

## Tumbleweed

*to know*

this disparaged drifter  
this stubborn, sandy-shrubbed-soil-shifter  
is to search for mercy  
in the wind

to become  
a sun-shunner, rain-bane mustang  
and sacrifice your footing  
for wishing wings  
and offer  
your nursery bones, your  
seeded land-cloud cradle,  
to the rubbish pile of the steppe  
sweeper  
and roll the dice, and take  
a turn  
as a sowing wheel  
in the wind

to be  
a trite-troped-tangle  
of solitude and  
a sand-balling scion-swarm, at once  
bee-diner and crop-curse; the last to grow  
in a barren place and the first  
to burn it down  
and make it so, both  
a migrant and a scatterer of roots  
in the wind

to have to die  
in order to live

to bear the diasporic disposition  
to fumble for assurance  
in the wind