

Scattered About

Wander about the magic of the mountains

And go back to the past

Where horses rode abundantly

And things were different

What has been lost is beyond our scope

I can only imagine how different it was

The echo through the mountains

The haunted trails are scattered all over

And not used anymore

The cactus still stands out prominently

With all it's beauty from the past

If only they could talk

And tell us all the secrets they hold

They continue into time

And we will never know

How it all came about to now

Renata Dawidowicz

