

## Desertification

Desert dunes were once green fertile hills,  
colorful air-borne birds soared,  
the trees drank their fills.  
Many said, "Nothing changes here!"

The gentle rains made the earth fruitful,  
planting furrows were drenched, waterways flowed,  
farm fields had bumper crops,  
meadows were blanketed with flowers.

Subtle destruction came from daily indifference,  
greediness that seeks short-term benefits.  
Empty heads that filled their hands  
for their own selfish desires.  
They feasted on the riches of the earth's house.

Now the measuring line has marked the space,  
others receive but this place is scorched,  
the searing wind and blight prevail  
as if an onrush of demons ravished the landscape.

Cracks checkerboard the landscape,  
birds forsake their nests,  
the hills brown as morning toast,  
ponds and lakes leaving bathtub rings.

Many journey the varied landscapes of life  
reaching the barren desert  
of their own making.

Can they strike the rock  
for a plentiful drink of living water  
or will they taste the bitter and polluted water  
of a stagnant pond?

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