

Everywhere I sleep, I see Dust Bowl, 9 of 15

from Dorothea Lange's photograph "Irrigation pump on edge of field. Electric power typical of San Joaquin Valley farming. California." (February 1939)



the binary dies with the climate. no one accepts floods or deserts.
no one wants this to be the final answer. they want. they want more.
over a loudspeaker the internet says *floods or deserts.*
over the same loudspeaker a beached whale is trilling and grinding. they ask: lower the volume.
the loudspeaker floods and becomes garbled.
the loudspeaker dries out and cracks.
everyone goes on the submerged loudspeaker to tell everyone else
they don't want floods or deserts.
everyone is talking.
everyone.
in the ocean that swallows the mountains all the grizzly scale the cliffs.
in the desert a buffalo scrapes cactus after cactus until the hooving decodes
the hide of a buffalo is sold for the long winter.
the whale's voice.