

## 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.