

# Echoes of the Conejo

a pantoum style poem by Massimo C. Bianco

Beneath the vast sky, Conejo whispers, old and wise,  
Where ancient oaks stretch arms towards endless blue,  
The hills roll gently, cradling tales untold,  
Echoing the footsteps of the Chumash, true.

Where ancient oaks stretch arms towards endless blue,  
Their leaves rustle with the secrets of the dawn,  
Echoing the footsteps of the Chumash, true,  
In each leaf and stone, their legacy is drawn.

Their leaves rustle with the secrets of the dawn,  
As red-tailed hawks glide over lands once roamed,  
In each leaf and stone, their legacy is drawn,  
A sacred ground where spirits freely roamed.

As red-tailed hawks glide over lands once roamed,  
The hills roll gently, cradling tales untold,  
A sacred ground where spirits freely roamed,  
Beneath the vast sky, Conejo whispers, old and wise.

