

Desert Song

The sun's flaming torch scars my face and hands;
the glass-hot sand sears my feet

one thought sustains –
you are there ahead,
oasis

Each day I bear the heat
brings me closer to you

Each note pulled from the
black spirals of my mind
is a stepping stone

Each imagined sound
a footstep

Each step may be the last –
and this is hope

But you do not know I come,
or that I come for you

and I will not tell
unless you ask