

Sonoran Sights

Hiking up the rocky path,
without a single touch of wrath,
greens and browns,
covering the floor,
what I wake up to,
when I open the door,
streaks of red,
sunset blues,
bright yellows,
in the sky too,
all the birds,
soaring in the sky,
some of the coyotes,
seem a little shy,
so many memories are made,
The Sonoran Desert,
I would never trade.