

MIRROR MIRROR

D Corson

The cracks along the canyon
Just outside my house
Grow deeper every day.

At night my sky cries
And the rivers far below
Overflow and dam off all the roads.
I'm late to work every day.

The Church sends sandbags
After every Sunday service,
But they haven't done much good.
They wash away by Friday every week.

Summer or winter,
The weather is always the same.
Months and years don't mean much when
Clouds block out the sun.

Dusk comes! —great thunder clouds roll across
The plains just beyond the roadway—
Full-moon prairie fires get closer to my home

With every passing day.

Taraxis, but rave not thus—
The tide rises,
But never seems to fall.

And the cracks along the canyon
Just outside this house
Grow deeper every day.