

Blaine Leal

Wells

Ever straight rows
 Of burly cornstalks
Dripping in pesticides
 Drooping with oversized fruits

Our ditches are dry now
 And wanting of water
The Sierras have drained
 And our lakes are now lakebeds

The drumming of the wells
 Is louder and deeper each year
It scares us soundly
 And yet we need them

When a well goes out
 The silence runs our blood cold
And if it starts again
 Our eyes begin shifting wildly

Waiting for the wells to dry
 We keep drumming along
Deeper into our own wells
 Searching for a hope long lost

Drought

My brothers work long hours
They drink too much
Smoke cigarettes, chew tobacco
And spit on the land

It only rained twice last year
So the ditches stopped running
The well companies prosper
While we all wither

My dad laughs bitterly
As he waters the garden
Or douses dirt roads
In the dead of winter

Mom goes to church daily
She even started fasting
She scrubs church floors
Wildly in desperation

Grandma

A voicemail from Grandma

Accidental

Talking to Grandpa

How lonely she is

Call her back

She answers smilingly

Grandpa's good

The farm's still the same

We talk about me

My job

How I'm getting on

When I'm coming home

We say goodbye

I play it again

Can't help but cry

For them again