



why the dream

you love carried us down jungle paths,
encouraged us cross mountains, deserts, seas.
without you we'd never have raised megaliths, mounds...
paved these narrow streets,
built our pearl strewn cities the edge of space.

it's you we thank and long for.
you're why we hammer these nails, cook, wash, paint...
sow corn fields, plant rice paddies, make music,
choose grapevines, labor the hours...
why we try

you're why we built these temples, churches, mosques;
call moments and places with you sacred.
why a mind to paint our cave walls,
develop speech, brave fire, shape pottery, weave...
why the dream