

One with Nature

Sara Hood

My cracked toes scrape
the vanishing edge
of the great precipice.
Gold dust coats
my weak ankles,
joining me to earth.
My lips split
as a warning gust
slaps my flushed face.
My eyes bleed salt
as I paint the canyon
with centuries of red.
My arms stretch out
to feel the energy
of the watchful sun.
I smile at the beauty
carved into the sand
before my legs
take the final step.