

# There is a long strip of desert

My black rainbow no longer  
comes to the surface of our world  
Willingly

Now she hides  
in porous rock  
eager to escape  
detection, depletion, extinction

Now we are the eager ones  
Wild cat wells  
Drill rigs  
Fractured earth  
Pumping sea water  
Driving drilling dying  
In our smog  
Our lust  
Our cars  
In the midst of our black rainbow  
Oil

until we stop one day



There is a long strip of desert  
in my mind.

Stone walls curl  
themselves around me,  
their angles threatening  
burial.

And I cannot remember  
anything taller.  
I cannot remember  
anything emptier.

Think of falling  
into water  
thick with silt and soil.  
Think of the moment  
of resurfacing,  
still tossed  
by the momentary blackness.

Brown is the color I see  
when I think of returning.

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