SPARE ME YELLOW SKIES

Temperature is 105
high pressure puts
a hateful cap on our
heads
and holds it there

Under a sullen mustard
sky
that will not relent
and weep us rain

My poor house suffers
as much as I
the tiny patio
would gladly move to Pismo Beach

The cactus in Mama's pottery
jar
has turned to gray mush
and the neighbor
with all the terrible secrets
has not opened her drapes
today

I pull my drapes wide open
and ask myself again
why does a yellow sky
trouble me

I have loved blue skies
and purple
madly
gray and black
I have embraced as sisters

but someone spare me yellow
skies