

The desert reclaims our footsteps.

Eating away at rust and rot,  
sweeping through the valleys  
and in the cracks of our kitchen floor  
are the inklings of imagination.

Aged like the smell of old books.  
Wise like my grandfather's chair.  
Ancient like the ticks of time.

The red rocks,  
as though they were the sun,  
demand wrinkles and burns,  
force the tired eyes to close.

But still...

they shake the hands of labor.

Covered by tiny grains of sand,  
poking through tablets of clay  
are remnants  
of our lives.

Memories that will

Dissolve

Disperse

and

Disappear...