

The Queen of Sand

By: S. Whittington

Singeing wind, dancing sand,
I'm buried within your garbs,
I'm lost beneath you in this land.
I thirst for sympathy, yet your heat
Exhausts me, burning me with passion,
A feeling so brutal, yet
I am enthralled.

Your heart is the desert,
Vast and hot, yet so vacant.
At noon, I'm kissed by
The lashing sun, your eye.
The glaring sand is your
Sadistic grin shimmering beneath
My broken body.

Though I am weary from you,
You seek someone other than me.
To pester, to toy with,
Yet I am the only one to remain
With you in your afternoon rays.
I look past this cruel game's manifest,
And I feel exalted for endurance.

As you close your fading eye,
You slumber with
The cool breeze as
Your gentle purr.
The night sky is your dream,
A frontier that which I cannot reach.
The horizon comes,
And with this, I reacquaint myself with,
My scalding obsession.