

POEM:

THE DRY SEASON

by

Tepilit Ole Saitoti

A hot blanket covered the earth,
 dust dust, dust, everywhere.
 Cattle harvested all the grass,
 backed cattle dung has replaced vegetation.
 The earth bones were exposed
 powdery boulders
 were left
 shamefully uncovered.
 What a cursed season to be
 endured.

Sheperds, naked shepherds
 braving cruel nature
 events.
 In the daytime they chase sheltering
 clouds for
 three minutes cover,
 in the night they pray for stars to
 change their present locations.

Women lift their eyes to heaven
 and whisper,
 "God do not forget us."