

Drought

Day's Estranged: 650

By Hannah Riccardi

My web browser is stuck
on a thirty minute thunder
storm loop so that when I close

my eyes I can take a deep breath
of wet cement and stained
windows. Tears don't come

anymore, conserved behind salt
walls, as if parsing out whether
or not emptiness should be filled

to make puddles to splash in. It
doesn't rain in Fresno, can't wash
away the dust in the air, God doesn't

reach down to touch my face anymore
with raindrop fingertips soft on my skin,
tracing the lines of my cheek and jaw.