Drought

Worms don’t dig,
Those purposeless noses don’t push them through mud.
They fly up. Particles,
Evaporating, condensing
Into clouds, thick and writhing.
They beat down in clumps, scatter along sidewalks.
Fire and Brimstone missed the memo:
  Apocalypse at sundown;
  God sent Worms instead.

That most dreaded of chores
On balmy summer days
Was washing the car.
The carcasses of those disgusting, crusty Bugs,
Dotting the windshield and grill,
Splatter like bad memories in my mind. Scum.
I wanted them out from under my fingernails,
And off the sponge.
  Grasshoppers gambol into oncoming traffic,
Worms cascade from their wriggling storm clouds,
But it’s mostly the Mosquitos, filled
To bursting, bulging from their Agape feasts—
Scattering, splattering the blood of some hapless sap
Straight onto the windshield, moments after
It’s been washed and waxed by
  Me.
Or the Moths.
  Decked in ritual silk,
  Dark and furry,
Sacrificing themselves in fits of
  Pious ecstasy.

Once,
Nightly, Moths infiltrated my room
In droves to the beckoning of my bedside lamp.
Dancing around the bulb, stamping their dirty,
Filthy faces against the unendurable heat of the sixty-watt.
If some infinitesimal split existed in ceiling or wall,
Some crack or crevice,
I couldn’t find it. So I did what I could.
When my lamp cut off, a display of
Defeated bodies would hang, pressed,
Awaiting the morning’s damp washcloth.
One night, when raindrops fat with Worms
Rapped upon my window, a Spider got in.
It was gigantic. I was powerless.
But my little cousin, for two dollar bills,
Was not. In the corner its carcass decayed;
I could do little but let it sit there,
Cruel revenge for the Patroclus of my dignity.
I realized, eventually, a few months prior, I cracked my window
to marvel at Mother Nature’s Gifts,
And never closed it. Those moths
Were just pursuing the opportunity,
And that spider just wanted
A dry place to sleep.

Jainist in her doctrine not to
Swat Flies and squash Spiders,
We tried our best to uphold our friend’s wishes as we walked
From the hostel to the restaurant.
But it was raining. And after a trudge through mud
We reached the sidewalk.
Oh we tried, but Worms were already falling into every crevice,
Wriggling atop moist, steaming concrete.
We danced our interpretive dance,
Ballerinas, drunk on companionship,
Tiptoeing step-by-step,
Worms rappelling like roses for our act.
As our dance concluded, we bowed
To the passing cars, and checked our shoes.
The smushed bodies against those soles,
Patterned like a Pollock painting, told us that we had failed. So too
did the tears welling up in her eyes.

The drought has driven dirt onto my car
As it has driven sweat onto me,
And procrastination could persist no more.
My filthy ride glowed at the sweet sight of that sponge. Months of dust caked onto the sides prepared me for the worst:
That natural entropy; Dead bodies littering every crevice, corner, nook, cranny.
I looked on the windshield, on the grill,
And could barely count

Twelve.
What happened? Had I killed them all?
Bugs used to be crusty and disgusting;
    Used to be numerous.
I glance back fondly on those Moths on my wall,
Those Mosquitos under my nails,
The Worms, so prevalent before this withering,
Falling from the sky.
The actual atrocity had naught to do
With their barrage,
Their arrangement on my car,
But with their own arrangement.
When will those Worms fall again?

My fear used to reside in squashing Spiders,
    But as I grew wiser,
I learned that I had nothing to fear from Spiders,
    But as I grew wiser,
I learned that Spiders have everything to fear from
    Us.