

W

We are going south.
There is no other point
on this compass.

I

The needle spins and spins
only stops
if we don't ask for directions.

N

d

It is hot and getting hotter.
My skin is pocked
with blisters and bug bites.

R

We are always thirsty.
Mouths full of swollen buds
that never bloom

o

S

and all your words are lost
on the weird wind trails
of the dunes.

G

We argue again about the oasis.
Even maps of the stars
cannot guide us.

You look at the compass
stomp your foot and shout
"God damn it, we're lost."

You have forgotten again
the paper flowers blow every
which way and only chase the wind.

JENNIFER GOLDRING