

Forty Years

Forty years I've wandered
The desert of your absence,
Wondering what life would have been.

Forty years of wandering with only
Distant memories of "home."

Forty years of going out every morning
To gather carob and quail,
To light fire with dung and thorns,
To navigate by only moon and stars.

Twice as many years as fingers and toes,
More than twice as many as my
Fifteen years when you drifted off
On a caravan of morphine drops.

New generations have grown
Knowing only sand and sky
And stories of oases they think a mirage.

I face the sun and give thanks
For the end of slavery but regret
The loss of a mother's love.