

9-7-80

A dry and dusty plane
Fringed all about by mountains
Tumbled on a ragged horizon
Innately able to fill any heart
With a sense of infinity and
Eternity cojoined in the quiet air.

And this place one time held a
Noble name. It says here right
In this book. It was a garden
World. And the noble garden sharks
Herded the noble's garden fry.
And this place revolved in a garden
Circle of time, green time, until it's
Cycle ran out

Scholars say this dry and dusty plane
Uninhabited to my eye evokes a
Spirit's reverence, and cries from
Stretches of time as distant from
Here as those tumbled horizons
Of mountains to be honored.

An abrasive coat of dust troubles
The tongue, as sweat tries