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Drought

Richard Luftig

Abstract

Out in the back of farms,

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Drought

by Richard Luftig

Out in the back of farms,
dead, rusted tractors wait,
impatient for a winter bath.

It has been dry here so long
that even ducks have forgotten
how to tilt back their heads

and drink from the skies.
Little left that is not
ash-gray dirt, just dust,

cross-hatched with tracks
of long-gone sparrows,
and these parched, fallow

fields are left to eke
out a life on their own.
They sit: scarred, seed-

to-sedge. Sand-blasted,
erased, year-in, year-out,
like some ignored spinster,

who wants, waits, wishes
for more but is always
too afraid to ask.