

DESERT

The sidewinder knows only
the foreverness of sand,
maybe supposing it is eternity
and immortality is already
in his looping grasp. Still,
endorsed with glyptic signatures,
the sand is neither content nor patient
as behooves a metaphor for always.

As I disintegrate to particles,
my dissemination will glisten and roll
not really free as wind has its way
or gravity decides one more granule
is too many on the crest.

Duneside, I watch crawling progress.
I stare as the serpent
abandons the great desert crossing
and disappears beneath the isness of sand.

The downside of mammalian mentality sees
the distinct difference between us--
the snake made his own decision.

--Glenna Holloway