Lake Mead’s Lament
Amir Khan

Once a vibrant blue jewel,
A haven for sun and sand,
Now I shrink, a thirsty ghoul,
Scorched by an unforgiving hand.

My shores, once kissed by gentle waves, Now
stand exposed, cracked and bare, Boats lie
stranded in my caves, Ghosts Of a life beyond
compare.

The sun beats down, a relentless heat,
Evaporation steals my breath,
My depths, once teeming, now retreat,
A skeletal landscape of impending death.

The Hoover Dam stands tall above, A
monument to human might,
But its thirst, it cannot shove,
Leaving me to wither in the night.

The desert winds whisper tales, Of a
future painted dry,
Where life itself will fail,
And only dust will fill the sky.
But still I hold on, a sliver of hope,
That rain will come, a cleansing tide,
To fill my cup, to give me scope,
And bring back the life that has died.