

## 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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