

Second Mesa Meditation

1965

I sat on Second Mesa high
At twilight at the end of nigh.
An ocean desert sage was spun
That stretched out to the rising sun.

And high above the flattened spire
The layered dome was clear sapphire.
But off to where would rise old Sol,
Day light whispers kissed sweet my soul.

Behind me Shungopavi slept
A barking dog his watch he kept.
Road noise sighed from truck and car.
Did anybody see the star
That hung Southwest from its high deck?
A warm breeze puffed breath on my neck.

Then lotus blossom on the rock
Our holy natures interlock
With sacred texts anthology
"Life's Purpose Here," theology.
Let Buddha, Christ, and Taoist call
A reverence that lifts us all;

And there the scene and words combined,
I saw God in my heart and mind.
"Know me, love me." The texts all said.
So simple all the things I read.
On the ledge in lotus blossom
Prayer flew forth a flight of freedom.

O, when creation made this place
God's essence filled up all the space.
So let my senses understand
Each atom here is God's own hand.
And when it ended then, my prayer,
I sat there listening to the air.



I closed my eyes to meditate
And wonder far inside the gate
Then all the noise from road and hound
And south west breeze too settled down.
Then from the quiet of the land
There came the chanting of a man.
A Hopi man the sun to raise
Yet quiet in my ear his praise.

I sat there sun rise on my eyes
But my heart was in the skies.
Then nature brought me every word.
The song he sung I've never heard.
And what his chanted words did say
I do not know until this day.
But at that moment in the sun
I knew that he and I were one.

I often think about that grace
and of that special time in space.
Nirvana on a mesa high.
A chanted message just a sigh.
And then I feel there in my hand
God's great plan for mortal man.
And when the chanter's voice is stilled
The names of God will be fulfilled.