

Sweltering

By Sara Roberts

All the skies combined wouldn't add up to this
Texas sky. Dust drowns out the purple storms
while the wind, splitting scattered trees,
screams into houses. Bird's wings disappear
behind waves of hot dirt and rain,
reappear as drooping masses of mud.
The roads become littered canals,
styrofoam cups bobbing up and down like dead fish.
Humidity's plague swarms in and the temperature drops
from one hundred and two degrees to ninety.

Inside, sweltering,
sweat pills up like BB's along my ribs.