

I am only surprised that anyone is surprised.
 pharmaceuticals such as miltefosine.
 ('brain eating amoeba') better than
 found that I fight giardia and N.fowleri
 Now Ucal medical researchers have
 across US and Mexico for centuries.
 I have been used medicinally by natives

Power of life

you consume more and survive less.
 and starvation. Counterintuitive, that
 eating my leaves increases dehydration
 Animals (except robust jackrabbit):
 perish.
 wrong quantities, human: you may
 Consume me in the wrong way and the

Power of death

Oh? I might be a metaphor?

.I provide shelter for the vulnerable.
 .I prevent anything from growing
 too close.
 .I endure.
 .When my old crown dies I clone
 new crowns all from the same seed.
 .My roots go way deeper than you
 imagine.
 .I can heal, but only on my own
 terms.
 .I thrive in my own environment and
 founder in any other.

Skin pachyderm grey. Each surge of growth a new bark
 knuckle, a vestige of experience.

Leaves as impermeable as persistent as grief. Hard little
 tears. Green in yellow, then yellow in green. Each tiny
 leaf finishing in a tinier hook, a scimitar insistence, a
 tough guy touch.

The twigs at branch ends approximate rude menorahs,
 leaves the candle flames of yellow green.

Every leaf on every branch facing in the same direction,
 an audience in rapt attention, waiting for the answer to
 erupt from the south-east.

Each bush an upturned isosceles, a funnel for rays, for
 oxygen, for vegetal matter, the staff and detritus of
 existence.

The plant base rugged, ragged, patriarch to every branch
 and shoot, a stubborn Gadsden flag above a tap root
 buried deep through shallow soil.

But my beguilement is with the carpels, exquisite
 quinfurcated globes. Five segments, seventy two degrees
 each, five furred fingers forming a globular fist. I squeeze
 one between my fingertips. It unfurls, revealing a fugitive
 spider that perches minuscule and unhurried on my
 fingernail, in the sunshine, on a rock-strewn track in the
 Chihuahuan desert in February.

Thing is: I'm older.

Tougher.

Going to be here when you're long
 gone.

I have a home in every pocket of this
 headlong spreadeagle mesmeric
 desert. Always have, always will.

So maybe bow your head a moment,
 give some respect.

And try to love me better than you do.

They call me creosote plant.

Creosote: the carcinogenic substance
 extracted from filthy coal tar.

They call me greasewood. Where is
 the music there?

They call me chaparral.

Or hediondilla: 'little stinker'.

No.

I am Tridentata of Lorrea, from the
 family Zygophyllaceae.

Regal name. Noble lineage.

You know, you ought
 to love me more



by L. Tridentata



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To replicate that famous smell, blend volatile oils terpene, limonene, camphor, methanol, methyl nonyl ketone and a few other things.
Or maybe just go and sit in a good patch of *larrea tridentata* in the west of North America, the south of New Mexico, facing east and south, and wait for rain to fall.