

THE HOT METAL CHAIR

I sit in the hot metal chair in my flagstoned courtyard looking above the adobe wall to the hardscabble mountain to the east. A car goes by and the dust settles like fog. The grass is brown, the leaves wrinkled and scabby—they crunch in my hands. The water is gone from the ditch, but the debris of summer remains.

I love the dry air. The sere quality of life. The knowledge of rock bottom and my own essential nature. I love the brick floors under my feet and the sounds of the wind. I close my eyes and let the sun bake me, let my bones soften into the chair and the stone of my courtyard.

I dream of water. Of waves lapping the shore. Crashing against breakwaters and sucking at pilings. I dream of wet salt air and the spices of foreign lands. I dream of fish and veal piccata and discourse and life so green, so vital. I feel the water washing over me, feeding my thirsts and caressing my skin.

I live in the high desert where the sun turns the mountains red at twilight. I live in the desert of old dreams where the ink in my pen dries quickly. I sit in the hot metal chair in my flagstoned courtyard and hear water moving and the see the land turn green. ☺