

The Road

When I come to the end of the road, I will see a lone wolf howling at the midnight moon by the red flowering strawberry hedgehog cactus.

When I come to the end of the road, I will be eavesdropping on a rattlesnake “sssss” is what I was hearing by the jumping cholla cactus.

When I come to the end of the road, I will see a golden cougar skyrocketing next to an aloe vera plant.

When I come to the end of the road there were bees buzzing at the sweet nectar of the prickly pear cactus.

When I come to the end of the road a bighorn sheep will be prouncing over the tall saguaro cactus.

When I come to the end of the road a roadrunner was gliding across the wet dirt and Ahhh! a relief from the hot desert rays.

When I come to the end of the road, I will see a bobcat stocking its prey near the golden barrel cactus

When I come to the end of the road, I will see a brown and white spotted owl as wise as my grandmother’s word.

When I come to the end of the road, I will see a stunning green and radiant blue hummingbird levitating over the ocotillo cactus

When I come to end of the road, I will see my shadow as the evening sets, pink and blue was the reflection of the horizon over the Santa Rita Mountain Range. gggbb