**If You’re Not from the Prairie…**

**By: David Bouchard**

If you’re not from the prairie,

You don’t know the wind,

You can’t know the wind.

Our cold winds of winter cut right to the core,

Hot summer wind devils can blow down the door.

As children we know when we play any game

The wind will be there, yet we play just the same.

If you’re not from the prairie,

You don’t know the wind.

If you’re not from the prairie,

You don’t know the sky,

You can’t know the sky.

The bold prairie sky is clear, bright and blue,

Though sometimes cloud messages give us a clue.

Monstrous grey mushrooms can hint of a storm

Or painted pink feathers say goodbye to the warm.

If you’re not from the prairie,

You don’t know the sky.

If you’re not from the prairie,

You don’t know our trees,

You can’t know our trees.

The trees that we know have taken so long,

To live through our seasons, to grow tall and strong.

They’re loved and they’re treasured, we watched as they grew,

We knew they were special—the prairie has few.

If you’re not from the prairie,

You don’t know our trees.