Strata of Memory
By Ella McIntire

Lips dry and cracked,
Heart a thousand times over.
What did you learn from the harsh purity of the desert?
Were you scraped clean?
Were you made true?
No?
Me neither.

I stretched out my hands toward the red rock sunset;
Pain echoing off the stones,
Heartbeat like a four-wheel drive.
Golden headlight waves on the roof of the cave,
Heart underwater.

I stretch my hands out toward the foothills' silhouettes.
I wanted them to take me back
Dust and dirt.
To take me and bury me in the strata of their memory.

Maybe one day
Someone would use my rib bones to tell their future
My tarot card tibia would tell them it was all gonna be okay.
I could sure use that sometimes.