

## Wilderness

by [Sarah Klassen](#) in the [September 4, 2013](#) issue

here you cannot help  
remembering King Lear, blind, forsaken  
on that hostile, wind-lashed heath  
of Hagar crouched beneath a dry shrub  
shielding her son's parched skin  
against the mid-day sun's belligerence  
herself against despair

stones grow in the desert  
the universe shrinks  
prize and priority diminish  
desire ebbs to fit uneasily  
inside two starkly naked words:

I thirst