

## Walking the Desert

*before blood comes a woman often walks  
...the abyss of what she hunts or most needs  
Renée Gregorio*

For some time now you haven't followed the moon  
as you did. Still, about once a month you circle  
that depression left in the desert floor  
by something huge that fell eons ago,  
your eyes haunting the cold caldera rim  
where heat forced up through the earth when it was young.  
Old wounds that do not heal however  
often we touch them. Like promises unfulfilled,  
an aching belly. I am a man. What can I know  
of blood? It runs hot. It runs cold. It runs out.  
The sun comes up in the morning. Until it doesn't.  
Resent it as we will, that's the way it is.  
*Así es.* Nothing we can do will change it.

And though while the moon is covered with blood the sun  
with excrement and we fume and sulk and snap  
at one another (having no one else  
at hand to blame) and not much gets done in the meantime,  
we may wish that time which in its courses teaches  
both curse and praise might offer this fall if not wisdom  
at least a lesson on how to wait patiently  
knowing we each have places even love can't fill  
and that while solar storms and lunar influences  
make our hearts race and wince and recoil,  
our best bet for something like peace of mind  
may be in holding close what comes between us,  
walking the desert until it's quiet enough to sleep.