

Desert Bloom

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There are no maybes in the desert;
you have to be lizard-quick or shrivel and die.
The Rio Grande is muddy from its occasional pause,
here where survival is yes or no.

The Yucca spears the sky for moisture
making the horizon look scattered with armed warriors
waiting to attack, amidst bone-clean rock.

Nothing is quiet.
The sunset in its passing
shouts its last hurrah in crimson and orange.

The hearty crickets begin their chirping
in native tongue, "hola, hola, hola ..."
teaching you to learn from the ground up
turning your blood Spanish red, pulsating like a mirage.

It's then that you can see the miracle:
Magnolias, politely rising above sand,
dainty stems bent low from voluminous color,
magenta petals bursting forth to say,
"even without a drink, I'm here to stay."