

In the Desert

These things are fleeting—
how the desert is always the desert,
yet the sand trades places with itself.

It's wide. It's bare.
It is none of our refuges.
Reeks like identity.

I knew you in the desert.
Always you, never the same,
grasping at kinship like thirst.
Hope isn't birthright.
The now is.

So I was the oasis,
and you were a camel,
drinking until full—
because the next is uncertain.
Could be eternity
should you allow it.

This oasis may not be here
should you return.

The oasis remembers every sojourner—
with spite, with a fondness,
enraged by the ever-changing,
and the things that stay the same—
fleeting.