Dispatches from the Grasslands
Poems From a Prairie Workshop

Roberta Cross
Marcella East
Dorian Gossy
Madonna Hamel
Roger Mitchell
Dispatches from the Grasslands
Poems From a Prairie Workshop

Roberta Cross
Marcella East
Dorian Gossy
Madonna Hamel
Roger Mitchell

Prairie Wind & Silver Sage
Val Marie, Saskatchewan
2016
Cover photograph “Rosefield” copyright James R. Page
Photograph page 32 copyright James R. Page
Book Design by WSM Design

Copyrights all belong to the poets and photographers.

Thanks to the following organizations for support of this publication:
Dispatches from the Grasslands
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Madonna Hamel</td>
<td>Ancestors</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Week Our Mothers Die</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Names For Birds</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Old June Hymn</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cemetery Road</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roberta Cross</td>
<td>Grasslands Gatherings</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorian Gossy</td>
<td>Rattler on the 70 Mile Butte Trail</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Shed Antler of the Whitetail Deer</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(after Christopher Smart)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marcella East</td>
<td>Paul’s Story</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roger Mitchell</td>
<td>Prairie Warp</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>On the Prairie: Day One</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Grazing the Bottom of an Ocean</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Breeze Finds a Way</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A Prairie Roadside Sit</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Just After Sunrise</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Before I Forget</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Night on the Grasslands</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Contributors** 43
Photographs

Dorian Gossy  Pages 20, 22, 42, 44, 45

Marcella East  Page 26

Madonna Hamel  Page 10

James R. Page  Cover photograph and page 32
Introduction

In the summer of 2016, brought together by Prairie Wind & Silver Sage, a group of writers went into the Grasslands National Park near Val Marie, Saskatchewan to see what their imaginations and writing skills could make of this unusual place.

There were five of us in all, one who lived in Val Marie, another who ran a farm only a few miles away, while a third came from Saskatoon. Two of us came from the eastern United States.

We met early one day for an all-morning walk out into the prairie with the idea of opening our senses to the evocative richness of this quiet wilderness. We came back into Val Marie for lunch and afterwards began writing together, looking for what caught our attention most and getting those observations down on the page.

Before we scattered back to our separate lives, we agreed to work on the material we had collected and eventually collect it in this chapbook. Here is what our small group of writers found memorable about the Grasslands National Park in the summer of 2016. We hope it inspires you to come discover this amazing place and add it to your list of nature’s most wonderful creations.

James R. Page of Val Marie kindly let us use two of his photographs for this chapbook. We are grateful for his generosity.

Roberta Cross
Marcella East
Dorian Gossy
Madonna Hamel
Roger Mitchell
Pilgrim  Shadow photo by Madonna Hamel
Ancestors

Good morning, old man, walking back to the house after the 6 o’clock feeding. We watch you pour your coffee, settle your spoon in the empty cup in the sink. Like you, we’ve been around enough to know not to go looking for trouble; we steer clear when the big truck appears over the rise, until it’s just a pair of red eyes suspended in dark space.

In the evening, we are just outside your door, in the frozen ruts of your tired acreage. We see the dead president’s portrait hanging on the wall. We are so close we can see the wart on his cheek. Your people moved up here after the Civil War. On nights like these, do you wonder where you’d be if they remained, like the others?

You turn on the television but mute the voices of pundits trashing the latest hand-gun law in Texas. They wear their disdain on their faces. They lift their hands in baffled amazement, the gesture of self-proclaimed experts suffering fools one too many times. They could be saying: “Since when is it a ‘basic human right’ to ‘show off your gun’?” Who is it we need to ‘show it to’? I would think ‘not getting shot’ is a little more basic!”

Normally you would join in and draw out the rant. But grief has no use for luxuries like righteous indignation. It disables sarcasm, irony, and facetiousness, as well. There are no metaphors for grief.

You’re back in the kitchen, looking up from the sink, past her geraniums still on the sill, squinting into the darkness, thinking you heard something out there. Not a person, not here, but maybe a deer, a coyote, a stray. Quickly and all together, we draw back - frightened we might scare you with who we are.
The Week Our Mothers Die

I
Expect to cling to objects like:
Her last shopping list.
The pillow she rested against
while doing her crossword puzzle.

