

mountainpoem

A mountain Speaks

trees
I am the earth, river and

I speak for all of of these
for I can see the farthest.
The fowl and I are one
soaring high, kissing the
treetops

share
Their eyes are mine
the knowledged received we

forest
We know this land
we are this land
our tales older than the

breathe.
for we are ancient.
We reside within these meadows
this expanse wilderness we

I remember my birth
when the earth split open

mountainpoem
and I was formed.
The rain has carved me
The wind nourishes me.
Many have bled onto my soil
blackened forever.
Humanities hostility rages on
But just as every wound heals,
our spirits too, will be made

whole.

for if we lose our soul
we lose ourselves.