

when rivers run dry

by Shakoor Sabree

when rivers run dry
and nature's peaceful
gathering of wildlife,

ceases.

and the prey endlessly preys.

and the elephant that migrates
through three desert suns
for the sweet scent of water,
meets day and day again,
an empty-handed wind.

at sunrise, as I wake
to the chirping of birds,
another missed golden kiss
between sky and earth,
I realize, I am that elephant
and I have lost my way home.

my heart is mute now.
has been, ever since I smothered it
with my covers, choosing warmth over
a cleanse, ninety plus dawns ago,
exact.

for that very morning,
like a raindrop,
once on a trajectory straight,
I hit my first of many windshields
and fell off course. leaving a limp
that would be noticed back home.

when days of burning fire,
masked in the cloak of life
are not met with the five seas,
the red sun burns oh so much brighter
and carves a new compass in the molten soul.

and only when all the skies cease to cry.
and all the world's mirages have receded.
will we realize, lost in the desert land,
that water at dawn was our guide home.