

POETRY

Etched in Stone

By Bonnie Weisz

Wind blown down from
 mountain tops
 where fish swam
 outside of history
and ancient breezes later
blew more ancient dust
to hide tiny winged creatures
and vast majestic canopies
 turning them
 into rock.
All rock and breeze
our history and our future
captured in stone.
 Memories in bedrock.