

DROUGHT

(Pryor Mountain Complex)

Where cows bunch up in late frost,
a wrinkled land waits the jest
of summer come like dry mist
tasting of dust.

Sage and salt-bush hold in soil
driven to drift soft uphill.
sky goes dim, so too the cool
sand-crusted shale.

Hunger stirs with waning sun,
time carving deep gullied lines
across the high northern plain
grown old again.

Randall Gloege