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## Desert Villanelle

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## Desert Villanelle

The calls of drums and banjos ring the tune  
as the enchanted danced in the night air,  
by the white light of an undisguised moon.

The toils of the autumn's harvest soon  
turn to howls in the wild night where  
the calls of drums and banjos ring the tune.

But now we sit in our windowless rooms.  
With streetlights we flood the nature's night air.  
By the white light of an undisguised moon,

we now only sleep, the morning comes soon.  
Over the factory's noise, how can you hear  
the calls of drums and banjos ring the tune?

On that wild night, our spirits can bloom.  
But will you howl with me, will you be there  
by the white light of an undisguised moon?

The aged do still dance on that great dune,  
but will you come to the dance without fear?  
The calls of drums and banjos ring the tune,  
by the white light of an undisguised moon.

– Christopher Harnish '94