

SENTRY ON THE HILL

I am the sentry on the hill
Watching, watching, gaunt and still;
Watching the lake, the stream, the snow
Watching the seasons come and go.

I can tell you of years gone by,
Of wars and men and wolves that cry.
"Progress," men say as they tear the earth,
And cut the trees and rob the birth
Of animals both great and small.

"Profit," men scream with hands of greed
For what do they care of my heart that bleeds
As each hill goes, one by one
To the idols of gold and peoples fun.

I am the sentry, majestic and tall
How long before I too, will fall?
Oh man, when will you ever learn
That progress is not how much money you earn
But knowing only what I know
Of God, and sun, and winds that blow.
And that these hills must sacred be,
And kept intact for you and me.

Tessie Roberts