

Stars in the Night Sky

The cold winds ascend the Mayan temples
Brushing delicately against the lifeless
Stone cold
Walls.

The clinging grape vines that crawl along
the walls
dig deep into cracks.

Their roots burrow into every nook and cranny
And eventually, the rocks crack.
Before long, they fall shattered.
Every leaf, every grape, every tendril
They reach up to the night sky
To the stars.

We were far away from the temple.
We'd like to see more, but we hesitated.
Why?

Why can't we reach up,
Like the leaves, tendrils, and grapes?
Why can't we reach up to the night sky
To the stars?

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