

Stonehenge

Perhaps, unlettered folk
 Beneath night's pall
Processed by torch and smoke
 From Durrington's wall
To massive Stonehenge rocks
 To mark the trek
At solstice or equinox
From this world to the next.

There huge trilithons stand,
 Each one a door
That leads to dead man's land
 And mystic lore.
Huge megaliths and lintels
 In mortised bond
Form as arcane a temple
As is the world beyond.

And when I contemplate
 These soaring stones,
Half-buried, thus half-mate
 To ancient bones,
I wish my words could reach
 The height and depth
Of silent stonework speech
To sing of life and death.

Stephen Wentworth Arndt