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# Gather our prayers in the sand

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Driving across the old frontier - holding a child in each hand  
 The Indians haven't disappeared - nor have the alluvial fans  
 what will survive ~~in~~ in the miles and years  
 Nothing unfolds, as we planned  
 Renaissance can't be bought & fear  
 So we gather our prayers in the sand.  
 There is that I would love to tell, to share to convey or to know  
 But each the time, tried the words never fell  
 On ~~our~~ our ears from this drunken host  
 One is in parting, lost ever is all  
 and diminishes here by the grasp  
 Two is but that which was seeming but nil  
 How futile to delve into or ask  
 Three is the just that we show by the hand  
 which releases a child in its grasp  
 Flying down the swift river to never again  
 who remembers the faces of yesterday's words  
 Or would take an appearance to task

Parking up for the rest of the trip  
 Irrelevant images cling  
 Carefully kissing each joy and each lip  
 Folding each shirt and each wing  
 High desert before us awaits like a tongue  
 10,000 worlds closing their bands  
 It's the snow that excites the innocent young  
~~But~~ we gather our prayers in the sands