

# Red Rock Reverie

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Crimson fins pierce the amber sky,

Earth's ancient pulse flaming in the light.

Wind keens through curved canyons, an ageless cry -

Wild rhythms composed for day's requiem rite.

Sagebrush shivers, lizards lie in wait,

Worn wheels intrude on holy ground once more.

What hymns might stones sing to the PILGRIM's fate,

Had they a voice to chant for eons before?

Strive not to fracture the quietude sweet -

This theater staged sky and rock between.

Marvel wandering in glass and bloodied feet!

What living masterwork have your eyes seen?

Cliffs stand sentinel, patient in their loom,

Slow breath rising from Earth's scarlet womb.