

NO BREAK IN THE FORECAST

The drought invents words from dust:
Landscathe. Heatscape.

Antithesis of rain,
gritty gray dust from 3 counties
muffles the death rattle of corn.

Our dreams begin and end with water:
Sloshing over the rim of the cistern
when cattle drink. Filling
the baked gouge of Catnap Creek.
Falling down the granite scarps
into plunge pools, feeling it
roll over skin, liquid music
to make harmony with, fingers flicking
notes in the air.

The waking word is "sere,"
a crossword puzzle word, archaic,
out of sync with satellites and DVDs.
Alien as smeared crust on our cheeks
and caked around the collie's nostrils.
Random blips flare in bias sun shafts,
tiny unspecified warnings of maybe worse
to come, sifting through the thick curtain
hanging from unheeding heaven.

Anvil-heads gather, great thunderclouds
mushroom without spilling their promises.
Gravity tugs one into a shape like Italy.
Suddenly it sags. Lean. Black.
The boot's tongue flops down, licks away
our silo. We find the rubble hours later,
a dusty mile away. In a single shiny wet spot.