

The Life of an Introvert

Desert plants are diffident.
They do not flourish with gusto
like the mountain lily;
it is not their way.
Their intensity is interior, sculpted
by the marriage of severity and longing.

Accustomed to long drought
and intimate with thirst,
some grow thorns for defense.
They are difficult to approach:
reluctant, isolate, guarded.
Propose friendship tentatively.

Their roots go deep, in search of
nourishment that is stored, not exuded.
Nourishment that is given freely
to the earnest traveler.
Accept what fruit there is,
in spite of their hesitant reserve.

Now and then, a flower blooms
in the desert. Lay beside it awhile, at dawn,
and gaze upward as it kisses, for a moment,
the soft morning sky.

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