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If Veterans don't help Veterans, who will?

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Garden of the Gods

02/08/15

The rocks remember.
The rills and swirls
Of ancient currents
In vanquished rivers
And time stopped tides
Forever frozen
In the lazy looping curves
Etched into the eroded
Rust painted grains
Of cemented quartz.

Tilted to vertical
Sandstone slabs
Thrust from the earth.
Rocks of record
to a time-lost past...
A boundary place
Neither plain
Not mountain,
A halfway house
Between two vast
Related realms.

Stunted but tough,
The native scrub oak
Colors the seasons,
Green counterpoint
Late spring to summer,
Red, gold and bronze
Decorate autumn dales
And drab brown deserted
Remnants stiffly defy
The whip winds of winter.

The carvings scoured
From peaks to west
Are father to the flats
of plains to east.
Wind and water
Still write the story,
The record of
Nature's reckonings.
And the rocks remember.

~ Gerald Alan Ney ~