What’s an eight letter word beginning with ‘i’
that means: ‘to live forever’?  
Find it and you’ve cracked the code and
she’ll come bursting through
the garage door, asking “could
you get the rest of the grocery bags
from the trunk?”

II
Expect to hoard relics,
stashing them under your pillow, like baby teeth
waiting for fairies or numen
to imbue them with powers of resurrection, of
squeezing a body back through a
time-hole left unattended, of giving her back,
intact.

“I give you three days”, you whisper
leaning over the open casket.
“After that, I’m heading out to look for you,
out on the open road.”

III
Expect to ask strangers to dinner.
Across the table you demand proof until,
eventually, you will shatter into
gratitude.

Expect to seek out old rooms and fields
where once you ‘saw God.’
Small as you were then, you were huge.
You burst into a thousand seeds,
some still drifting on foreign breezes,
still passing through joy or desperation,
with no time to pretend.
What you lack now in suppleness 
you will make up for in honesty. 
your humbled knees will shriek as 
you straighten up.

IV
Expect to want to touch 
everything she touched, 
to turn your eyes where she turned hers 
to catch the rays of embedded grace 
lingering from her gaze.

“Funny,” you’ll say, staring at your hand 
“I never noticed that before. 
I say goodbye just like she did:”
With the wave of the innocent: palm flat open, 
held up, until the car rounds the corner and is gone. 
The fingers bunch together, then 
press into the life line.

V
Expect to watch your language. 
“Take care!” becomes an urgent command, like: 
“Find the nearest emergency exit!”
You see cars lining the street, and fear 
the neighbour has succumbed to his long illness. 
In fact, it’s an ‘open house’. Their home 
has been on the market for weeks. 
Resentment follows on the heels of relief 
“How come he gets to live?”

Flailing up and down the shopping aisles 
you ask the same about 
a whining woman pushing her 
shopping cart behind her husband, 
pushing him over the edge.

And to the sullen young, in the parking lot 
you want to scream: “Don’t waste that body, this warm spring day, 
sulking over the fact he hasn’t noticed 
your new haircut!”
VI
Expect to promise yourself
that you will never again stand in dorky silence
while someone tells you
of the death of a loved one,
that you will obey the urge to swallow
them in an embrace because, now you know
you are perfectly capable of falling apart.

VII
Expect to recall all the things you meant to say,
postcards you meant to send, words better left unspoken. Expect to find souvenirs in drawers.
They might as well be knives or bombs- they will leap onto and into you like bad germs, taking you over,
chomping at your neat little system's immunity to incapacitation.

VIII
Expect
The weak to turn strong, the stoic to fall to pieces,
the tardy to be early, the generous covetous, the vigilant sleepy,
the tart sweet, the courteous rude, the lambs into lions.

Expect to spend a week's salary
on a pair of shoes for the memorial because,
all your adult life she begged you
to buy a “decent pair of shoes”.

IX
Expect to see symbols everywhere:
“Who put this here?”
“Did you see that bird fly by
just as you said her name?”

Expect, by the third week of this,
to be suffering from symbol fatigue.
But expect, nonetheless,
to keep looking to the trees.
Names for Birds

When you find me
name me after
the colour of dirt in my hair or
the timbre of my cry
the span of my wings or
the sound my feathers make when I
freefall

but, please, not by
the name of the guy
who saw me first,
nor by the name of the place
you found me.

Name me for my love of lift, for
my prodigious thirst.
Name me the high, winnowing, fire-belly,
red-tail, wet-eye, laughing, untethered,
out-and-about in inclement weather,
ancient, spiralling, spilling, willing, love bird.

