

Sketch

Volume 80, Number 2

2017

Article 14

The Crease Time Will Forget

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The Crease Time Will Forget

By Steven Follmer

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.