

### **Desert Sequence**

There's the rise and fall of dunes, a woman's curves.  
Asphalt strips travel through desert into the present.

A glass building reflects its residents on tiny balconies,  
they look into sand-filmed windows making sure  
their hair is combed, shirts straightened, they are workers  
ready to start their day.

Whiteness is rare, it is  
the color of bones.  
Sometimes the sun's sheen on everything  
tricks the gaze,  
a distant shimmer of palm dates can be mistaken  
for an oasis.