

BOULDER

My thoughts return to former days
Of tunnels, penstocks, huge spillways.
An arcing dam that braced high walls
And changed a lake to waterfalls,
Hurtling down the steep inclines
To send out power on long highlines.
I see a river tamed to flow
As man made valves will let it go.
I see a road from rim to canyon floor
Transporting men to work once more.
I breath the air so pure, so clear,
And reach for stars so bright, so near.
A coyote sings out his sad refrain
And I'm back in Boulder once again.
The little village high upon a hill
Brings many pleasant memories still.
The picture is sharp as I grow older
And in my thoughts return to Boulder.