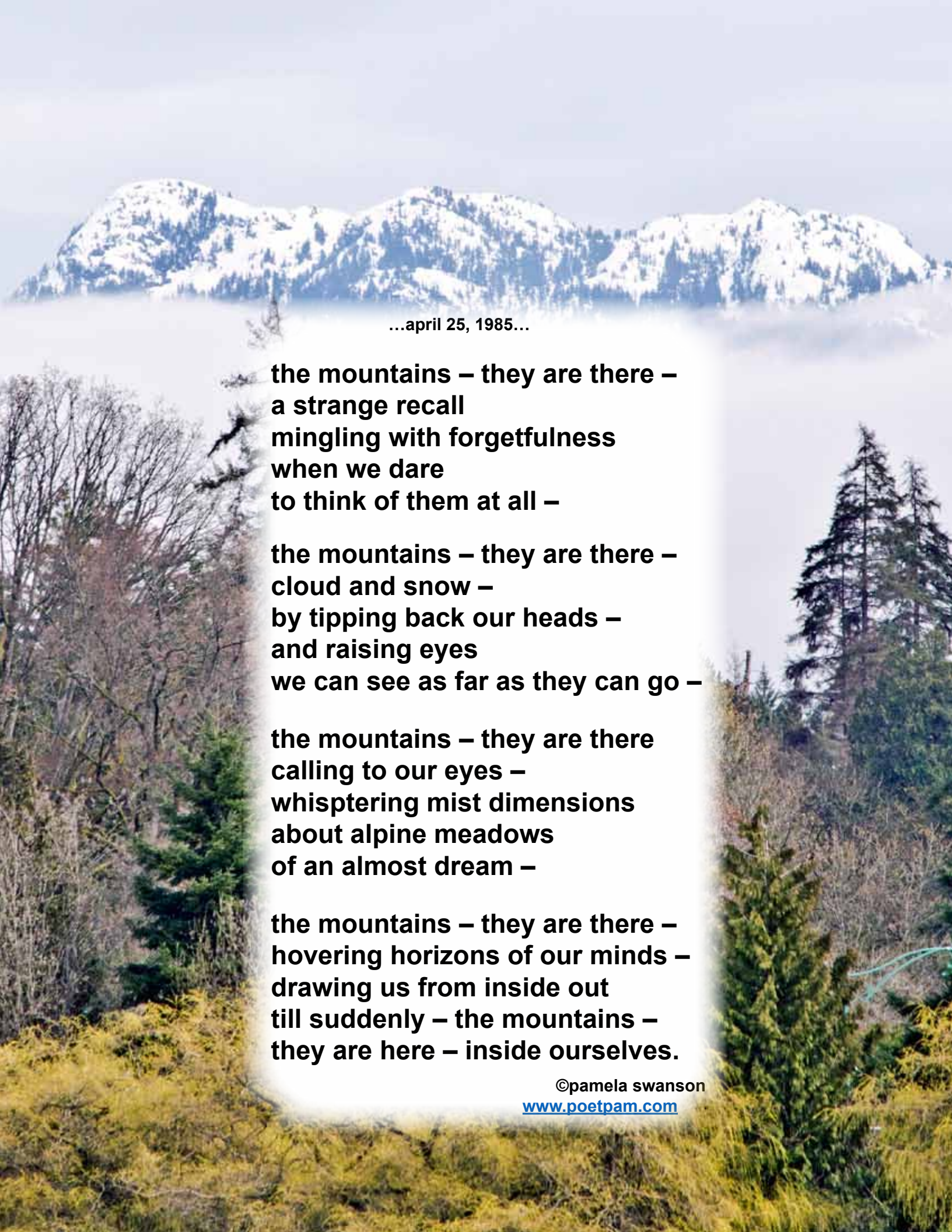




...april 25, 1985...

the mountains – they are there –
a strange recall
mingling with forgetfulness
when we dare
to think of them at all –

the mountains – they are there –
cloud and snow –
by tipping back our heads –
and raising eyes
we can see as far as they can go –

the mountains – they are there
calling to our eyes –
whispering mist dimensions
about alpine meadows
of an almost dream –

the mountains – they are there –
hovering horizons of our minds –
drawing us from inside out
till suddenly – the mountains –
they are here – inside ourselves.

©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com