

1-1-2009

Drought, Sunday

Joanne Lowery

Follow this and additional works at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr>

Recommended Citation

Lowery, Joanne (2009) "Drought, Sunday," *Yalobusha Review*. Vol. 14 , Article 17.
Available at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol14/iss1/17>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the English at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Yalobusha Review by an authorized editor of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

Joanne Lowery

Drought, Sunday

Though their town banned watering even gardens
he ran the sprinkler for his three sons
who pranced like unicorns, rubbed horns gleaming.
Come for dinner, he said on the phone.
In the background parts of him squealed in the spray.
She wore a full-skirted mint-green dress
and thin black sandals. Motherlessly they watched her
arrange glazed flowerpots along the edge of the porch.
The smallest boy had his father's eyebrows,
but whose ears perched on the head of the firstborn
where the hot months had singed his hair?
All three licked moustaches of water from their lips,
then ran à trois back into the spray. In the dining room
five white plates displayed skewers of beef and pineapple.
They brought with them a whiff of mud and the promise
of reversal: soon floodwater would hide the burnt grass
and mock the floorboards. The row of pots would shrink
inch by inch as the boys and their father unloosed
their brown hands and floated away.