



a desert place

Natural beauty
through preservation

Presented by:
CONSERVATION COMMITTEE of the
Cave Creek Improvement Association

by Barbara Sciacca

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Fall Poem

I keep seeking a warm spot
It's so hard to get it just right
Just when I've set everything up
A cloud comes by and chills me
Or else the front of me is warm
As my back is cold

The ground is soft and brightly
colored

From the rain

And summer seems a long way
behind me

Now I crouch, with my back to
the fire

And the apple, both tart and
sweet

Sends thundrous noises through
my head

As I crunch it down to the core

Who knows the desert?

So often I hear it described as
"barren"

They run the words together,
"barrendesert."

"Don't put the road through
here,

Why, just two miles north it's
barrendesert."

Isn't it useless to explain?

If people listen to the sounds
but do not hear

If they look, but do not see
So be it

Just do no harm, please, do no
harm

I remember the summer —
My heart was in a different
place

I sought to find myself outside
myself

And now, with the cold

I've come to nurture the small
flame

That burns within

Feed it, fan the flames

Shield it from the storm

Closer and closer I come
I am at one with the universe
The path is true — I feel it
I study the hole in the mountain,
the old mine
I will climb that hill
I will stand at the top and
put the valley
Into perspective

Busy quail — so many, so noisy!
What are you about this day?
I like to think you have dis-
covered me
As I have you
But I know better
We are each involved in the task
Of living out our destinies

The White-crowned sparrows
arrived at the feeders of Eleanor
Radke and Ellis Jones on Satur-
day, Sept. 28 — right on
schedule!
