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Here and Now

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Here and Now

By Dennis Ross

Driving along an Iowa gravel road, I am sometimes jolted wide awake as from a forever sleep, struck by the immediacy of the world,

by a purple vermillion sunset over eight-foot corn, a raccoon with three babies clutching to her back, or a deer and two fawns transfixed in the road, staring wide-eyed at my old truck before wheeling to bound into the ditch and jump the tumbledown barbed wire fence.

Sometimes it is a glowing white barn freshly painted, or a field full of roly-poly cows each with a wide white band around their black body, a bit like pandas, designed no doubt by small, giggling farm children.

Even one blue iris, which Grandma called flags, can ring that wakening bell.