

Canyon Dream

I had been working all the year
I felt my life had lost its cheer.
I was not feeling at my best.
I knew I needed sleep, and rest.

I slept, and I began to dream.
I floated on an ancient stream
A lean and lovely river guide
Steered me down the river's tide.

We floated through a canyon grand
We floated through a magic land
Where rosy in the glowing dawns
Shone many marbled Parthenons
And ringed by towering fortress walls
Stood ancient sandstone Taj Mahals.

And day by day, I sat in awe.
And marveled at the sights I saw.
The canyon walls were piled high
In layers rising to the sky
Of ancient deserts, ancient seas
Through eons of eternities.
Yet of that book of earthly ages
Far greater were the missing pages
Of seas and deserts in this place
Which disappeared and left no trace.

Above, at night, shone sparkling seas
Of countless stars and galaxies;
As countless as the flakes of snow
When mighty winter blizzards blow.
Each night I slept upon the sand
And gazed upon the heavens grand
And marveled at the sky so deep
And slept a long and restful sleep.

And as each canyon bend we wandered
The more I saw, the more I pondered.
I pondered on the scale so vast
Of all those ancient ages past
And wondered what my place could be
In such a vast eternity?
In such a scale of time and sky
What my brief life might signify?

And so I asked the river guide
Who listened, smiled, and then replied:
Your questions are a mystery
Their answers are not known to me.
So many thinkers before you
Have pondered these same questions too.
But never could they all agree
On what they've learned or what they see.
The more we learn, the more we know
How vastly far we have to go.
For round each bend of learning lies
Another question and surprise.

But our small world, our speck of time
Is blessed with beauty so sublime
Perhaps our purpose just may be
To love and cherish what we see.

Now wake, and work, and sing and play
But take a little time each day
To let your thinking drift away
To muse upon this wondrous place
This special speck of time and space.

And so I woke the morrow morn
As if from sleep and dream reborn.
Since then, it seems, I better see
The beauty in each rock and tree.
And when I such contentment feel
I wonder, could it maybe have been real?
That canyon with its mighty walls
And ancient sandstone Taj Majals?

— Gunnar Knapp (October 2016)