OASIS

John Sibley Williams

A sudden lushness

sprung from a single desert rain
already swimming in locusts.

Naked, in the briefly raging
river, absent its skin, a pulled-apart

body, thousands of bodies preparing
to take its place.


That we are here watching the all-or-nothing
of that flame, hungry as ever, terrified;

a blessing

light as gunpowder, sparking,
as light itself before the heat takes hold.