

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 fine 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.