

Everywhere I sleep, I see Dust Bowl, 8 of 15

from Dorothea Lange's photograph "Between Tulare and Fresno on U.S. 99. See general caption. Family inspect a house trailer with idea of purchase" (May 1939)



I am one of the youth in the church. And
I am asked to volunteer as

People fall.

My family says

the hands are laid
and wait. God is patient. I am
a body to land. Soon.

I lay them to rest.
for hours. Really

No one knows
at the moment of contact. Same as, what do you ask
when your crops are gone?
skin to skin, and everyone is watching
is patient. A deal struck.

because I am one of the youth, tall, oversized,
a catcher of the bodies.

The priest says it is healing.

it is the Holy Spirit.
on the head
patient and waiting,

and I stand behind

One falls. Then another.
Peaceful and at the base of the altar. I do this

for 30mins.

what a priest says silently

of a future home on wheels

When all that heat applied
that summer, This summer
Someone falls.