

Water War 8-18-08

I am the two humped camel  
Old, clever, wizened.  
I roam the desert  
    Looking for the rain.  
The old woman sleeps  
    curled between my humps.  
Death hides behind my second hump.

At night when I kneel to sleep  
    The woman cooks goat's meat.  
Death too dismounts and sleeps  
    Between us.  
In the morning we three are  
    Gone  
Leaving only the spotless glowing desert  
    A font of life.

Plancho por el sol  
    Sobre el mar triste  
        Y la tristesa de la Guerra.