

Sacred: A Note of Thanks

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I have come back to you once again
Valley of Fire

to where ghost feet pad at night,
use sagebrush brooms to sweep away

footprints of their progeny
who have come to marvel,

connect with that which you have left:
indelible marks in rocks older than imagination,

where tribute was paid to gods as water trickled
from clay pots into sacred crevasses.

I thank you for the journey
we share upon these sacred grounds

etched with gratitude for the covenant
between earth and umbilicus, time and man.