



THE BANNERSTONE

I am the scarab of the Mississippi Valley,
The bannerstone of Stone Age chieftains,
Reflecting long-forgotten concepts
Of immortality and eternity...

Modeled by earliest sculptors
Like unto a butterfly
That symbolized for ancient peoples
The perfect metamorphosis,
Adventuring to the Sun God's realm
During Spring's days,
I visualized resurrection
For Winter's cocoon-wrapped spirits
Of Stone Age dead.

Signet of warriors,
Token of proud fighting clans,
For wise old mystics
And ambitious Youth
A symbol am I
Of authority and leadership.
Passport for sovereign's envoys...

Mighty hunters, bold voyageurs,
Journeying into nations
From Bering's to Magellan's Straits,
Prestige, power, and safe conduct
were assured my chosen bearers.

Beautiful am I!
Lovingly carved
From jeweled rock
Of mottled granite, rose-blown quartz...
Banded slate, lustrous and sparkling crystal,
Finely polished.
High was my place
In potent processions,
In vast tribal conclaves,
From generation to generation
Loyally treasured.

Now, interred breast-high
With silhouetted shades
Of king-like chiefs of long-lost peoples
Cloistered,
I dwell in the hills eternal

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