**Personal Ad at the End of the World**

José Enrique Medina

Seeking man with a shadow

wide enough for me to crawl

under and protect me

from the flame-hissing,

Cyclops sun. Someone

who looks good against

the heat-cracked carcasses

of trees, enjoys starlit

walks along dried riverbeds

glittering with fish-bone pins

and the glass shatter

of a parched generation.

If you have water, I’ll kneel

on broken stones and worship

the shape of your jug-bearing hand.

If dry, you must at least know

how to click your tongue, mimic

the sound of water dripping.

In exchange, I’ll invite you

to my corner of skin-devouring

sand where the wind whistles

a lament that soothes and sways,

and all night the cricket’s cry

pushes needles into the moon,

pinning it in place, like an eye

that can’t blink and burns.