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.