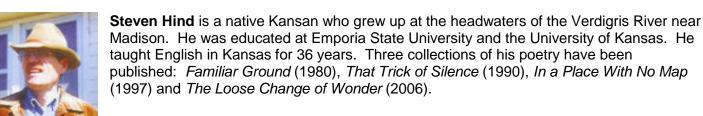


Steven Hind

Distinguished Kansas Poet

E-mail



Hind's poetry has been published in periodicals, including Cottonwood, Farmer's Market, Midwest Quarterly, Inscape, Ellipsis, Kansas Quarterly, American Land Forum, and Kansas English. His poems have been printed in various anthologies, including 30 Kansas Poets, Kansas Voices, The Book of Contemporary Myth, and As Far As I Can See.

He served as editor of Young Kansas Writers for five years and has been a book talk presenter for the Kansas Humanities Council since 1986. "Poetry is a mediation between feeling and experience, a guiding light, and a demonstration of how language works."

At Home in a Word

You call this blanket of grass Prairie, because you were born a member of a tribe who took to the lean feast in that name. Your lips hold the word in to give thanks just so: Prairie, you say, and hear the grass speaking through the thorny wind season after season. You sit wrapped in that word.

From In a Place With No Map: New and Selected Poems Topeka: Woodley Press, 1997: 14

Ghost Dance

The blue shirt in which my father died chafes my skin with the dried sweat of his race. The bullfrogs punctuate the river's whisper.

My steps step uncertain steps in the dust as lightning forks the west, a flash turning the darkness to dream: The river runs deep, swimming with fish, where coyote comes to the shore.

"Brother, it is good to see you. Tonight will be a feast, and every animal will tell the story of the ancestors. You will find a place beneath the trees and know the story of your kind so long denied.

And all of us will feel the embrace of life in a world that fits its rightful place.

Excursion

Climb through a missing window in a country house and you enter the ghost of another life. Tempered by years of weather, a flowered wallpaper rots in ribbons to the whisper of wind through the empty windows. That stove-less chimney, the creak at the top of the stairs, the open trunk with its rummaged junk, a torn tintype of someone's stiff-backed ancestor – the upper room becalmed with emptiness as your breath whispers, Yes, yes, I know: loss is forever. I know now.

Stafford Ball Back Home

"Blunders cry out information."

William Stafford, Daily Writing

We never report our scores.
No one in our league does.
Our uniforms are camouflage
jerseys and shorts. We play
in the old cow lot and change
the rules once we know them.
The lazy give up and go pro,
if they're grim enough. Sometimes,
we all get a trophy: Least Valuable
Player. I won again last week.

From The Loose Change of Wonder

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