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Little Desert Flower

Michael Lee Johnson

Out of this poem grows a little desert flower. it is blue sorrow it waits for your return. You escape so you must from me refuge, folded, wrapped in cool spring rain leavesavoiding July, August heat. South wind hell-fire burns memories within you, branded I tattoo you, leave my mark, in rose barren fields fueled with burned and desert stubble. Yet I wait here, a loyal believer throat raw in thirst. I wrest thunder gods gathering ritual-prayer rain. It is lonely here grit, tears rub my eyes without relief. Yet I catch myself loafing away in the wind waiting fate to whisper those tiny messages writer of this storm welded wings, I go unnoticed but the burned eyes of red-tailed hawk pinch of hope, sheltered by the doves. I tip a toast to quench your thirst, one shot of Tequila my little, purple, desert flower.