

My Best Wishes to the Ghost State

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You walk far enough and you'll find her,
she's no desert princess, no woman in white,
but a howling, debilitated queen,
scratching at her natural confines.
Maybe she was once as fierce as the wind,
but now,
her walls droop inward,
and her arms twist and shake against her weight,
weeping from the inside-out.

She's the memory of something worthy of the name
palace, but now,
the desert has taken her as its next victim,
the guillotine of western time,
ticks softly through the air.
She's been abandoned by the few who remember,
and maybe someday I'll abandon her too,
and she'll join her other sisters.
I'll walk the Silver Terrace,
And think about her fondly,
and I'll still smell the earth her foundation
will fertilize,
and think about how beautiful, how frightening she was.

Maybe we'll be following her,
the desert's next victims.
But for now,
this earth is fertile and our foundations fresh.