

# Evening in the Desert

One ride the Bedouin resplendent in their colourful robes  
ignoring the harshness of the bright scorching sun,  
slowly swaying to the rhythm of their camels gait  
on ride the Bedouin striving, to get the day done.

Free spirits wandering around endless shifting sands  
not tethered by the reins of a fast paced world,  
surveying their vast kingdom as they roam  
not confined to a street or brick built home.

Watching the sun as it sinks in a sapphire blue sky  
lurid scene portraying bright oranges and reds,  
retreating in glory beyond a far distant hill  
natures fascinating imagery designed simply to thrill.

The evening quiet now floods inner soul  
whilst dust devils dance in a whirling stroll,  
slivers of light from a rising crescent moon  
casting its shadows on a windswept dune.

Darkness falls upon the cooling desert sand  
quiet and solitude grips the mood of the land,  
peace and tranquillity in these vast open spaces  
breezes lapping gently on well weathered faces.

Constellations and galaxies pass silently overhead  
with no pollution to blight the milk way glow  
the theatre of the Universe as it puts on a show,  
shooting stars streak across the sky at night  
children handed down tales by flickering firelight.

Sitting underneath the majesty of the Cosmos  
for this is how it is ordained to be  
dwelling in these sands of hardship  
unashamed in their simplicity, simply to be free.

*Evening in the Desert*  
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