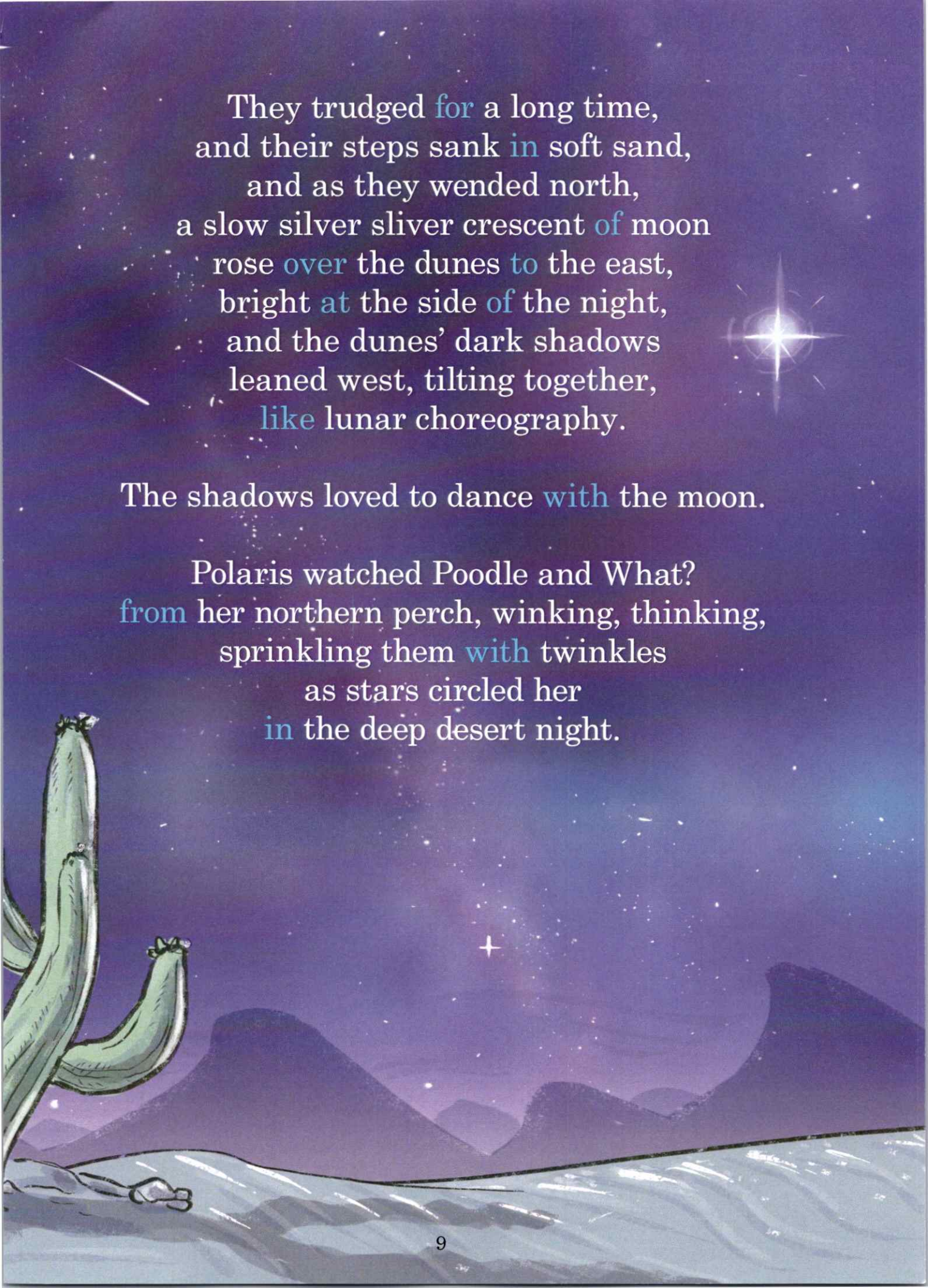
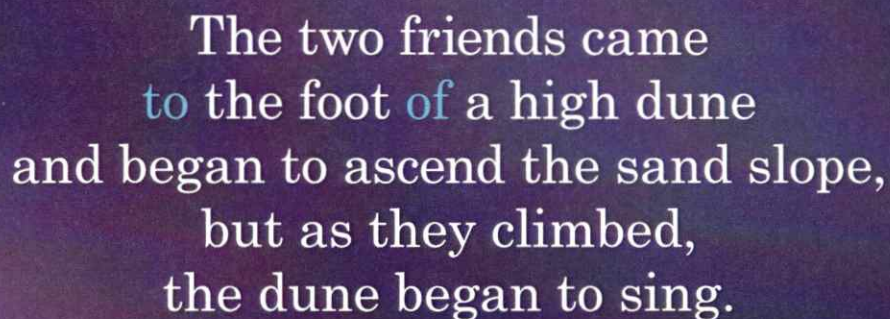




They trudged **for** a long time,
and their steps sank **in** soft sand,
and as they wended north,
a slow silver sliver crescent **of** moon
rose **over** the dunes **to** the east,
bright **at** the side **of** the night,
and the dunes' dark shadows
leaned west, tilting together,
like lunar choreography.

The shadows loved to dance **with** the moon.

Polaris watched Poodle and What?
from her northern perch, winking, thinking,
sprinkling them **with** twinkles
as stars circled her
in the deep desert night.



Sing? Yes. Dunes sing.
You'd sing, too, **under** stars **like** that.

The dune began to sing **in** the night,
a soft song, a star song, slightly sad,
full **of** oooooo's and *mmmm*'s,
growing **to** *mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm*
and then **to** *wwwoooooooooooo*.

It was a beautiful sand song, clear, blue, cold,
broken-hearted, a sad sand-hearted song,
a song of the lonely desert stars,
and it filled the sky with notes and tones,
and a quick meteor streaked the sky—
for punctuation.