

This Desert of Emotion

Santa Fe walls and the ribbon lips of a waitress
with torn hair, a bartender with glistening nose
you are working with a script of blank pages tonight
opposite a pair of cold black eyes which cue
your next smile or pale giggle
the businessman leaves in his Porsche, with a swing
of his trenchcoat and the night navy of his suit
he turns down the west end street back to his house
with its rich Chinese wife
and the solar-heated doghouse in the back yard
one day you too may marry into your desire
for now you approach his client
the blue eyes of diamond tiles beneath your feet
he lies on the bed with his flame-ruined body
here in this desert of emotion where the baked sand
of the walls warms you, he nods
and you slip your hand into his lap
swallow past the parchment of your throat
your fingers try to refrain from bruising
as you guide him towards his mirage

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