

## **Mani Rao**

### **Drought**

Fruit dump under the tree  
Smarting tender  
Under the sore why-me look a drool bedding noodle soup: worm-hitch

Wriggling gone from the grass no winds frisk

Collecting dry rivers, seas. The sea was no slake, cracked continent's crustaceous  
parts drifted up creek. Said salt of the earth – it tastes like mud, looks like chocolate.  
(Ought it be allowed?)

Outgrown the fish juts  
Glacier not much more than a hat tipsy on a lite draught

Blood, thirsty stalks faint streets

Air wavers at mouth  
Toothless the well caves in

Lips do not blossom even if they meet

Speed with which air avages the plump  
Yah Yah The eeries ways of God  
Hot baker's fleur de mal