

# 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.



Photograph by Crystal Barker