Lament Of The Desert

Brazen, Sahara clothed in cold beauty
buried beneath heat and sun brilliant
hates her survival. Longing for newly
formed dew on blooming thorns, not malignant
sand-ovens she cries for her lover’s embrace.
Reaching back in forgotten past the moon
Luna once amongst dense stars raced
through a frozen sky to touch and swoon
the heart of a boiling wilderness.
Then Sol burned with rage and sunfire,
envious of Sahara’s moonlight dress,
wrapped her in a blistered skin attire.
Here now ardor brings life and water death,
Sahara still craves Luna with each searing breath.

―Benjamin Zucker

—Brittany Violet Long, “Luck”