POEM:

THE DRY SEASON

by

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A hot blanket covered the earth,
dust dust, dust, everywhere.
Cattle harvested all the grass,
backed cattle dung has replaced vegetation.
The earth bones were exposed
powdery boulders
were left
shamefully uncovered.
What a cursed season to be
endured.

Sheperds, naked shepherds
braving cruel nature
events.
In the daytime they chase sheltering
clouds for
three minutes cover,
in the night they pray for stars to
change their present locations.

Women lift their eyes to heaven
and whisper,
"God do not forget us."