

Ruins at Canyon de Chelly

1996

Fourteen hundred years have passed
Since the family built the house there.
Deep within the canyon caste
Generations walked from nowhere.

Present, past and future came
Family, ghosts, and blankets, pots all
Generations hearth its flame
Safety in a giant wall

Village grew into a town
Family rite tradition bound them
Canyon walls of pinks and brown
Now then vanishments pure problem.

Seven hundred years of life
Giving up its true resources
Toward the end there was strife
Beyond the pale of human forces.

'Fore the Spaniards found the place
Native ghost fogs were all that stayed.
Founders body, leavers face
Shaman song on wind sigh he prayed.

Silent are these lofty walls
Ravens call now in the canyon.
Ruin seems to fill the halls
Imaginations true companion.

Our pueblo has an end
All our work is future potsherd
Break the law our mortal sin
Ravens cry is all that's heard.

