

The Tooth of Time

You can see forever there.
On a clear day, you can taste infinity.
I stand in the clouds, and look down at the birds;
I've been on this peak before; it is my friend.
I know its ways, but not my own.

The mountain has worn out history
and been worn by rivers of time.
It has gnawed on centuries and
ground millennia to nothing.
To climb it is to make tomorrow yesterday.

I stand in the clouds, and look down at the birds.
I stand on the sky, and look to the heavens.
The stars are closer than the distant towns,
and I touch them with the wonder of a child.
I have no power over them - I cannot.
The One who hung them is more than I.

Here stood the Sioux, noble, proud.
He saw the things I see - that we see
nothing, next to the One who sees all.
The Sioux stood here, and frowned,
for he saw the wagons coming.

The rocks sigh - another day is done.
The birds call - it is time to roost.
I lay down - it is time to sleep.
The tooth sleeps - it is night.
The One who made us watches.

*The Tooth of Time is a landmark of the Santa Fe Trail,
located in Cimarron, NM, in the Sangre de Cristo range.*