

These Highest Dreams

Prologue to a song of praise and jubilation in celebration of the Vishnu Schist, bottom-most layer of the Grand Canyon, remnants of the original crust that formed when the planet first cooled from a molten ball.

welcome to today
to the day of the earth, proud mother
to the solidity of her rock
to the elusive altitude of her sky
to the mullusks moving in her seas
and the novas in her midnight hair

welcome to her destiny
to the magnificence of her growth
her gardens, her expansion, and her laws

welcome to her progeny
her sons and daughters of outrageous youth
and welcome, all, her kings and princes
knights and martyrs, saints and presidents
traditions, faiths, and fears

this is the station
this day
this state, this page
and all the travelers press upon the carriages
and limousines
in eclectic expectation
all in a rush to consummate their journeys

and while yet some grave children
run to tumble down their playmates' colored towers
the innocence is ultimate
of the hour
the fine curtains of each tiny window
billow gently onto heaven

within us all
is the station that we seek
and the innocence to take us there
is indestructable

this is the station
the journeys all entwine
each tiny window opens to a growing majesty

the premise clear
this welcome is complete
and here begins a trail
of smiles of many flavors
with infinite pretensions
and some unmitigated measure
of delight