

What's on your horizon?

Morgan

Chai

“ROCKWORK CONTEMPLATION”

I toil with these rocks, sandstone tablets of my life;
laying pathways, bracing embankments, all to avoid eroding strife.
These rocks, slabs of red, purple, tan, and sometimes shimmering gold,
paint pictures of my life, sometimes too bold.

Rock walls at times, double as a path so fine,
and I will rebuild the wall, but at a later time.
These rocks are like the puzzle pieces of my even deeper soul,
a place where no one else has been, a place no one else can know.

Each rock pieces my soul together, who I've been, am, and will be;
the puzzle assembled piece by piece, to become a grander picture of me.
Some are angular, round, even indefinably warm to my touch,
I lay them with care, piecing my soul as such.

Only another rock layer who toils, sweats, and aches like me,
can know the inner picture of our soul yet to be.
There is a sweet camaraderie shared from labor to art;
a blessed touching of spirits when they enjoy my craft.

And as time passes, they will be trampled upon, rained, snowed, and sun upon,
but they will endure, they will survive—just as I have done.
These wonderful sandstone tablets telling who I am;
God put them here, just for my spirit to write upon.
And writing I've done, with these glyphs in God's mountain scene,
Petroglyphs having carved their tale . . . of a time . . . when I was another me!

© December 15, 1996, All Rights Reserved, Morgan Chai