

The Pyramids Builders

I stood on a sandy desert where a
city used to be
Sand dune on sand dune stretching to
far infinity
Huge brown waves rolled over all that
dreary world
sifting changing moving by even
super breezed whi'd

Under my feet in bygone ages past
Great peoples moved in streets all
glittering mosaic cast
Huge cities teemed with life with lust
for power with greed
And while they dreamed or gambled unconscious
they sowed the seed
That brought to life these drifting sands to
cleanse man's filthy greed.

For they were proud and stubborn as the
people from which I come
They danced and loved, some worked, some
played, some spurned.
And as the ages passed with problem
laden years,

These men forgot that God forgot in
the starlings tears
Daunted their powers to all the
world around
Their riches counted and their property
judged profound.

Like these my people they too became
immodest
With their own importance, forgot that
life renewed.

Itself only in those whose care for others
likened to its care

They lavished on themselves nor cared to
stop and stare

At golden trinkets hung in the windows
of the world's huge market place.

As thus I pondered from out the shifting
sand
Stretch'd a long paved road built by long
dead hand.

And as I followed it in mind it led me
to a city long since lost.
The very antiquity of which was stranger
than our present cities cost.

Paved were its streets with mosaic
patterns rare.
Hung with gold its portals and its walls
were fair
Bright eyed maidens played the harp
and cymbelone
While men at work were buried from
early morn to eve.
For these were builders clear of mind
and purpose high
They felt that work was good friendship dear
and God was nigh.

How came it then that o'er this city light
came sifting sands,
Nor could the howling storm be stayed,
by mortal human hands.
For what did they forget this oldtime
race
That buried in miles of sand this lovely
city place

Was it because they in their greed forgot
that ~~land~~ soil
Needs care and nurturing as still does
the soil

Of men whose struggle too often is
despised and passed by.
The man who till the ~~earth~~ ^{earth} be the
seasons wet or dry.

The men who care for timber the
mighty forest trees
Whose shade keeps winter's snows from
melting in the henge
Whose far flung branches stretch in great
protecting arch
Fir trees, pine trees, poplar and the
larch.

Whose brooding shadows cover'd earth as
angels ~~swaddling clothes~~ ^{wings}

When man was young and ~~lived among~~ ^{young those}
~~under songs & oftentimes~~
Among whose branches soft breezes plucked
acolor things.