The Crease Time Will Forget

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A slight gap hides within the earth,  
A slim line, so thin a breath could break it.  
To bridge the chasm, take notice  
Of jagged edges and crumbled dirt  
Scattered around this tiny cliff,  
Take another step,  
Cross entirely, to safer land  
On the other side

If you stand before the crack in the crust,  
Behind you the original mountains tower  
With their untouched snowy caps, watching.  
Before you, those mountains seem to shift,  
Almost unnoticeably, to form new caps,  
New peaks yet untrekked.  

You can find this crevice,  
This meaningless crease in the earth’s pages.  
When you do, kneel in close and peer  
Into the cavern below. Light will  
Shine through this fissure to breach  
The impeding darkness,  
Illuminating within the black  
The remains of a dusty graveyard.

You will see the human bones,  
Left there by time, right next to the  
Skeletons of our ancestors and all  
Our progeny, mangled up with them  
In the shadow of the mountains.