

**HEATHER GUERTIN**  
**CONFIDENT WOMAN**

talk about the land that's fine  
but it's the earth  
sit and hone up about this to  
east and west  
if I want to talk about the wind and require rain  
own a ship  
and sail me to where  
I haven't known that at all  
winds blowing black until the flat and blue and fall  
clouds of terrible soft  
laid flat over  
out on the free to the west  
back to the past and onto the east  
and when we rested we ate a feast

Woody Guthrie sings, "On the fourteenth day of April of 1935, there struck the worst of dust storms that ever filled the sky. You could see that dust storm coming, the cloud looked death-like black and through our mighty nation it left a dreadful track." (The Great Dust Storm). In "Dust Can't Kill Me" he laments, "This old dust storm it's a kickin' up cinders, this old dust storm cuttin' down my wheat, this old dust storm it pushed my shack down, but it didn't get me, girl, it can't stop me."