

Desert Song

Gene Goldfarb



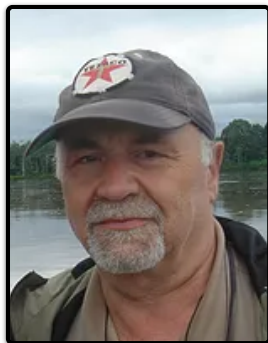
Kim Matthews Wheaton
Cool Morning

Desert Song

Oh mama, oh land,
oh quiet sky

here where I lie
curious rabbits gather
to inspect me on timid approach
their noses pulsing
eyes fresh, this humility matches
my lengthened limbs
on the valley floor
one comes, sniffs, retreats to kin
waiting yards away, confers
they move off happily indifferent,
a vulture is pacing nearby
staring sideways expectantly
till a coyote appreciates me
and the bird finds a cliff
but the coyote scrambles for a rat
pray for me tonight, dear soul
for a kinder moon
as I become all these things

oh mama, oh land
oh quiet, quiet sky.



Gene Goldfarb lives on Long Island in New York, loves writing, and sometimes succeeds at it. His poems have appeared in the very small press, among these being *Cliterature*, *Empty Sink*, *Lalitamba*, *Stoneboat*, *SLANT*, *Thin Air*, *Black Fox Literary Magazine* and *Heavy Feather Review*. His blogs have also appeared in *Black Fox*, and a short story of his recently debuted in *Bull & Cross*.

