

Gathering Field "The Dirt Of Chimayo"

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"Burn down the mission!"
So said the noon day sun
On a wearisome expedition,
when the vision quest had begun
Unbeknownst to the drifter,
unbeknownst to the solitary one
In the land of enchantment,
with a strand of the story left undone

The dirt of Chimayo,
Make the crippled ones walk
Make the somber ones smile
And the silent ones talk
Took the path of the least resistance
To the place where the suffering people go
To touch the dirt of Chimayo

Adobe tower,
past the wooden courtyard gates
Oh the ancient healing power
from the inside emanates
Where the walking sticks gather
that were left by the travelers of faith
And a hero's bravado,
disappears with the look upon his face

The dirt of Chimayo...

Lost and found
Gone then saved
Turned around
And made my way
Lighter now
Not so brave
Don't know how
I made it to this place

The dirt of Chimayo...

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