

FLOYD SKLOOT

*Heat Wave*

Soaring on still wings, head naked and red,  
a turkey vulture circles four donkeys  
in a field gone to seed. It rides a gust  
of August wind that rattles the plum trees'  
coppery leaves and whirls a sudden dust  
devil up through the hazy afternoon light.  
Spooked, a foal stops grazing, canters away  
from the herd and turns at the fence to bray.  
One thin cloud drifts like the tail of a kite  
from the sun now directly overhead.