

FORTY DAYS OF DROUGHT

The world is "sere," a crossword puzzle word--  
so out of sync with satellites  
and answering machines it seems absurd.  
A curtain hangs from heaven, spites  
the rows of rattling corn, red powder-blurred.

Back roads slough off and churn with choking rust,  
exposing deeper-layered clay  
that cracks in turn and swirls away  
on smoking orange wind and burning gust.  
Our faces stained incarnadine with dust  
look up to every passing cloud,  
our gritty tongues too dry to pray aloud:  
Lord, rain upon our desiccating trust!

--Glenna Holloway