

Look At The Mountain

Look at the patina of time accrued in the deep folds of the mountain,
Its brow like a suppliant in reverence,
Grace forever under pressure.

Rocks coalesced over time,
Fermented by a billion agitations within,
Its serenity belied.

Its peaks curtain a mysterious abode above,
Its long robe hides its feet dug strong in the ground,
A soul in deep meditation.

A mountain's ignominy and wounds are never on its sleeve,
It appears the only way it knows of,
Its silence its eternal prayer to almighty.

It is not in the nature of a mountain to bend or bow,
It must endure in silence and defiance,
Its spirit undiminished forever.

Suffern, New York, 12.15.10