

## Wyoming

The summer sun  
Stretches through  
Grasslands  
For this is the place of space

Old animal skulls  
Dry up on a sandy plain  
The summer sun  
Stretches the shadow  
Overground

For this place  
The peaceful breeze  
Sits in the throne of beauty  
Where the trees grow taller  
Than the hills

Innocent  
Where every shoeprint is new to the virgin land  
And rain is the biggest threat  
Where square boxes block the giving view  
This is the furthest from that death