When I die name me after the sky
at the time of day you felt a pang of sorrow,
then, on the morrow,
sing the song the
vesper sparrow sang.
Old June Hymn

I still have that watercolour you painted as a child
I keep it hidden too, from my own view,
not wanting to come across it suddenly, forced to

feel again its colours, contours, raw wonder
like the baby sheep and cows and horses everywhere
too new to shy from my approach, until moms and dads
groan them back into their sphere:
don’t trust those two-leggeds, they want you near
but they give you nothing but their fear

I found your word-pearl "us", it fell on the floor and rolled
past the confessional drapes next to me in the writer’s chapel
where words like 'touch', and 'truth', and 'remembrance'
sit in a little box on the old altar that came all the way from Philadelphia
and then in a horse and buggy, lugged up the stairs by a farmer and a
rancher
and the parish priest, supervised by Sister Sainte-Antonine, 'la p'tite
Foreman'.

I got down on the ground, as low as I could go,
my hand like a fish in the dark, desperate for that pearl,
until my dignity got the better of me.
'I hate to break it to you', it said, from the dark
' but people can sleep with strangers in a drug-induced blackout,
and others phone home and don’t recall a word they said,
and others write love poems.'

You can't plant a pearl and get a tree.
That takes a seed. And what kind of farmer leaves before the harvest?
Cemetery Road

The heat came earlier in the day than expected.
The light ruthless. You could really use some wind, a breeze.
Its absence heckles you.
Maybe you should turn back home, you say, to no one.
Your blood could boil over, drain into your shoes.
You remember your last winter in the city- your full bladder pushing you to the nearest café.

But here you are free to squat and carry onward.
Your rule for walking is: give it twenty minutes.
Then the trudge becomes a glide and
you find your rhythm and you slip into self-solace. But for a good half hour, your body whines and whines.

Protestants and Catholics rest in the graveyeard,
between the junkyard and the boneyard cache of hungry prey.
Billions of terrestrial bugs congregate on all three, half-way to yonder common pasture.

Starting out in the late morning you knew you would never make it past the dead farm equipment, parish priests and crumpled cattle. So, instead you drop to the ground beside a brittle bouquet until a Halloween bug lands and scribbles its hidden language across the page.

The only sound in the scorched air is the smack of his wings against the pages of your notebook. He proof reads for a while, then makes for fleshier scripture. His is the God of dung and dirt, he has no need of words.

You make a half-hearted attempt to walk a bit farther into the clearing - and a clear head. You find the turtle making good time, and the wounded meadowlark and the owl’s empty roost. You resist the urge to duck as the grey ghost whooshes over your head, exposing its white belly, a small angry bird on its tail.

But you can’t shake the feeling that someone or something is trying to unburden something, Only your knees are shot. You turn back, again and drop beneath the oldest cross, where spirit meets matter. You wish you had the patience to wait for the tales to tell on you.
You will wish you had the guts to stop pretending you don’t know what to do. You wish you had the assurances of the man beneath the stone that all revelations are for the greater good.

“Don’t do it if you don’t feel safe,” consoles one of the bleached Christs, hanging on the next cross over. “Don’t trust everyone, but love them to the core. Tether yourself to Grace and Hope for the Best.”

You hear the thunder, see the clouds roll in, promising rain and extreme unction. The last-gasp first-breath wind from Montana affirms the nearness of a needful story.

It’s an old story, as old as dust, and, in that sense, it is yours. But it’s so raw, and blurry and slippery and far too close to tell.
Prairie Rattlesnake, photo by Dorian Gossy.
Grasslands Gatherings

i. Here Passed A Snake

Pall and see-through.
Grey pearl and ivory.
Turned back on itself,
the same shape, the same scales,
the same swish and twist of movement.
A body left behind,
with remnants of poison,
its shadow of death.

ii. A Prairie Kiss

My attacker, my new love
slamming his shadowy body into my boot
as startled as I.
Awoken and aroused
his shock shaking my footing and
his rattle leaking deep
into the grassland ground.

iii. Not What She Seems

Monarch rips from branch to twig, grass to flower.
Distracted and witless like a hyperactive tween.
Exhausted with possibility
devoid of direction
flitting with no sign of success.
Yet Monarch migrates
reaching Mexico’s far reaches.
Before jumping the jungle to wander prairie places again.
Monarch must make her way
in her way.
Grasslands Rock II by Dorian Gossy
Dorian Gossy

Rattler on the 70 Mile Butte Trail

Even before the rattle struck
Our ears, I’d been gulping
The sky’s blue in such drafts
I got a buzzy drunkenness.

