Mother Mojave Speaks
Crystal Barker

My desert daughter
is cradled
in the swaths
of warm whispering winds,
lulled into a lullaby peace
stretched out upon a flat outcrop
of aged limestone
that still radiates its warmth
from the stored heat
of earlier sun glow.
This place
that most describe as desolate,
she finds comforting
and is at home
in the dry desert dirt
under the vast Milky Way sky.
In the distance a coyote yips
and the hour hands of time seem stilled.
As she gazes across the mesa,
the southwestern sentinel
Joshua trees,
with arms raised
towards the heavens,
embrace and surround her.
She is loved and protected here.