**Santa Fe, December 2019**

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How long your heart has wandered in the desert.

1300 miles & a stop away,

you don’t know what you’ve come to find.

The red dirt. A tangle of branch

from some long-ago tree. In the summer

I saw the sky an unreal blue,

the heat a match for my body’s lonely burn.

What will it seem to you in this cold,

the dark that starts so early?

I try to see it through your eyes.

Runway lights from the tiny window.

How your face becomes a mask of calm.

Did I tell you that I climbed the mountain alone?

That I didn’t let anyone know I was going?

When I stopped, there were birds I still

have never seen. There were leaves then.

Blue lizards & the silver-brushed sage.

The thorny pear that can harm

or sustain. How far you sometimes go from me,

then return. It is the nature of love,

this stretching out of arms—

then the gathering in.