



Deer Hill

Walking in places where our children walked,
We learn to see the things that they have seen:
Grasshopper bursting from the brittle stalk,
And raven beating past the canyon rim,

The vibrant yellow day, the star-filled night,
The sacred turquoise, the blessing of the dawn;
We find new ways to see in that new light,
And turn to listen to the desert's song.

We drop the armor of our older being,
Bringing to light the shards of former lives;
We walk in wonder and in silence, seeing
How in this dust the human spirit thrives.

Our children brought us here to see more whole
The beauty, the despair, the hope, the dread;
To see our world and to see our fragile soul,
A shining crystal hanging by a thread.

Nicholas Jones