

# Parched

*Amy E. Jensen*

Measured teaspoons of salt.  
Sifted flour, dustbowl flour.  
It gulps and swallows water.  
I feel it splinter off my hands,  
flake and crack as I wonder  
why the thunderclouds  
why the parched silence  
    that knows how to divide  
        red now rust colored sand  
            blown to burning without fire  
I wonder  
  
what it means to dissolve  
    from inside  
  
        with pieces small enough to  
sift through me  
  
        touching  
        traces of rain  
on  
the thirsting clay.