

Lashed by the Desert Winds Ghazal

For Cormac McCarthy

The muezzin's voice echoes across the grit and the silts
The sun has laid waste to all but the grit and the silts

In the inky afterlife he sees himself buried
He reaches without hands to stop the grit and the silts

That homebrew that Mike made put us all on our asses
We downed bottles of skunk juice to the grit and the silts

Glanton had the kid sprung from a Chihuahua cárcel
Killers hunted Apache through the grit and the silts

We returned home to the villa after the summer
Our furnishings were begrimed with the grit and the silts

A low pressure system buffets the peninsula
Sheet lightning races over the grit and the silts

The intractable wastes extend past the horizon
What djinnie or dervish wanders the grit and the silts?

He's a stark waking nightmare after weeks of no sleep
Wraiths and apparitions slip from the grit and the silts

Judge Holden caught the kid at a bar in Fort Griffin
He's dancing somewhere still beyond the grit and the silts

The road into town was mined before morning's first light
Metal, flesh and fire rain upon the grit and the silts

Dust storms mark the transition from winter to summer
After work Matt goes dashing through the grit and the silts