

# IN THE CANYON

*Jaclyn Schulte*

*Poetry*

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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.