

"Baptized"

Renee

Billboard girls pave the corners of Hollywood Boulevard,  
and violet oleander floats poisonous sweet on the evening breeze.  
Bare feet are silent on warn, rough streets,  
and smog drifts lightly across the night darkened sky  
but my dreams are away in the canyons,  
red and deep with hot winds beneath,  
and rivers rushing green with icy cold teeth.  
The canyons are calling,  
foliated walls beckoning with sunset smiles.  
Time travelers,  
seen eons before us  
shallow at first and then deepening with experienced waters.  
My dreams are in the canyons,  
eating nectar from cactus flowers,  
drinking clear, cold rivers,  
breathing untainted air,  
and the canyons are calling,  
beckoning me to follow my dreams.