



## SAHARA

By Wayne Visser

A silky dust devours the miles ahead  
Between the barely living and the dead  
The thirsty sun sucks every dewy drop  
Up from the bare-ribbed sand dunes' barren crop

Yet strung across the shimmering mirage  
A silent camel-beaded entourage  
Comes bearing treasured spices, oils and balms  
To green oases under shaded palms

Along these trails our history is told  
As stories trade and mysteries unfold  
Connecting East and West in common cause  
And teaching from the book of Nature's laws

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