

## WISDOM BORN OF AGES

Behind the curtains of my mind  
Lies a landscape yet unscathed,  
With rolling hills and cliffs  
Above a whispering satin stream.  
The sun is gently setting,  
Casting shadows long and tall.  
The eastern sky reflect its rays,  
And a tow'ring peak o'erlooks it all.  
As darkness gently cloaks the land  
And earth and sky draw closer,  
Cool airs drain from mountaintops  
And stars begin to shine.  
The winds of day have gentled now to a gently shifting breeze,  
And as the moon above the hilltops rises  
The land begins to speak.  
The gentle swaying cottonwoods  
Along the river whisper  
Words of wisdom born of ages,  
Of lifetimes come and gone.  
They tell of endless patience  
For the challenges of life;  
Of bending but not moving,  
No matter what the strife.  
Upon the rolling hillsides,  
The waving grasses join.  
They tell the history of this land,  
Of fire and of drought,  
Of summers full of sunlight,  
And winters cold and dark.  
They tell of herds of bison,  
And pronghorn, deer and elk.  
In the rise and fall of the land's quiet song  
The theme of life unfolds.  
The ebb and rush of night and day,  
The changing of the seasons,  
The gift of rain,  
The curse of drought,  
The fires rejuvenating.  
All part and parcel of the circle  
Uniting earth and sky.  
Behind the curtains of my mind  
Lies a truth we oft forget:  
That earth and sky were here before us -  
Not to serve us as we wish.  
And when man's time of reign has passed,  
The land will be here still,  
To tell of lifetimes come and gone,  
And wisdom born of ages.

by **Cheryl A. Schmidt**

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