

## Wilderness House Literary Review 9/4

*Brandon Marlon*  
**Simoom**

Billowing desert winds,  
sand-laden and noxious,  
rumble in storms across shifting dunes,  
overrunning puny oasis palms,  
scattering dwellers toward wasteland hovels.

A translucent curtain of dust  
deposits itself on hapless nomads  
caravanning along obliterated trails,  
insinuating prickly sprinkles  
into human eye slits and camel nostrils,  
a peppery shower of stinging grains  
courtesy of infernal Iblis,  
whose piquant breath insufflates wilderness.

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### Sirocco

The wall of heat steadily bakes a meaty feast  
leavened by the yeast of sculpted dunes,  
setting the table for preying guests  
reliably punctual and full of appetite,  
scarabs leading beetle armies to dung pellets  
as worms and maggots overrun middens  
and lanneret talons gouge dried gizzard  
from the bonemeal of whelmed vagrants,  
reaving then leaving lesser gristle  
to the starved cravings of sallow jerboas  
driveling at remnants of the gobbet banquet.

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### Sahara

The ocean of sand is a powdery boneyard,  
designing and insatiable,  
concealing in its bowels the muffled remains  
of innumerable stragglers, warriors, and vagabonds,  
their blood slurped by parched mounds,  
their flesh devoured by indigenous birds of prey.  
Surd figures digested within the unsifted nadir  
restlessly lament their unenviable ends,  
sighing like dromedaries whose ordure adorns the surface,  
wary of predatory ghouls defiling skeletons after dark,  
gasping for the cerements of a decent burial,  
mutely bemoaning forsaken dignities.