

Searching for a Golf Ball in the Desert

*by Kenneth Alvin
Aerospace Engineering senior*

Feet piercing the cracked earth,
gaping open crying land for the moisture
of an unclouded sky.

Wielding my clumsy machete;
the kneeling brush prays for
mercy, but I easily injure
the strongest root.

The land trembles with warnings
reaching every corner:

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The cholla sharpen their needles
and take aim.

Searching every inch of this marvelous
trap, strategically placed zoo
caged by man; his residential street,
his new adobe manor, his course
like a careless brushstroke.

I open the brilliant shadow,
careful of the unseen lizard,
calm for the coiler poised for a nap.

I curse the sun.
I curse the father, tapping his impatient
 foot in the motor cart.
I curse the thousand developers who
 surround this animal.
I curse the thousand buyers who passed it by.
I curse myself who always aims for the middle,
 yet always hits to the right.

The ball calls out and there,
in the shade of a rotting saguaro,
we are joined, two aliens in an alien way.
Now carefully retrace the steps,
ever conscious of land mines,
gathering sound and scent,
lacking only a rake to erase my tracks.

Victoria Rubinstein

Graphic Design senior

