

## *Wind of Water*

*The wind slashed like water  
The night was cold  
A flower bloomed  
The sun rose  
Little javelina babies  
Came out to play  
Their mom was glad  
They lasted another day  
Again and again  
With no river in sight  
You could hear all  
The howls, snorts and cries  
Cacti sat in their forever spot  
Never to move  
Until their last days  
When they fall  
Then on the deserts hottest day  
You can still hear a river  
Oh where can it be?*