My companions leapt away.
A little crazy, I stayed. I wanted something.
The snake swirled toward my body heat.
My tiny camera between us, a poor offering.

As the sun dumped down my shadow,
The snake began a retreat but paused.
Folding back on herself, she raised her rattle,
Brought her head aloft as if proud.

The wind whipped up the wheatgrass
As I milked that camera for shot after shot.
Feeling no threat, the snake turned to leave,
Drawing behind her muscled retinue.

Oh, bipedal life! Left behind on the path
By this goddess of singular water.
My friends breathed easy, but I had wanted
Kisses, not pictures, from the snake queen.

Her whizzy rattling was a hailing,
A “huzzah!” for the animal parade.
We turned our human selves away,
She, toward more credibly edible heat.

Every place I’ve been sets a hook in me
The rattler & her prairie home the worst.
But she needs me most after I’ve gone
And taken my ravenous kind with me.
The Shed Antler of the Whitetail Deer (after Christopher Smart)

For the first, it is forbidden to me.
   For I took it from a national park in Canada that levies fines for doing so.
For secondly, I meant no harm.
For thirdly, I did not know about the fine.
For fourthly, this dead bone parted from its buck without killing him.
   For it curves up into a hopeful fork.
   For its arcs rival the riverbed for grace.
   For its tine tips are rough with wear.
   For the crotch of the fork has no smell.
   For my dog Harley did sniff & lick at it & then look guilty.
   For it is a little like old wood, which is a little like old bone.
For fifthly, I fear it left its buck by violence.
   For its nubbled pedicle is cleft on one side.
   For inside the cleft the brittle sponge of marrow shows.
For sixthly, it gleamed up white from its bed of sage & purple milk vetch as if newborn.
   For I am drawn to newborn things.
   For I regard myself & all other things in constant friendly interchange.
   For I welcome rearrangement & oppose loss.
For seventhly I scattered loose tobacco as gift to the prairie when I took up the shed.
   For a wise woman said offer up tobacco, sweetgrass, cedar, or sage.
   For these are Native peoples’ sacred offerings to the Four Winds.
For eighthly, I am not certain that the shed & I cohabit with conviction.
   For the shed has fallen off shelves & ledges where placed.
   For the shed in certain posture now consents to a hidden east window.
   For its unbalance & waywardness, I grieve.
For ninthly, the fine could be up to twenty-five thousand Canadian dollars.
For tenthly, I am sorry if I have wronged the way of things.
   For I only thought it a treat to keep such as Nature gives when you meet her quietly.
   For such treat can be a feather, rare birdsong, a leaf, glimpse of fleeing bear.
For lastly, I may keep this poem or the shed, but not both.
   For the shed longs for its wild home as I long for a place to call home.
   For this poem does tell of the secret in the window.
For the shed, once home, will begin its long moldering on the prairie floor.
For this poem signals like smoke, burnt away from the sacrifice.
Paul East, photo by Marcella East.
Marcella East

Paul’s Story

Stage four cancer unleashed in me
I contemplate life
I contemplate death
Fear radiation and chemotherapy
dangerous side effects
Fear pain
intense and unmanageable
Fear survival
capabilities sacrificed
Fear death
the unknown
Gain knowledge to gain power
Trust the medical system
Repeated tests and scans
mean hours of lingering hopefulness or hopelessness
pending the variables of professional opinions
A time line is stated
I pursue alternate therapies
choose to fight
All or nothing is at stake
I Warn family, friends and neighbours
embrace their loyal support and encouragement
I hunt
hoping to be drawn for bull elk
fill my anterless game tag gratefully
We as a family
use this gift to make sausage with our secret recipe
Surgical procedures begin
Life-threatening infections ignite
Clostridium difficile brings
violent vomiting, profuse diarrhea, rapid weight loss, dehydration
I pray, my wife prays, my children pray
Recovery is joyous
This feeling of good health surges in me
but all too brief
I Savour it
enjoy my element
breathe the smell of freshly tilled soil
help Kurt put the seed in the ground
I fish a local tournament for the twenty fourth time with my brother
We finish first place
We are ecstatic
The crowd applauds
not at our prize but the impulsive kiss from my wife

