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.

Shepherds, 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."