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GHOSTS OF YESTERYEAR

In a home-place, plain and simple,
Chiseled high up in a cliff,
Sat Indian Warriors in the sky,
Setting cloud-like dreams adrift.

They had chiseled rooms in solid rock,
Doorways and windows open wide.
They climbed a ladder made of vines,
Then pulled the ladder up inside.

They were content, they were secure,
The forest all around them lay.
We would not even be surprised
If racing squirrels came out to play.

All the ghosts of yesteryear
Have departed from this scene,
Gone all their feathers and their gear
And the lives that might have been.

Modern tourists dare climb up
And marvel at this work of art,
And the wailing winds that enter
Cry out with a lonely heart.

End