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Anasazi

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Anasazi

Mesa castles in the sky
Where paintbrush blooms and eagles fly.
A people's passage marked in stone;
Artifacts of flint and bone.

Cliffy cities—vanished host,
Sanctum haunt of hawk and ghost,
Beseech your mummies rise to tell
The secrets time has kept so well.

Shadow dwellers, do you know
The coyote cries – the winds still blow
Like spectre voices from the past;
Your dreams are gone—the relics last.

Ancient builders of the rock,
Do you leave your stones to mock?
Anasazi, could it be—
Your silent ruins... a prophesy.

-Dr. C. David Hay
Terre Haute, Indiana