

Vast quiet desert, like a still mill pond
No 'X'
No markers where they might be.

Guided, we dug where commanded.
I dug.
Sand slipping and covering its' own traces as quickly as I scooped.
Yet I continued to dig.

Ardently, eagerly.
With sincerity and belief.

Desert roses? Bunches? Vegetation?
Was there an underground of green, whetted waiting tubers?
I dug.

Deeper and into coarser, less shifting, salty soil.
Stabbing spades injured the landscape, with a swooshing sound.
Rhythm and none,
as if each of us, the member of an orchestra, with no conductor.
We dug for desert roses.

And then we struck.
The skeleton of the desert. Determined and unrelenting.
Blades replaced with searching fingers, Sore by emiered sandstone.

Blades again... and hands...
then blade...
then hands... until,
A chunk released,
and floated in my hands, above my head, in triumph.

Miniature roses in full bloom.
Compacted, they vied for space.
Twisted and turned within themselves,
Each restricting the other in an impassive dance.

The music stopped.
and they froze in the scorching sunlight.
Jewel-like, delicate.
Catching sunlight deep within the folds and shards.

Tiny blades, the petal formations by natures mathematical symmetry.

Now barren, the crevices cry into themselves.
Beauty concealing, as a slave, ripped apart from its history.
My dusty, glinting, exposed - trophy rose.