**Message on a Blank Slate**  
Kerri Higgins

I sit along this dark, dusty road  
Stare at the setting sun  
Lick the grit on my lips  
Sunscreen sheen glistens

Diamonds on my shoes, diamonds in the sky  
They reflect rainbows  
neon prisons of fleeting luck

The desert isn’t lucky by nature  
It is rough and carved out  
Baked like a clay pot

Palm trees dot here and there  
Like silent spectators  
Waving to tourists

Grass had to surrender  
The cacti are back in power  
With needles pointed upward

This barren land has welcomed  
Refugees from other stars  
Camouflaged as other worldly beings

Disguised as pictures on rocks  
The first neon signs pointing us  
To lei lines in the sky

The images betray man’s evolution  
For thinking the desert  
was just a blank slate