

Great Basin

Ocean once lived here, years ago,
in the lap of high mountains,
filling valleys to the brim.
Life teemed in its deep waters.

Then it drained away through
a weak point breached,
leaving this vast desert of
slow growth and silence.

A river runs through the desert now,
struggling, sometimes just to be a river.
It winds its way slowly,
searching for Ocean, then evaporates
or disappears into the ground.

Now and then, a cloudburst or a welling up
fills the basin, satisfying river, then subsides.
One can see the high water marks up among
old Bristlecone Pine trees that grow on dry hillsides,
gathering wisdom.

The old trees remember Abraham's long journey,
and a promise. They wait patiently.
The river makes a long bend, then
continues on its way,
watering the land, as it can.