I slept under the stars.
my fear had dissolved
with the resurrection of the sun.

At the fringes of an immeasurable
copper and garnet painted cliff face:
the sun glinted off the white capped river
below.
I watched a loose pebble
beneath me

shift and fall away.

Down the pebble plunged,
down,
down ...

Into the deep, deep nothingness. It went
bouncing off thorny cacti, falling faster
than a Peregrine falcon, past the gaze
of rainbow scaled lizards-
colliding abruptly with the base of the canyon.
The canyon floor was silent for a long time; every pebble insignificant among the great and daunting walls surrounding them.

Slowly the golden sun rolled across the sky and shadows enveloped the land—an embrace of darkness.

One by one, holes were torn in the pacific blue fabric of the night sky, light radiating, sparkling brilliantly.

In the darkest of places the stars shine the brightest, and a canyon is not a canyon without pebbles.