

The Lonely Walk

Taking a walk
In the desert,
The sun beating on my chest
And the rest on my vest
Its about one hundred and ten degrees
With a slight breeze.
So hot you can cook an egg.
And the clouds are out,
I can hear hawks crying,
And rattles rattling.
Is there anyone else on this lonely walk?
I've only seen two sources of life.
I am enchanted and sad,
But I'm still glad
To have a lot of water,
But I'm only down to two bottles.