Revival, Revival

Bone people walking
the singing sand dunes
waves without water
dreams lost to us.

Five years of without—
a resurrection plant’s dead limbs
reaching for rain
canticle of branches.

To be killed so many times by the sun—
lament passes;
the desert belongs.

Unspell me—my heartland
heartbeats back by the bone lick

several mistakes ago—
a cowgirl’s salt wound
slit by early beasts,
lured to that lusty sanctuary
of self-discovery.

Even my hair remembers
what your body felt like:

a felled forest still tethered to the moon.