



Black Mountain News - 9 Dec. 1982
Change of season inspiring

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 discovered me
As I have you
But I know better.
We are each involved in the task
Of living out our destinies

by Barbara Sciacca

Reader questions, comments and contributions
are invited. Write: "A Desert Place," in care of
the *Black Mountain News*, P.O. Box 1569, Cave
Creek, Ariz. 85331 — or leave at the news office.