

# ECHOES

*Steffen Horstmann*

Canyons fill with the clamor of echoes.  
We're hearing the past occur in echoes.

Places store memories of their events.  
Spirits we beckon answer in echoes.

Shadows of horses gallop away,  
Leaving the dust to stir with echoes.

Here is where the Hohokam prospered—  
A region without people astir with echoes.

Dead rivers ablaze in the sand.  
Deserts listen for water in echoes.

In ghost towns winds inhabit buildings.  
We heard only the whisper of echoes.

The wayfarer was an apparition.  
He spoke as a possessor of echoes.

Rogue tribes besieged the Navajo.  
One still hears the massacre in echoes.

We witness rainfall in a mirage,  
Listen to storms recur in echoes.

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