

CANYON

Somewhere
Across the craggy plain of summer
Behind the smokescreen
Of passing time
Youth has left itself in varied
Stages of undress
Inside the cleavage of the canyon

Below the leveled ground,
Owned in entirety and exclusivity
By this or that lord of gusty winds,
Exists a guarded layering of complexity
With multiple reminders of things misunderstood

There, in the realm of
The forgotten,
Is evidence of entrance
To another world
Whose key is for the taking
By those beyond recall
Willing to look ahead

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