

THE STANDING STONES

One cold winter's day,
the children were outside at play.

Shouts of joy,
peels of innocent laughter ...

None noticed the darkening sky ...
a steely-gray blackness gathered on the eastern slopes ...

gusts of gale-force winds soon arose ...
bearing sounds and scents ... breaking bones ... a ghastly stench ...

They stopped their play ... frozen in place ...
oppressive silence all around ...
nothing moved inside them save their hearts.

Seasons were born and found their deaths ...
Families, too, came and went ...
Hope ... a memory, held deep within ...
secreted away against the reign ...
of tears, blood and fire.

Their bodies grew rigid ...
features fading so faint as to not be seen.
Arms, legs grew into one ...
feet now buried in hallowed ground.

They stood there ... stand there still
these our children
these our heroes

waiting, watching for the sun to return
for the people, their songs to be sung
their fires to burn
waiting for freedom
waiting there, still ...

these ... The Standing Stones.