

# Look At The Mountain

Look at the patina of time accrued in the deep folds of the mountain,  
Its brow like a supplicant 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