

# *Saguaro*

DENNIS SALEH

The desert night  
touches the air

like the perfume  
of a woman

you have lived  
with for eternity

and never known  
She is swaying

with the silence  
ribbons of time

she hears over  
the polished sands

of the ballroom  
everyone has left

Overhead  
at midnight

the moon  
fastens

its antique  
corsage