When did you last see rain,
and where did it go, bladder clouds full?

The heat will always be irrational, always
with slight relief at darkness, when the heavens open
a spectacular velvet dress and show us
their stars, or show nothing
their stars. Eagle Mountain is a ghost town, now.
Daylight on Route 60, apricot and lovely,
goes undiscussed, but for the crickets
and the terrible songs they sing.
                They sing: come home,
                 they sing, never be ashamed.
All night they sing, and if we could, we'd feel
that good, hymnal feeling of nothing new—