

# THE COLOSSUS OF THE VALLEY

Dusk and Dawn descended on the edge of the plateau—  
A corner of the Heartland where the warming waters flow;  
In a sparkling string of shining stones, like diamonds in the rough,  
The star-crossed pair would carve a home into the sandy bluff.

Looking out on their little slice of the twisting river dell,  
Once again they'd found themselves a gorgeous place to dwell.  
Things were as they should be; life was calm and sweet—  
'Til the Others came to take the very earth beneath their feet.

They rode on engines belching smoke to carve away the sand,  
To detonate their quarry and hew away the land;  
They paved their way across the valley, grading the terrain,  
Unfurling roads and giving rise to titans on the plain.

The giants' reach was far and wide, their aim was true and square—  
One chipped away a massive slab and slung it through the air;  
It arced across the heavens, up into the great unknown;  
The Seekers summoned all their hope—and turned the beasts to stone!

But as the victors celebrated their triumphant stand,  
The rock of the colossus cast a shadow on the land.  
It smashed into the shoreline; the Seekers were in trouble—  
Their river valley home had been reduced to rocky rubble.

So, scoring symbols into stone, Dusk and Dawn took flight,  
And once again their mournful ballad echoed through the night—  
The two left nothing else, except a crimson, crystal shard,  
Beneath the gaze of skyline sentries, ever standing guard.