

RAIN FINDER

White oryx, my *glittering star*,
luminous against these purple dunes;
migrant between drought and calving-ground.

Dark stripe from ear to nostril
points towards an exuberant greenness;
my lowered well tastes of brine.

Seen in profile, your ringed horns merge,
you have become *re'em*: unicorn, fable.
I pick up my black tent to follow.

R J Hansford