

LAZARUS G. HUMPHREYS

Sage Brush



Tonight, I will dream a little dream to calm my nerves. Something sweet like the opium pipe.
Close my eyes and rest in bliss. Sweet sleep on my tongue, like white sugar in my lungs.

Gray clouds in the sky, like tears from the god's eyes. A wool shawl around my shoulders dusted
with snow, keeping out the cold.

Of the Fjords that change to Sahara, to moors, to amazon, to Mohave.

The Sagebrush pricks my feet as I weep. A puddle, a river, a great monsoon. In the rain darkened
noon I see a man.

Is he a betrayer, or a lover? Turned away he is a shadow in the dark.

I choke and sputter as the water rises to our waists and higher. Cloying salt takes the sleep sweet
away.

Cough and hack as the attack hits my back.

My lungs, the Sagebrush scratches it's way through my throat. Hanahaki killing me for a man I
do not know.

Love is choking to death from my heart in my mouth, and loneliness is blood, red from my
wrists.

Which do I choose?