Painted Desert Allegory - Poem by Stan Petrovich

I gaze far off
-Wearing a jump suit-
To the Home of the Kachina
Atop the great extinct volcanos
The flats now streaked
With blue-blood
And blood-red
Sands. Heaven,
White, is the 'eternal snow' up top,
But in August it is a byproduct of mere chance.