

Les Wicks

SANDSTORM

The desert's clouds are crashing.
Not orchestral — like
a tin bucket on a concrete floor.
We can look directly at the dusted sun,
another vague bulge at the edge.

Now the sand is a wall, ruined,
ten stories high.
Any contours of earth
finger smeared extrusion.
A no-fuss desert apocalypse —
gusts prune the mulga
even the access road lifts
a paler line of vertical earth.

Wind hits stone
you shiver at approaching rain
miles across the plains.

Against your teeth
(dust will have you first)
the low uneasy clouds
stalking the Silver City Highway.
Six o'clock the sun battens down,
one small plane limps towards Broken Hill.

