

Apache Land

By Peggy Scott

The wind
whispers
the legends of long ago.

A pine tree
hears
and bows with respect.
Ages have passed and the pine tree
knows the wisdom that the legends tell.

The land also
hears
and it wants what the
ancient ones have honored.

But the throngs of people . . .
they come,
they go,
unseeing,
unhearing,
uncaring.

The crow
caws
relentless with his warning.

Who will hear?