

The Mojave Desert Remembers Ron Paul

by Scott A. Nicholson

Desert showers hit the land and evaporate
Before they have a chance to
Cultivate the ground.

Clouds erupt from the horizon
Like cotton bursting out the seams of fuzzy stuffed mountains
And are quickly pushed around by the bully wind,
But the trees shed not a leaf,
Do not even raise a limb
To wave at the passing traffic

On the bouncing road,
Gripped tightly by the rolled-up fist of
Surrounding, pulsing mounds,
Veins drained and dry by Joshua needles,
I light a cigarillo and roll the window up;
It would be a shame to ruin
Such a beautiful hell
With a fire not indigenous.

The Mojave Desert remembers Ron Paul
With tattered billboards
Scraped and clawed by vehement dust
Relocating to grayer pastures;
You on your pedestal and
Me in my car.

The Mojave Desert remembers the message.
Sort of.

The red on white letters halfheartedly broken,
Spelling out 'volution',
And I'm pretty sure
There was more to it than that
To your imagined coup.

I know which candidate
The Mojave Desert would have voted for
If the Mojave Desert could vote.

The Mojave Desert remembers Ron Paul
Even if I don't.

7:07 pm 2/23/2010

