

**The Heart That Would Heal:
A Letter to my True Friends, from Carson City, NV**
Rita Geil

*In the deserts of the heart
Let the healing fountain start...*
W. H. Auden
“*In Memory of W. B. Yeats*”

When my heart aches, carry me to high desert.
The heart of the desert
is a dune blown and spare.
Wind-harp my heart, like a fine grain of sand.
Empty as desert, my heart can repair.

When my heart aches, ferry me to deep waters.
The heart of the deep
is a wave that will yield.
Humble my heart, like rain on Lake Tahoe.
Washed in *Big Water*, my heart is revealed.

When my heart aches, carry me to the mountains.
The heart of the mountain
is stone that is steady.
Strengthen my heart, like the High Sierra.
Measured as mountains, my heart is made ready.

When my heart aches, carry me to the forest.
The heart of the forest
reseeds in oblation.
Christen my heart, like the piñon's nut-seed.
Circled by pine trees, my heart finds elation.

When my heart breaks, carry me to Nevada.
The heart of Nevada
is boundless and blessed.
Noble my heart, like lands of ancestors.
Sheltered by *Snowfall*, my feral heart rests.