

Desert Dust

In the spring
desert dust descends,
a sickly yellow cloud
borne in by east wind
with heat and dry,
irritation and headaches.
-- Egypt's darkness?

Like an old lens filter,
it films the air yellow.
Jaundiced, thick, dangerous
the mustard cloud hangs,
pregnant with soil.

It hides the valley
beyond the window,
veils and stains all.

Sometimes then the sky
spits a few drops of rain,
makes incipient mud
fertile with added water.
It paints plants cars houses
and often,
after a day or two or three,
a fresh westerly
blows it away in an hour.

It leaves in the air a peculiar brightness
and objects at night seen in headlights,
are whitish and sharply outlined,
traced around with borders.

Dust in our eyes and we cannot see;
it goes and things are outlined, clear, sharp.
Seeing is not just clarity,
sometimes it blurs from richness
that yellows, whitens and fructifies

and unclarity begets sharp edges.

The desert sends dust
dust makes mud
and from mud,
God modelled man.

The desert is harsh and beautiful.
The quiet, clear desert night,
bring Gods closer clearer,
so they say.

In the settled land
we cannot see heaven clearly;
the desert sends us rich dust
without fructifying water
and a blurred perception of Him
who sent rivers out of Eden.