

The Cliff

I AM IF GREAT AGE
I AM OF GREAT SIZE
I AM OF GREAT HISTORY
I AM OF THE GREAT EARTH

I am of a great age, born of the earth and the stars
I stand throughout history and have witnessed man's desires
Man tries to hurt me, unknowingly at times
With his passion for the precious metals and gems he mines
But, nature, gentle nature always wins the race
A trickle here a rivulet there at mother nature's pace
Nature has patience and time to gently wear
The skin of my body, bit by bit, there is a tear
Which becomes a hole, and the hole becomes a rent
It may take a thousand years just to make a dent
But then a storm may hit, a crashing gale
Hits me hard, pounding again and again to take
Remnants of loose rocks and sharp shale
Along the shore to the sea, leaving in its wake
A denuding of my body, stripped and sore
Reshaping like a plastic surgeon might do
Changing my beauty and revealing much more
I am the cliff, although scattered its true
In parts I am here and there spread around
Recycled now if you like
So think of me when you walk along the ground
Or go on a hike.

Erosion

Exogenetic processes are at work
Wind whips away and lashes rock
Water in the form of rivers raging
Through limestone, like butter, slicing
In a trice it can happen, a storm
Can transport stone as if a featherweight form
Along the shore as diminished pebbles, scattered
Waging a battle with wind and water still
The once proud Rock now torn and tattered
Is just an outcrop, a craggy stony hill

