

THE VISITORS

The travelers disembarked and checked their chart.
Was this the place they came so far to see?
A warp of rotted vines, a rheumy part
In gray Medusa hair on death's debris?
The thirsty strangers searched the fossil land
For streams described in old deciphered books.
Still hoping, they dug deep in fetid sand.
For water and for signs of inglenooks.
One took a crusted rock and turned to go,
Then saw scratched words the nodule held in wait:
"Within this case beneath corruption's flow
A primal spore survives to germinate,
Evolve new plants, food crops and someday trees--
But rivers need more time than Pleiades."

--Glenna Holloway