Mother nature sends powerful distractions
destructive hail storms
damaging my crops, my home, my livelihood
not once but twice
Headaches and vomiting suddenly develop
A brain tumour is discovered
Harvest brings pleasure, my lifelong passion
Lightning strikes
Brain surgery yesterday
threatened my life
Fire today
threatens my home
Neighbours come running
Nature sends rain
Blessings are counted
Proud days operating the combine with my devoted wife
are cut short
Staph infection peaks
high fevers
one hundred and twenty four doses of antibiotics
intravenous and blown veins
hospitalized
bedridden
for twenty nine days
On discharge we give thanks
Once again I hunt whitetail and mule deer
celebrate
all those who have shared my path
feast and drink into wee hours
Only days later
multiple brain tumours surface with a vengeance
Brain edema requires dexamethasone
a common steroid treatment for cattle
suffering from seizures
and recently developed diabetic symptoms
An ambulance is necessary
My remotely located home that I love
raises challenges for the medical attention I need
uncomfortable travel of 160 km at minimum is routine but I face the four hour commute to each appointment with great anticipation

I look forward to nurse Joan remarkable at administering treatments with genuine care
Each time I encounter fellow fighters appearing to be worse off than I make conversation effortless discussions of UFO's, politics, farming, birds and wildlife erase our focus on why we are here
Three hours pass quickly possibly go home to comfort of familiar surroundings not to the lodge or motel walk with my dog share my bed with my wife have fun with my kids no matter their age Rejuvenated by this grounding I meet my next treatment with strength but because my roots are here; isolated vastness of prairie this is rare Relocate? Not a chance I strive to live My body fails Lie with me Opportunities diminish It is not negligence to choose precious moments with me over work unforgettable memories to cherish Time proves I will succumb to mortality I reach out Some respond Others do not Be proud of me for I have done my part Each day brings promise and hope Each day less able to participate sinking, trapped I have lost
I love
My son, fifth generation of our family farm
I believe in you
my expecting daughter
I wish to see my grandson born
I call him Oliver
My daughter, my youngest
I die on your birthday
This date we will always share
My wife
Saddened to see her cry
through few tears remains strong
We sing and dance
We laugh
We talk and listen
We hug and kiss
We love
Cancer gains strength
much greater than I
My wish?
Set me free on crocus hill
family heritage of one hundred years
My family, my cattle, my pets in view
mortal beings to carry on
my Friend
my Brother
Stand by them
for that is what I would do
My deceased father, mother and brother
offer welcoming words
and vivid memories
Perhaps I have won
I finally understand
Faith has brought me to freedom
I will be waiting...
Butte Road, photo by James R. Page.
Prairie Warp

Out

beyond the horizon

clouds sink

into a sea

of air

show us the great bend

of the earth

by sending sight

straight off it

into space

out

where even the horizon

isn’t

horizontal.
On The Prairie: Day One

Stopping at a stone,
    its glacial etching,
    its livid lichens,

a flower I think I know,
    but don’t,

glancing across a heave of land,
    slaloming down its grasses,

carried by some current
    out and away,

where, before long,
    I’ve lost the path.

Alone,
    I give myself the shiver
    in a moment’s fear
    of being lost.

All that I’m tied to,
    all that I thought I was,
    slips off
    like a cloud
running an errand for the wind.

So that
finding a way back
    becomes the shape I make on my walk,
the gift given,
    out of some buried thing there.
Grazing the Bottom of an Ocean

Picking over rocks and flowering weeds, mushrooms and bone fragments, dried dung, drowning in the acetylene air, a cluster of Hare Bells pokes through the grass, and beside it, the five frail petals of the Skeleton Weed.

