

A Tumbleweed Has to Land Somewhere

The wind wafted through my hair! I snuggled closer to Dad—not because I was cold but just to be closer.

He pointed to his right, looking out across the open, great Colorado prairie and said, “A tumbleweed has to land somewhere.” This was my philosopher cowboy dad in action.

The round shell of this dry plant tumbled across the plains and hung up in a cactus.

“Yes,” I agreed and wondered at his statement.

Over the next few weeks, I mulled over his words and the images they conjured up for me. I saw tumbleweeds everywhere I went.

In the high plains of southeastern Colorado and northeastern New Mexico, the wind blows more often than not.

One dusty tumbleweed rested against the fence around our house, tangled and caught. Somehow fate had decided this would be its home.

One danced across the road in front of me and got stuck under John Clark’s car.

A bulky tumbleweed stopped at the corner by the church, caught between the culvert and stop sign.

A tumbleweed’s favorite resting place is a corner, a fence, a post—any space, anywhere that will hold it.

Months later when I was preparing for another move, Dad queried, searching deeply into my eyes, “A tumbleweed has to land somewhere. Where are you going to land?”

That has been my quest—these poems, stories, and thoughts address where I started and eventually ended up and where my heart always returns!