

Hyacinth Hall

DRY SEASON



Nothing
but the drone of a pipe holding
its lone note to the sirocco's
high-pitched lament—

Nothing
but the circling shade of wings
of carrion birds with scorched heads
to which no feathers cling—

The seedling dreams of blooms shrivel
in the parched hand of the year

while these pages wait, bare,
and the dream's breath
like Death's mirage shimmers.

And still I prepare paper,
like the women chilling chardonnay
for lovers leaving
for spring-filled glades, anyway