

## Two Grandchildren

Kari Volkmann

She told me I'm created from the air  
Unlike her favored grandchild of the clay,  
And I should not have had the cheek to say  
That breeze and dirt were equally as fair.  
She fawned over the earthen maid with care  
To stress, "How good to find one place and stay!"  
To me she recommended that I pray,  
For I was cursed to float from here to there.

This wind was born within a southern storm,  
But life has made it migrate to the north;  
And east and west, as well, have felt the breeze,  
For air cannot be harnessed to a form  
Like Nanna's steady product of the earth  
Who settles. No, I'd rather rattle leaves.