

COLORADO

The sun burns low in the jawbone peaks
Scorching the high plains flame red
While distant snow dust mountains float
In shimmering azure seas ahead.

There is a shade of evening blue
New to these Eastern urban eyes
A blue of celestial purity only
Found in Rocky Mountain skies.

Give me an old felt hat and a reckless fiddle
And I'll dance in the dirt till I am a part
Of Colorado. It's in my bones
And the thundering hoof beats of my heart.

Copyright 1996 by John Kazary