

## 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"