

"Parched Reverie"

Beneath the sun's relentless gaze, a tale untold,
A land in whispers of despair, its secrets unfold.
Drought's cruel fingers clasp the earth's weary throat,
As rivers weep in silence, a parched antidote.

The fields, once green, now wear a coat of dust,
Crops bowed in surrender, their vigor lost in trust.
Clouds play hide-and-seek with a desperate sky,
Promises of rain dissolve, a heart-wrenching lie.

Cracked earth sighs, a sonnet of endless thirst,
Nature's orchestra muted, as dreams are dispersed.
Hollow winds carry echoes of a distant stream,
A mirage dances, a cruel, elusive dream.

Cattle's lowing, a melancholy serenade,
In arid landscapes, hope begins to fade.
Dust devils twirl in a melancholic trance,
A desolate ballet, a drought's cruel dance.

Villages yearn for the healing touch of rain,
A symphony of prayers, an earnest refrain.
Children with sunken eyes, dreams too frail,
In the drought's embrace, innocence turns pale.

Hope flickers like a lone candle in the dark,
Yet resilient hearts kindle an eternal spark.
Survival blooms in the midst of despair,
A community's strength, a silent prayer.

As the sun retreats, a respite sought,
Stars gaze upon a world so dearly bought.
Drought's tale etched in the lines of the land,
A plea for mercy, a fate to withstand.

Nature's canvas painted in hues of brown,
Yet within each droplet, hope cascades down.
For in the arid silence, a resilience grows,
A promise of rebirth, as the wind gently blows.