

December in the Desert

The first rains bring green leaves bursting
from the dry spikes of the ocotillo.
A few are tipped with flame red flowers,
hints of the show that will blazon forth in Spring.
It is quiet here among the red rocks,
Only the call of a crow... two, three times
before it disappears overhead.
The prickles of cactus and steep rocky slopes trick the stranger
into thinking the desert a harsh and hostile place.
But sit for even a short time and a sweetness settles over you,
a surprising tenderness to the land.

The sun dips down behind the mountain crags early this time of year.
Darkness begins to deepen the colors of the rocks
and turns all the greens of the plants to gray.
Tiny lights twinkle down in Borrego Springs.
Then, suddenly, a huge orange saucer of a moon rises quickly from behind
the slope.
This earth is full of surprises,
Gifts like Christmas presents that open themselves before your eyes.

Winter winds will come here, and rushing rains and flash floods.
The depth of darkness will lift, and Spring will come dancing her colors in.
But for now I do not wish away this darkening December day
for future glories.
This quiet sweetness is blessing enough.