Rain is a blessing counted drop by drop. Each plant finds its own way to hold that sudden water. They don't waste it on floppy green leaves. They have thorns and stickers and points instead. And Saguaro is fat after rain—fat with the water it's saving inside its great stem. Give it one summer storm. It can last a year if it has to. Sometimes it has to. The desert's children learn to be patient. ...How they live in a place so harsh and dry. They'll say they like the sand they live on. They treat it well—like an old friend. They sing it songs. They never hurt it. And the land knows. The Desert is Theirs, 1975. There are desert hillsides where ancient Indian pottery still lies—that were once somebody's bowl or mug or cooking pot or dipper...treat it with respect. It is so old...every piece of clay is a piece of someone's life.

Co von —I'm going to make it —no matter what I eat or drink anywhere... I'll dig for water... because I am going to survive in this dry rocky land...and while I'm doing it, I'm going to sing about it. I sing about... new soft pupps in a sandy den, and rabbit hunts, and the smell of rain.

Desert Person —Like any desert creature, I build my own safe shelter with what the desert gives... I shape the earth.../into a house. But when I say, "This is my home," another desert person always knows what I don't mean this house. I mean the farthest mountain I can see. I mean the sumels of that wild sky and the colors of the cluffs and all their silence and shadows. I mean the desert is my home.

Desert Dwellers Know A Celebration of Byrd's Words

Byrd Baylor, Skye Siegel, and Paul Mirocha.