All morning, up one wave and down another, riding slowly in toward shore, a skull, still hooked to its antlers, and out of one eye hole, disturbed by my bending over it, a butterfly.
Breeze Finds a Way

A breeze finds a way to get between
the new sign and signpost behind me.
All afternoon it makes a tune out of
five or six intricate, wailing tones
with long silences between them and no
need to stop. Or start, for that matter.
The sign and I are the only things here
besides the view, the grass, the miles of sky,
and all that nature hides in those baggy sacks.
The square of shade I sit in lets me write,
in these words, at this pace, that everything
has its song, and sings it best alone,
in as few words as possible,
out here checking on the limit and its
aspects, listening to the least amount
of sound found anywhere, here in a grave
the ocean made out of its last long waves.
A car creeps up behind me, stops. Then turns
and goes back, trailing a rattle of gravel.
Prairie Roadside Sit

I saw it miles away across the shallow valley.  
A road that lifted off the ground  
and disappeared into the sky.  
That’s where I want to be, I said.

Where grasses finger the wind,  
pushing an open blowy sound  
through the cracked car window  
while the wind rolls on its back,  
tumbles and twists like bison in a wallow.

A flat-bed semi passes me before I know it,  
dragging a long cloud of dust behind it,  
flashes past, disappears in seconds.  
The sky’s neighborly whispering closes over it.
Just After Sunrise

I write this from some shade
  I had to make out of a rented car
parked at the edge of a field
  at a right angle
  to the sun,
my back to the rear tire.

    About to dot an “i”
When the “i” moves.

Smaller than the period I make
  with my ball point pen,
it climbs up through a forest of words,
  runs into some heavy brush,
    hops
or flies
  on wings I can’t see
over the word “start”
and disappears.

    The prairie
  spread out on all sides
as wide as sky
  starts to scribble
  another day
on its page.
Before I Forget

taking the long straight line the bison drew
down off the shelf to the trickle
that describes
  by meandering
  the absolute bottom
of the whole valley floor

creek crowded with shrubs and tall grasses
with two or three starts at sandy back-scratching wallows

trail marked as much
by stupendous pies and deep hoof prints

wearing our fresh new alertness
to the prairie rattlesnake
picked up on yesterday’s hike up the Butte

and turning and looking back up
into the nameless coulee we’d ambled down
  following the lapping
  and overlapping shape
  of the land
the criss-crossing motion of descent
of the glacial melting
  knowing we would have to follow our eyes
  back up the way we came
  
that we had come down
to do just that

that having walked a species or two away from ourselves
  wallowing in the strange familiarity
  of animal wandering
we would go back to something
with the same roll    same burl
  same intended wavering
we found in everything
  but now had a plod and a pulse
and just beginning
  to slither into our minds
the rush and rattle of run-off
Night on the Grasslands

She can’t sleep, so she gets up. I pretend to sleep, want to sleep, think if I lie here invisible she’ll at least be quiet enough to be bored into sleep. I’m not invisible, and no one was ever bored into a sleep they cared about, but I’ll try. If things just get quiet, if I can possibly stop thinking about it, let consciousness wander away, I might just steal a piece of sleep.


Up at the top of the ridge, the crown, the top arc of a full moon, rising, no farther off than the owl’s hoot, tinted by the earth’s cowl of dust, a mix of ochre and exhaust telling us, sleep is an evasion, dream is real, and behind the stars silence waits to be awakened.
Writer Communing with Tree by Dorian Gossy
Contributors

**Roberta Cross** lives in Saskatoon under the endless prairie sky. She stewards the Charette riverlot, traditional Métis land of unbroken shortgrass prairie and swale on the South Saskatchewan River. She works as a freelance diplomat.

**Marcella East** lives on a farm south of Orkney where she and her husband, Paul, shared life for thirty-three years. Since Paul’s passing, with the support of friends and neighbors, she is carrying on the work of the farm with their son. This is her first poem.


**Madonna Hamel** lives in the heart of ranch & farm country, on the edge of of Grasslands National Park, on the border of Montana & Saskatchewan. Trained as a journalist & performer she finds this the ideal place to get real & live as a soul not a consumer.


Old Bull, Separated from Herd   by Dorian Gossy

Writer at Work by Dorian Gossy
Grasslands Rock I  by Dorian Gossy

Bend in the Earth  by Dorian Gossy