

NOT WORD - NOT NAME *Desert Lore*

*Call it desert soul,  
call it outback if it suits -  
but that comfort-speak is ill-advised,  
for the desert heart & soul is not found in words nor names ...*

My Arid heart of hearts  
cuffs the vapid air to stir -  
to shoo & shape its formless hearth rousing  
the wretched cue - the mood - &  
the heat

grinds relentless - stoking the pepper-ash -  
shaping my ghostly rant which gnarls  
my wordless poem born to char  
the bitter vetch - the howl - &  
the whorl

*Learn the fruit*

harries my sweep which carves the Red-Rift  
*letting* my keen dreams - *letting*  
my sand-sift seed the  
withered grit - the thirst - &  
the joust

spins my hoary lore - prompting  
those plaintive souls who-ever-roam  
who-ever-sing my desert song - stretching  
the soul - the voice - &  
the grist

hankers over my time-less spread where  
my tearless kiss is wedged on the desert  
draught which rides the rabid up-rush hoisting  
my weathered breath - the shadow - &  
the edge ...