

# I Know

Michael David Jones

I know, this place isn't for everyone.

The soil is cracked and dry  
most of the time,  
home to cacti and shrubbery,  
animals strong enough to survive  
through fire and flood.

The desert, my home,  
plays host to extremes,  
dry bones and rushing waters,  
cities of concrete and glass,  
open skies where stars still shine.

I know, you think it's ugly.

This part of the country  
can come across as hostile,  
at least to the untrained eye,  
the kind that still needs to adapt  
to arid breath and sunburnt skin.

I know, it's an acquired taste.

There is a mountain not far from here,  
a place I have come to love,  
where the city and its lights  
spread out below, a sea of worlds,  
windows becoming stars.

Even with the steel and smog  
and the traffic over rough roads  
surrounded by empty plots of dirt,  
these are the grounds where I was raised,  
my homeland, host to my family.

I know, I am a child of the desert.