

THE CAMPGROUND GOD LEFT BEHIND

Steep beige and tan cliffs.  
30 foot trees like twigs.  
A valley of shadows.  
Sun lit eastern peaks.  
Evergreens  
With orangish-brown bark.  
Never devoured snow  
In mountain grooves.  
Snow encased spring  
Sends molecules flying  
As it falls.  
At night an ice shield forms.

Cold blowing wind on calves.  
Fresh mountain air  
Burns my lungs  
With purity.  
Food brought to life  
By iodine purified water.  
Blooming flowers caught  
By the breeze  
Sent to please my nose.

Mountain Orchestra.  
Inescapable,  
But why want to.

Water falls,  
Splash,  
Crash,  
Soft cymbals.  
Felt mallets  
Drum roll of current.  
Hard chop to accent.  
Tiny leaf chimes,  
Played by the wind,  
Who sings  
Sweet flute whistle  
In trees,  
And gusts  
As french horns,  
Layered.  
Solos and duets,  
The birds.

Screech,  
The hawk  
Cries in the distance.

Human booming voice  
Pushes all else back.  
Muffled jets.  
Crunching steps  
On stones.  
Fire cracks,  
Snaps.  
Wrist watch,  
Tick.  
Pages flipped.

And man has joined  
God.