

## MANTI TEMPLE

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A faceless stone stands above my valley,  
pushing the broad seasons before it into  
millennia of green light. And the sky  
surrounds the stone confession of courage in  
an intercourse of blue voices unscarred  
by preposterous sky-foam of star-crossed man.  
The stone is a stark sail for our eyes,  
set upon a sea of its own, leading  
our washed feet and naked souls upon  
the bread-strewn waters of our faith,  
where are carved cherrystones into stars.