

small seed

my dry bones—
bare skin
lay as the half-shed diamondback
in the canyon shadows
waiting waiting for
a soft breeze to gather them
up, place them by a cool oasis
to be revived by a soft evening mist
to further journey with you

instead a cloudburst—
rain poured through the wadi
splintered ribs, ulnae, femur
crushed against the canyon walls
until a small seed
inside a small bone
of the pelvic part of life
came to rest at the headwater of
amniotic stream
where i blossomed
vibrant as the ocotillo and agave in the
desert heat—
alive with new birth

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