

Hiding

Heat, extreme heat, fills the desert days,
shaping everything: land of reds and greys.
Boulders that shed their skin create piles
of scree, clothing the desert miles

on a journey to become grains of sand.
Creatures hide under rocks, in burrows, to withstand
the sun, relentless sun of the daylight hours
then emerge in the dark for a meal to devour.

A rare rain-storm quenches the thirst
of the parched land. Hidden seeds burst
into life, a rainbow of colour competing for insects
to visit the anthers then Nature, the architect,

plays her trump card releasing new seeds for winds to convey
and lie hidden amongst the sands for another day.

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