**Decomposition**

Keith Polette

if you stand at the desert’s edge

and open your arms

every particle of sand will invite you

to let go

of the parts of you

that you no longer need

notice that rocks do not mourn

their slow shift into sediment

and arroyos do not curse the sky

after their waters turn to dust

the cactus wren does not grumble

about its charred song

be like the rock-colored

lizard

still as a stone

and let long days

of wind and breath

gradually

wear you away