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Bayon Temple, Angkor Cambodia

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BAYON TEMPLE, ANGKOR CAMBODIA

Joseph Meyers

My sandals stomp slowly up the temple stairs.
One foot after the other I walk almost unaware
of the many faces above me carved in stone.
Each one unique and could stand on its own.

Temples that rival the greatest of man.
Deep in the jungle of this once lost land.

Shadows dance together as the sun goes down.
The jungle around me is enveloped with sound.
The history at my feet makes the past real,
as the spirits dance around me helping me feel.

Temples that rival the greatest of man.
Deep in the jungle of this once lost land.

The faces swim together in this evening light.
Now hundreds of faces appear in my sight.
I become absorbed in this place, totally at peace.
I inhale deeply then chest out I slowly release.

Temples that rival the greatest of man.
Deep in the jungle of this once lost land.

I descend the stairs as the sun goes on its way.
The last light fighting off darkness trying to stay.
As night has arrived I start to depart.
Moving through the dark jungle savoring the ancient art.

Temples that rival the greatest of man.
Deep in the jungle of this once lost land.