

Edna Blythe Elwell  
1355 S. Uravan St.  
Aurora, Co. 80017  
(303) 752-4630

THE ENCHANTED CANYON

We looked up to see the vision  
Of the towering craggy walls,  
All steeped in glorious colors,  
Red and yellow; and, purple over all.  
Were we trespassing in God's garden?  
Our hearts were filled with awe.

At first dawn of the sunrise,  
We could hear the songbird's call,  
We could hear the little creatures,  
As they stirred along the wall.  
Here and there, a stone would tumble,  
And echo within the hall.

Deep down in the canyon,  
We could see the river rushing,  
And hear the gushing of the mighty waterfall.  
In the mist that rose above it,  
Was a rainbow over all.

We stood, hesitantly, watching,  
With our backs against the wall.  
Then, the songbirds, softly chirping,  
To delight us with their call,  
Made us feel that, just maybe,  
God didn't mind us after all.

Then, the West Wind briefly spinning,  
Round a craggy corner wall,  
Met the East Wind singing so softly,  
We had to strain to hear it at all;  
Or, was that the echo through the ages,  
Of an Indian lovers call?