

Taos

(Keith Abler)

Not far from Pueblo canyon
Sun blazed on old adobe walls
The desert's high ancient energy
Struck down by lightening like St. Paul

Lost roads lead to desert gardens
You miss your turn and your journeys underway
Bright red beads and spineless cactus
The river surreal runs away

Cutting it's way through jagged rock
The river it carves it's way
Taos, your timeless mystery
Etched in yesterday....yesterday

Coming down off taos mountain
Back to the sagebrush and rhyme
Surrounded by native history
We're older than the rest of our time

Hidden from view all the secrets
That were formed such a long time ago
Restless watch timeless Pueblo
Rio Grande Taos Mexico