

HANDICAP

Leland Jamieson

I walk down in our valley drought has cursed.
Ground's lost its spring. It crackles, crunches, swirls
away, just dried up soil in loose weed furls.
Can't tell if we will reap, or see dispersed,
the indigo a thunder-head cascades
beyond the mountain ridge against the west.
I climb up sepia grass, its root hairs stressed
and dead...At ridge-top, blue sky promenades.

Next valley: Country Club. Big Cadillacs.
Its fairways, greens, are blue—they overgrow
on chems so toxic dogs fall sick and die.
Four golfers, wearing knickers, slapping backs,
salute the crystal sky with clubs—they know,
do they, the leader's handicap they try?

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