

Desert Rose

This desert moulds
dry river bed pavements
into serpentine sidewinders
grey as snakes and
as cracked as bones
Between neon facades
and fast food-to-go oases
midnight fires blaze
along flaring freeways
in grain-of-sand testimony
to the speed of life
and the epoch of existence
But this thin-skinned entity has
no orange blossom
to fragrance its breath
No will to temper
the sulphurous
twilight chiller winds
that chase pollution plumes
across jaundiced skies
Beneath the yellow stars
of sodium enclosures
tumbleweed container-spoils
haunt empty parking bays;
residue from
throw-away take-aways
and midnight copulations
Road-sweepers gather their charge
as solar strobe
rapid-pulse xenon beacons
illuminate the
doorway face of a man
with the peel and smile
of a salamander
He spits on the ground
before ordering a
set meal for one
as a single rose falls
from a forgotten table
left waiting in a wilderness
where love lies deserted

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