The Blind Man at the Grand Canyon

JOHN KRISTOFCO

He stood there with his friend,
the hundreds at the rim,
milling by the gash in earth,
the great wound's silent tears
still moving at the bottom,
this hint into the infinite,
strata from the times we never knew
though they flow yet in our veins.
We look across a moment,
but mainly we look down
drawn by the gravity of shadow,
as if to scare ourselves,
how small we are, how brief
because, of course, that is the measure of it all.

From that depth the silence rises up
like souls ascending in release,
but only he can hear the murmur,
feel the breath across his face,
only his internal eyes
can see those spirits,
know their grace.