

High noon at a desert saloon

Light streams through the darkness
of the ramshackle watering hole.
Amongst a loose rabble of pioneers,
a raggedy old desert rat
white wisdom flowing
from 'neath his wrinkled hat
elbows prop his frame over a dark, malty beer
eyes closed, head slowly shakes
as Jim croons to hypnotic *Riders on the Storm*
This rustic spirit meditates.

His smiling lady gyrates and swoons
hands raised, wavering to the dusty rafters,
her thin shirt stops at her wrinkled belly,
twisting, swaying, her gray braids keeping tempo.
She is a seductive snake
tempting her man back to their den,
not to reminisce but to live.

Age is merely a condition of the mind.

~ Rusty Alois

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