



Selected Value: Commitment

A Contract in Gold

Queek! – a strike of small thunder,
a siren determined not to surrender.
As one curls into a furred semicolon,
the rest stand guard,
spines like exclamation marks.

Every tail stands at attention,
heads turned in compass direction.
When the stars flicker off,
like exhausted fireflies,
the sleeper's ribs rise –
dawn inks their contract in gold.
A story the desert never told.

This is how they bind the wind –
a vow even the sun can't rescind.

