

## Place

by shaz *Friday, Jun 23 2017, 1:24pm*

international / poetry / post

the air moves as wind  
and with it tiny grains  
in the unendurable heat

dunes heaped by millions of grains  
form waves which  
overcome the land and drown  
the tallest trees until they  
suffocate, wither and die  
leaving stark, lifeless trunks  
as signals, reminders of the fertility  
that once was

it is no coincidence that dunes move  
in wave patterns as the sea bed moves  
contoured by water,  
air and water are fluid but rooted trees  
die as they have no answer for swirling change

and so it is that what was once lushness  
is now dunes of tiny crystal grains  
which support other types of life  
that go unnoticed

yielding to a relentless onslaught  
may be more favourable than standing  
firm and attempting resistance,  
mighty trees fall yet supple grasses  
persist in the harshness

a million thoughts move in similar patterns  
creating obstinacy/rigidity ready to succumb  
to yielding fluidity and the shifting sands of existence

in the distance date palms grow  
around rare pools  
like something that doesn't belong  
to the whole

