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## Legacy of a Dustbowl Woman

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# Legacy of a Dustbowl Woman

*by C. Michael McKinney*

Hers was the chair  
rocking empty at the window,  
blown by the northwind  
ripping soil from seed.  
Hers was the apron  
muddied with sweat,  
hiding a womb dry  
and emptied by hunger—  
red water makes pink bread,  
feeds only the mind  
with wind-howls  
from clapboard cracks.  
Hers was the stove  
cold and full  
with cow dung and bible ash,  
rancid with fat  
from a meatless skeleton  
three weeks gone  
and half buried by dust.  
Hers was the view  
through cracked wire-rims  
of a southwest winter sky  
where the powdered blood  
of a grassless prairie  
rose in anger  
to shine red on her depression.

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