

## **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*