

Grass on the Hills

like Moss

through a Wall

(Parts one and two)

This forest is a secret happy place, filled with so much light,
and from where Ness Boy sat,
at the seat of that forest,
he could see everything.

In the distance, a train coughed its fumes over the trees.
Wind turbines, and further along pylons too,
reached through the heavy mist.

There was the sound of cars,
and birdsong, like rolling scurried sounds,
and a cold breeze, which kind of runs its fingers over your body,
and Ness Boy found himself counting the birds in the trees.

But above the quiet things were The Dollhouse Mountains:
where reds, yellows, & greens, were pressed into the fields,
and wrapping around those patchwork hills,
which rolled in on themselves far away,
and got a little bit lighter, the farther away they were,
were the clouds, with a half-away slumber,
swallowing it up.

And there was something about those mountains that felt really good.
All Ness Boy wanted to do was climb.

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It had been a beautiful day.
The sun set at nine,
and it's different in the evening.

The rain fell with a faint sheet of blue-grey, far without end,
and with stars filling ten times the space that measure city's sky,
Ness Boy followed that leaf litter path.

And as daylight closed its curtains, he could see there was a circle of stars above that mountain.