

Searching for His Hidden Grave

Sean Prentiss

I.

He was buried out here in this great
Desert of saguaro and palo verde
By four friends and they swore
To never speak its location.

II.

Two days of walking, no, better yet
Crawling across desolate rock and hard desert
Beneath a sky so expansive and a sun
So fierce that we wear a blanket of heat.

III.

The third morning, Master T'ao whispers
They'll take me out into the country,
Bury me where the spirit can rest
Easy.

Nothing is easy in the desert.

IV.

After the spine of the cactus has drawn
More blood, Master T'ao whispers,
O, dark journey. O desolate
Grave, gate opening into the dark
Unknown.

V.

We must be close.
Why else should the sun burn so hot?
Master T'ao might say,
Trust yourself
To the mountainside. It will take you in.
He was not speaking in metaphor.



STEAM TICKET

A THIRD COAST REVIEW
VOL XVI SPRING 2013