

Curdling Milk

The smell of curdling milk makes her head jerk back.
Her mother's hands callused and dry from years of hard work.
Smell of wet wool spelunking her nostrils and tastes
like bitter wine where it rests on the tongue.
Dusty fields can sense the oncoming rain.
Clouds grow dark
The earth opens up for the downpour,
drinking in gulps gasping for air.
Cracks swell shut.

