no longer available); Vol. 1, No. 2, *The Red Man Lives*, May, 1957; Vol. 1, No. 3, *Buffalo: Lord of the Plains*, August, 1957; Vol. 1, No. 4, *To Live in Symbols*, November, 1957.

Vol. 2, No. 1, *Trails of Steel*, February, 1958; Vol. 2, No. 2, *That a State Might Sing*, May, 1958; Vol. 2, No. 3, *A Myth Takes Wings*, August, 1958; Vol. 2, No. 4, *Kansas: Study in Contrasts*, November, 1958.

Vol. 3, No. 1, *Kansans Talk Tall*, February, 1959.

Vol. 4, No. 1, *Geography and Weather of Kansas*, February, 1960; Vol. 4, No. 2, *Fencing the Prairies*, May, 1960; Vol. 4, No. 3, *Free Range and Fencing*, September, 1960 (no longer available); Vol. 4, No. 4, *Some Place Names of Kansas*, November, 1960.

Vol. 5, No. 1, *Some Ghost Towns of Kansas*, February, 1961; Vol. 5, No. 2, *Kansas History and Folksong*, May, 1961 (no longer available); Vol. 5, No. 3, *Kansas Play-Party Games*, September, 1961; Vol. 5, No. 4, *Homemade Toys from Kansas*, November, 1961.

Vol. 6, No. 1, *The Kansas Indians*, February, 1962; Vol. 6, No. 2, *The Potawatomes of Kansas*, May, 1962; Vol. 6, No. 3, *The Kickapoos of Kansas*, September, 1962; Vol. 6, No. 4, *The Iowas, Sacs and Foxes of Kansas*, November, 1962.