



DESERT LOVE

By Wayne Visser

My lover's face
Is nothing like the desert plain's
Wide open space

Her rising breast
Cannot compare to sand dune curves
Which never rest

Her diamond ring
Is nothing like the desert rose:
Dull shimmering

My darling's eyes
Are nothing like the sticky dates
With buzzing flies

Her moistened lips
Cannot compare to fresh mint tea's
Sweet steaming sips

Her flashing smile
Is nothing like the sun's bright glare
For endless miles

Yet both seduce me
Boundless in their natural beauty
Both infuse me

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