

Kansas Glaciers

Off Paw-Paw Creek Road,
we reach the glacier's edge.
The erratics, roseate, quartzite
rocks, outcasts among our
commonplace limestone clasts,
they stud the dark green summer
prairie, transported from remote
northern lands, and we turn
north, envisioning implacable
ice squeezing toward us.

Later, down the road, the eminent
geologist stops us beside a hillside,
cobbled with these boulders and
cow pies. He describes a bank
of rotting granite, suggesting
an earlier glacier. We try to hear it,
crushing forests or swamps,
whatever preceded everlasting prairie.

An overcast day, a sun-stabbed
sky, perhaps inevitable when
the sun approaches mid-September
Equinox. No ossuaries here,
no fossilized ferns or scales, only
the implacable stones, the swish
and sway of vigorous grass,
and the scent of Anthropocene,
insidious and incremental.

~ Elizabeth Schultz

Elizabeth Schultz, after retiring from teaching at the University of Kansas and from doing academic writing, turned to essays, a memoir, and poetry. Her essays are published in *The Nature of Kansas Lands*, the memoir in *Shoreline: Seasons at the Lake*, and the poetry in numerous reviews and five books: *Conversations*, *Her Voice*, *The Sauntering Eye: Kansas Meditations*, *Mrs. Noah Takes the Helm*, and *The Quickening*