

## **Spiritual Archaeology**

Amidst the toppled rubble  
Beneath the blowing sand  
The pages of the well-worn book  
Are opened in the wind.

The words tell of calamity  
Of struggles won and lost  
Of vineyards planted in the sun  
That died from winter frost.

It has been said that from these ashes  
Wondrous flowers grow.  
That fertile seeds are scattered  
From the winds that blow.

Yet though these numbers all add up  
We reap uneven sums.  
In waiting for the rescue  
The rescue never comes.

The desperate nights of waiting  
To see the shining eyes.  
What gambles must be taken  
To win the lasting prize.

Unless we're willing to give up  
We never will receive?  
Unless we have the honest doubt  
We never will believe?

And yet in our remembering  
Let us not forget  
To gaze upon the nobler things  
Not that which we regret.

O take us dear Beloved One  
And take our trembling hand.  
Unraveling the holy writ  
Let reader understand.