

V.B. Price

from *Chaco Elegies*

TIME'S COMMON SENSE

Change
is divine
exercise,
Her practice,
Her meditation.
Returning
to an again
which is always
a never,
I know
we have looked at the clouds together,
looked at the stone together,
have breathed in the night together
-all of us who have known
the canyon as ourselves.

At Chaco I know I am not alone.
I know I have heard even Homer
weaving the tides of his stories,
and Sappho singing lullabies alone in the night,
heard the footdrums in Rinconada
like ancient surf through the stone.

This is the place
were the past remains.
Utterly changed,
the landscape
is the same.

The future happens so fast,
it's too fast to dread.
And now

the future is as good
as already over again.

That is the teaching of the land,
its way of life,
a way to be with time,
to become time.

It is all we can know of Her,
and a practice to become Her,
a Great North Road, a birth canal,
a way to be born
to life and death
and home again.

Where I stand
they stood;
my body is theirs,
as my body is the boy I was,
as the canyon is the place it was,
new cells,
new life,
new being every moment,
always,
always,
never ending.