

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