

THE JUNIPER JURY BY MEGHAN DOENGES

Footprints in the sand
never cease
in this undying land.
She glides among the weary plants
with her hands of bark...
Hark! A journey, land ho! Here we go-
Through the mystical proverbial harshness.

The unforgiving heat is a blanket against all the world,
as her soul sings to twirl,
whipping about in the dust quenched for thirst.

With time...the last drop
2Hydrogen, 1oxide
gone in a POP!
of evaporation.

Desperately, she turns about,
to see nothing
but a great big expanse of drought

Relentless silence so loud in her ears,
with no thing but the dry voice of the desert
to hear

Layers of chalky brown seep deep to her throat,
as she stumbles upon a patch of juniper.
Oh delirium, it must be, oh yes!
That juniper seemed to move at second guess!
Creeping, crawling, creaking with heat
coming ever so closer to her feet!

Blood red canyons could not hear her thirsty screams
As her excursion became the thing of dreams.

The juniper a weary traveler
with branches-roots-berries-sculpted to survival
Amid the shifting haze of the open skies
Where none but the vulture flies.

Swiftly, she was encircled
In the setting sky the shadows grew tall
without liquid resolve her countenance so small

crooked figures rearing in the night
quickly they took her fight
What were limbs-
out sprang branches!
fingers blossomed berries
and her last taste, tangy peppermint
self sustaining bitterness of life

She glides among the weary plants now, with her hands of bark...