

Hyacinth Hall

HEARTLAND



In strange lands meager thoughts meander
through black carnivals in dreams within dreams.
On distant seas ships catching gentle winds
declare hope's weightless feathers, journey's friends.

But new seas, new places
always lead back home-
with its sterile spaces
of hard rock faces-
where bare earth exposes
in every interstice its hunger
for less than the blazing heat
from a sun's self-immolation
and for more than a glimmer
from dead stars.