

-Desert-

The desert of my youth was painted,
and though its blow-dryer breezes were tainted
by just a little dust, in the long shadows of prickly trees
the choking heat sometimes abated.

In those hollow shadowed groves,
there I'd find the treasured troves,
little rough-hewn secrets, which I might hold
as I aimless through the desert roved.

And everywhere I looked, swirls
of feathered seeds a-whirl,
and every time I found a nook, there they'd
be tethered and there they'd twirl.

Under the forever-blue of early morning,
I'd mount my bike, exploring,
riding stride by stride as a foundling
through the wicked desert roaming.

My breaths and the crunching of tires the only sounds,
as though I had ear to mouth and ear to ground,
through pockets of web-clingy heat
I'd pedal, horizon bound.

Wash-tunnel spelunking and run-off wading
were hobbies of mine. After each storm's waning,
I'd ride anew my well-trod paths, noting how earth and stone
by water's course would always be decaying.

As the sun would take its late-hour slant,
dusk the kiln-fired day would supplant,
and into the charcoaled twilight, puffs
of easy wind bade scorching day recant.

That is, of course, unless a storm persistent
still lingered dark and heavy in the distance,
its gusting electric breezes transmuting gentle zephyrs,
folding midnights along the paths of least resistance.

And then I'd lie awake all night and watch
the trees outside into which the bolts had lodged,
booming forth thunder-claps and dreadful cracks,
lightning splitting trees, limbs from trunks dislodged.

And in the morning, blue-light vigils ended,
my sleep would go no longer unattended.
I'd drop into bed to the lull of muted rumbles,
and my desert ventures for a time would be suspended.

Copyright Jan. 10, 2017 Blake Edwards
All rights reserved

<https://www.bothsamspublishing.com>

From "Strange Diary Days", Volumes 1 and 2. Special edition.