

Place

by shaz via jill - Jungle Drum Newswire *Sunday, Jun 25 2017, 4:31am*

international / poetry / post

the air moves as wind
and with it tiny grains
in the unendurable heat

dunes heaped by millions of grains
form waves which
overcome the land and drown
the tallest trees until they
suffocate, wither and die
leaving stark, lifeless trunks
as signals, reminders of the fertility
that once was

it is no coincidence that dunes move
in wave patterns as the sea bed moves
contoured by water,
air and water are fluid but rooted trees
die as they have no answer for swirling change

and so it is that what was once lushness
is now dunes of tiny crystal grains
which support other types of life
that go unnoticed

yielding to a relentless onslaught
may be more favourable than standing
firm and attempting resistance,
mighty trees fall yet supple grasses
persist in the harshness

a million thoughts move in similar patterns
creating obstinacy/rigidity ready to succumb
to yielding fluidity and the shifting sands of existence

in the distance date palms grow
around rare pools
like something that doesn't belong
to the whole

