

Desert

by Laurie Stone

On a trail, Richard and I came upon a saguaro cactus that had dried in the shape of a human figure. Its arms were lifted and its back was stooped. I said, "It looks like my mother." Richard said, "By the time you are 70, you'll be bent over, too. You'll look just like her, and you'll scream, 'Get away from me' and shake your fists." I said, "You could find someone younger." He said, "I could, couldn't I?" I said, "Do it soon. I'd rather have my heart broken now than later." He said, "Why?" That was really a good question.

