

The Milk House

Rural Writing Collective

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This Week, the Drought

On this land where creek beds
splinter and crack,
squirrels are skeletons lugging fur,
the deer pale as papery birch.
Hornets hover, plummet,
bounce off hard ground,
birds kilter like ashes.

I walk out into another scalding dawn
where, overnight, a mast of acorns,
freed from shriveled stalks,
scattered themselves like mana
far as my eye can see.
Squirrel and deer stand side-by-side,
heads bowed, relishing.
Birds balance branches, salivate
the chance of leftover crumbs.

A watering bucket in hand,
I suffer myself to hope.