

Marcy Rae Henry  
**cemento y adobe**

it's easier to wait  
amid sage and blue grama

where a round red ball of gas  
slips below the horizon

you said the desert was dead  
i took you to The Three Sisters

animalitos darting among grasses  
and lichen growing scorched-orange

magma once blazed through the earth's crust  
but cooled into lava

i screamed *te amo* and we heard it  
echo in a canyon

we returned to the city that sleeps but never dries  
*regresaré* you said

we could reach out our bedroom window  
and touch vines on the edifice just next

the tallest building in town sways  
three feet in either direction

people inside need to see water or wine  
rippling in cups to believe

wind erases traces of sand angles  
it can efface the face of a sphynx