

[A poem of Dr. Gordon H. Clark. Published anonymously in "The Thorn" at Covenant College, c. 1980. I was not able to locate the published article but have found the text at the Sangre de Cristo Seminary, Clark Library. - DJD 27 Nov, 2014]

THE WEST

In the car below the kitchen,
Engine running, packing done,
We our suitcases will pitch in,
Then drive toward the setting sun.

At fifty-five or seventy,
Or even at eleventy,
We cross the Kansas plains,
With windows shut at summer's heat,
The cool air blowing on our feet,
And likewise when it rains,

Down into Carlsbad's caverns deep,
And through Juarez' Mercado creep,
Then north to Sante Fe,
Of course at White Sands desert place
And Albuquerque's Spanish base
We stop along the way.

To Mesa Verde toward the west
And Arches at their very best,
We drive to Dinosaurs
Then up the Colorado stream,
Mt. Evans, heavens, like a dream,
We pass our happy hours.

A dream, a dream, say it is not,
Or bury me and let me rot.