

June 10, 2000

Sitting on the North Rim
Of the Grand Canyon
A house-sized boulder lies balanced
Above the chasm
I am an inconsequential speck
Sprawled across the top

Laying in the fitful breeze
And merciless sun

Pondering for a moment
The caress of each
Different and yet deliciously sensual
In their own way

I wonder of this restful
Ease,
This deep cognition
Contributes to my life

So easy to wonder at
The Meaning Of Life
When you lie gazing into the
Void

Billions of tons of earth
Removed by a relentless foe

Water

Bedrock carved away through the ages

This landscape is not of human scale
It mocks my existence
Yet it is its very grandeur
That makes me throw
My arms into the air
And scream

I
Am
Alive

No one has seen fit to tell me why
But every moment
Every caress of the breeze
Is a gold coin

Gone forever

Make the most of it

So I never mourn

**Wasted time
Lost life**

In the void.