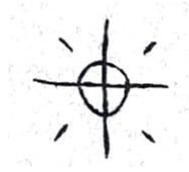
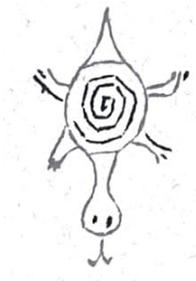


**Requiem
for the Desert
by the Harnessing of Solar Energy**

listen to the sun
dance on the dunes
smoothed sands watered green



tell the children, once upon a time
drifting dunes
over the Buried Range
evening primroses
opening perfume
white
for the sphinx moth
distant dust
stirring
specks of antelope
the Sierra San Pedro Mártir
a hundred miles
ragged in the red sunset
on the way
to the land of the dead



Cocking the Gun for Gaia

I

If there is adaptive benefit for consciousness
it is to do enough before it is too late
You say it is too late
You are probably right
but we are still here and so are great turtles in the sea

Why is population not in the headlines
Population has not dropped

Population cocks the gun for war
and locks step with weaponry, warfare,
and pandemics
This is the world we make
extinctions, global warming, and despots
while baby turtles paddle across the ocean sea

You say it is a joke
that the way forward would be an addictive
male sterilant pill (reversible)
in the hands of women
Think about it, even if gentler

Territoriality and conflict are in your genes
but you became the mistress of our genes
If we own war, who owns peace

Gaia requires balance, for you and me,
for the universe and for all time
Gaia does not lose. Gaia does not win. Gaia pervades
Gaia balances war, weaponry, and population

We will talk about that later
we will talk about that on the way to our food
Red-head Vulture and Black-head Vulture

they talk about that
they talk about the hunt
they cooperate
one sees and one smells
They talk about that, eating the dead

Population cocks the gun for war
What will the children do

II

Gaia sipped a mint julep
and
floated an angel
upside down
through Doors of No Return

rocket jockeys
ignorant of invasive species warning
bring back extraterrestrial rocks and ore
Gaia resets the Anthropocene