

## Richard E. Brenneman

### MIND-DROUTH

When the mind runs in little streams  
and rain has not come;  
There is drouth and the great expanse  
of lake beaches are so wide  
that I fear drowning even in quiet pools.

The grass is brown, the streams are dry,  
cattails wither in the lake.  
An odor of despair rises from the marshes,  
and the wind is dusty with the smoke of recent fires.

Unreasoned and forbidden passions  
cost the mind great expense.  
Dreams rustle drily in the wind,  
waiting for imagination  
to ebb and flow again.  
I hope to look beyond the lake  
and see colors brighter both near and far.

**Richard E. Brenneman** is retired from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and lives in Boston, MA. His poetry has appeared in *The Rimrock Poets Magazine*, *The Denver Post Magazine*, in California and in England, and more recently in *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Ibbetson Street* and *Nixes Mate Review*. His avocation is genealogical research and he has published several articles. Now with more time and focus, he has returned to writing and reading poetry.