

WATCHERS

Vehicles speed over a boring gray ribbon
Marked in white and yellow slashes.
Standing passively to its side
The Watchers attend to the steady
Flow past their fixed positions

Always there in dark or light
Oblivious to passing hours
Responding only to the seasons
Their number uncountable
Their beauty sometimes lush; sometimes stark
Always magnificent.

To those who travel through their homeland
The Watchers presence is a given
Their true purpose undiscovered
These stoics perceive each feeling
That fills the very air they breathe

As each pilot's journey awaits its fulfillment
That pilot will emit uneven waves of emotion
Be it sadness, joy, boredom or anticipation
This steady stream permeates their sleek, metallic cocoons
Flooding the atmosphere surrounding everpresent Watchers

Now branches, bark and leaves do gather
That which pours from active minds and hearts.
Absorbing the stream of endless energy
Transforming it to life giving sustenance
for a Watchers radiant inner life