

Tucson

Beside the Black Hill's Base, I dance with fire,
The lonely sentinel that watches over us.
Ancestral spirits speak to me and chant
In voices long since lost in time's dark tomb.

On the Black Hill's summit where I kissed my love
In twilight's golden glow, the city lights
Did flicker like a stream of fireflies caught
Inside of a net of night-time's pregnant dark.

The corn yellow moon sleeps in sky that's sown
From dreams of stars whose ghosts now haunt the land—
This ancient land, so beautiful at night—
Of sweet tequila reveries that sway
With pepper and papaya swirled in lime
And orange, teasing my taut tongue to dance.

Young painter boy, won't you make for me
A cavallera mural painted deep
With colors of the earth and desert hues
That tells a long and lonely tale of life?

Sweet señorita, play your old guitar
And sing of sunrise light and sunset glow,
Long dead desperados whose ghosts still roam
The hills of brittle brush and prickly pears,
And dove white walls of fair San Xavier—
A remnant of colonial blood lust.

The smokey breath of sharp mesquite sets fire
To my imagination, feels my soul
As does the soft Sonoran rain,
The white Saguaro blossoms in the spring
And golden-flowered creosote in May.

The mountain lion rises in moonlight
While foxes sneak through brush like phantom thieves,
The cactus wren dreams in her football nest
Of cholla, palo verde, and mesquite.
The trickier coyote howls in the black.

The cottonwood trees tremble by the creek

That hums inside Sabino Canyon's walls.
The Catalinas' secrets are their own,
And though I'm far away from there, that earth—
It is my bones, its waters are my blood.

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