A Walk in the Sonoran Desert

One mountain peak, a flaming tarn
Baptized in plumes of smoke
Rising like dancing wildflowers
On the mountain skull,
Tremulous flowers burning in the sky,
Electric deer floating on the yellow mist,
Croaking toad from burning fog
Venomous snake, sidewinding rattle poem for the crystal moon
Sand dunes waving their glassy hands
To the fading brush.

Overlooking the saguaro cactus festival
I walked beside the lifting crags of pyrite,
Yellow wildflowers whispering through the cracks,
The find sand graced my toes,
A moondrop rivulet stole my pulse,
The water gargled over a bed of stones
And stopped at the throat of an igneous gorge
Lonesome tracheal mountain pass
Dug deep into the inspired valley
Heart of man to heart of stone foreboding.
A hammer of lightning

Cracked the sky

Into fractal songs, thunder thrashed the mountain silence

The sky became a liquid thud

And the

Purple veins of the sky

Lashed against the nimbus clouds,

Purple sky as tuna flesh, tuna sky

And lightning earth.

The demented earth swirled before me,

Every step echoed like a prayer

Cast into an empty monastery,

The moon displayed its spongy heart,

The blue stones pregnant with moon juice,

The iron scorpion crawling up the mirage sandscape

Sat in the shade of the cactus, obeying

The laws of the falling spheres.

The machine gun hymns of the scarabs

Echoed through the rodent earth,

A chorus of writhing bugs for the primordial dew.

Prickly pear petals opened my heart,

Floral sky and floral cactus bulbs ripped apart,
Plucking a *tuna* from the saguaro spires,
I pulled apart the needle skin,
The symmetry of the pink flesh
Buckled my hands and left me numb,
The sweet succor of the damp fruit
Dripped from my sinister hand,
I lied supine on the cold sand
Watching the flaming lake above me
Spill into the welkin rivers of the starry blur,
My legs gave up and I surrendered to the night.

Day broke
And the banshee sky draped me crimson
I bathed in the morning song,
Hoary light on the horizon line
Falling on the crystalline spirit of the nascent dew
My tested body warming under the blanketing hands of dawn.

I went collecting dawn dust,
Desert ash kicked up from under my calloused heels on my lone wanderings
And brought back the fractality of nature:
The mountain peak
The blazing tarn
The floral sky

The lightning song.