

Stranded

I stood beneath the tree,
dappled in the leaf clouded sun,
and watched a plane go past
in heliograph flashes like
Morse code.

When it was gone,
I asked the scrub and sand and
old Joshua tree if I had been
saved in shelter, or doomed for
keeping my eyes from the hills?

I waited,
in the drying wind,
but no worm wilted the tree
in answer and only
I was left,
desiccated,
my tongue swollen,
as if I had swallowed
a whale.

•