

THIRST

It comes and goes.
We live with ourselves
for hours every
day and night twists

in our minds—
corkscrew of memory,
our throats dusty
as old playgrounds.

We wait for summer
showers—that smell
of rain-dampened
dust, dryness and wetness

mixed, unheard of
marriages. We have
the dryness, our
partner—we go

fifty-fifty, democratic
for days at a time,
listening to old
stories of ourselves—

back in those great
times when raisins
were grapes. And very
late now the ancient

camels gather on
the lawn, filling
darkness with
laments. They

regret their choice
of occupation,
hate their stupid
humps and want

us—for just
one hour—to
turn them into
fish. We try.