

TO KANSAS

by Pat Mccutcheon

Push off from the past,
its disarray behind you,
your self that dares too little swept away.
May your yellow brick journey last long,
be full of exploits, full of learning.
Though battered by winds and
travelling in a pair of borrowed shoes,
do not be frightened by wicked witches
or flying monkeys.
They appear only when your own fear
ferries them, when your trembling
spirit is ready for its next transformation.

May shimmering mornings be many
when warmth and gales of laughter,
rock you on porches wherever you venture.
With shining eyes and quickened pace,
may you arrive in Munchkin meadows,
meet extraordinary friends,
discover dripping combs of fragrant honey,
and be undaunted even by a roaring lion.
May you wake into each morning trusting,
find wizardry in far-flung cities,
overcome dangers singed with crimson.

May the journey take its time,
last long as your metamorphosis,
until you return, wearing the changes of your travels.
May you not be disappointed
though you find no emeralds here.
Kansas has blessed you,
given you the journey.
Without it, you would never
have clicked your unknowing heels,
set forth on this passage,
learned what you had in you
all along.