

Mountain Poems

Metamorphosis

Somewhere in the distance
there is always receding,
a snowy, blue peak
where I long to be.

I long for desolation
And the stillness of being
In the bare, lonely places
Where wild things go.

There where the silence,
Like blue ice breaking,
Shatters as shadows
come into the light.

Where young, craggy ridges
Brittle, black, and gleaming
Claw at the sky,
And howl in the night.

Where the air bites,
Cold fangs burning
The softness from flesh
And the weakness from bones.

I long for immolation,
And in the moment of ceasing
To look into the stillness
and find what I lack.

Somewhere in the distance
There is always receding,
A high, lonely peak
From where I long to come back.

Mountain Poems

The Rock

There is a rock somewhere,
That tears the sky.

It is the fang of the ridgeline:
A black jewel in a black crown.

It has split the scouring air,
And borne the bitter cold.

Time has streamed around it,
In bright drops of water.

It broke the sun that set against it,
the light that fell like glass.

And once, it broke a mighty heart,
This bone of the earth.

A heart that strove against it,
and turned back.

Mountain Poems

The Lake

To the north,
lies a lake in a valley,
a still and knowing eye,
Both shallow and deep.

Open and silent,
It watches the stars
fall across its face,
And does not blink.

The cliffs hold it gently—
As a dew drop lies
in the slow petals
of a closing flower.

Perhaps in mountain time,
It slips from the petal
And falls like a star
Into nothing.

Mountain Poems

Regeneration

The mountainside burns first in fall:
When ragged things, the old, the dead—
Last year's glory burns gold and red.

The mountain burns in winter next:
In every starry, searing breath—
A quiet, cold, and bone-white death

The mountain meadows burn third in spring:
A gentle flame, a desolate birth—
Lupines bright in the ash-black earth.