

## Ryan Gruenewald

### Our Drought

He keeps his face  
sharp and clean. He keeps

the barrows full of rain. He keeps  
the knives so dull so Mother won't

cut her hands. A screw  
snaps in a pine stud. A wall of jars

slides to the floor. A glass  
breaks in the dishwater. If the rain

turns to snow tonight we'll  
know without waking. If the truck floor

floods again I'll lift my feet. If this is  
a lesson I'll do as I'm told I'll never

walk again the road barefoot.  
I'll never snuff a candle

with my thumb. *My secret?*  
I pick it till it bleeds. *Another one?*

I like eggs with red  
in the yellow and at night I

dance in his shoes shined fresh  
still smelling of the black.