

My life as a naaga (female camel)

I often walk in the early morning or at twilight
Wandering vast, beige sands
Not many others join me but one, a magician,
Seems to think that he understands

One morning this backward-living through time person
Began talking quickly, quite agitated
Well, he is a person so I paid him little mind
But when the possibility to become a camel was promulgated

On the north-face of a barcan dune was I
Other naaga all around me
My own hair a bit oily, in other places dry
Hm, this is a tasty patch of *Orobanchaceae*

Sour, scratchy and tickly
Onward we gals go, careful to not tread
Where the sands are too hot or thistles too prickly
My, the sand of this land is truly orange-red

On the horizon ahead, I see an oasis
My beloved Al Hasa where
Children might turn to stasis
To feed us dates and even stare

Our beautiful long eye lashes
Keeping us safe from the oncoming glare
And shamal winds which cause us to despair
Where are you my wizard, you vanished into thin air...