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Tough

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Tough

There's something in the ground here,
Something that keeps me close.
Like the Joads figuring things out,
I hear the sweet call of oranges
And grapes,
But this land is my home.

Home

Home

Home

There is a resilience that my great-grandparents possessed,
They passed it to my grandparents,
And my grandparents passed it to my parents
Who passed it to me.
A resilience that is woven into bone,
And calloused hands,
And warm smiles.
A resilience that is the root of a family's tree.

"We're tough," I used to hear people say.
The same people that survived blizzards.
And floods. And tornados.
Tough could be synonymous with stubborn.
But stubborn implies stupid and these
People are not stupid; they're
Tough.

I hear the sirens call,
They are promising sweet fruits
To eat. But seas of gold are just

As inviting for weary feet.
Rolling hills, and windy plains
Sweep me away, but I always
Follow the river back.

Back to home
And tough people.
Back to windswept gold
And nice strangers.
Back to solid ground
And the lullaby of a quiet night.

Aubrey Roemmich is currently an undergraduate student at the University of North Dakota. After her graduation, she hopes to attend law school and get an MFA in creative writing. She aspires to be a literary lawyer and work in the publishing industry. She spends her free time reading, writing, and listening to music.