

Faces

A mountain stands . . . let me remember.  
Its face is etched across the sky  
In its right place among mountains.  
I acknowledge myself, my mountain self,  
Across the sky . . . across the years.  
The Spring floods tear at my heart  
The lightning strikes my giant oaks  
A blight takes all my chestnut trees  
Years of drought . . . years of pain . .  
Mountain agonies . . . .  
'Tis so the giant hand carves out my face  
Across the sky . . . across the years . .  
In its right place among mountains . .  
Let me remember.

OLD BADGER BOND