

Thorny Guitar

Every day and every night I am entranced by its song. The hoots, howls, and yowls, the yips, yaps, and squeaks. The desert's instrument carries me away every night and every day. For when I wake up in the morning to when I'm laid to rest, the deserts howling, scampering, and squeaking band, send me to my dreams with nothing and everything to dream of.

Every day and every night it plays in tune with me. The band of coyotes, owls, rats, snakes, lizards, and toads, then finally the sweet melody of the saguaro cactus growing, the sound of the Thorny Guitar. To hear the tune ever so nice you have to stop and listen, once entranced you shall listen 'till you're lulled to sleep until your hair grows gray, until your bones are weary, but when your body is put to rest.
Ye shall be very gay.

Every day and every night that I suddenly hear the song, my roots spread wide and my skin grows green and thorny, then I am assured that I am with the desert. I shall never leave my home, my roots even if it is just to hear that sweet song one more time. I shall stay here 'till my roots have stopped growing 'till all green turns brown and gray 'till once long and great swords rust and fall away. I shall stay here till dawn to when three pillars turn to none. For I am a kid of the desert's song
and it shall always be this way.

A desert Kid,

Laszlo Thomas