

Low Country

All I have ever wanted
is a mountain,
 a rock
where rivers are born,
on which bracken clusters
and scree falls, where
the map must be built,
not splayed: a jagged line
for the eye to grasp onto
in this endless ocean
of sky—

 not these fens
flat as paper from the press,
broken only by canals
and rails signing the fields
in steel. To tower over them
we must only stand up,
to rinse the one tree
from the horizon we need
but squint and it is gone.

Were this landscape a lover
I would leave it without mercy—
no wet letter or backwards glance,
no matter how full its eyes of dew.
It could chase me with storms,
send tornadoes to spin me around,
but still I would shun it
in search of my mind's desire:

the savage join of crag
and cloud, cove of goat,
proof of gravity spurned,
where smoke tendrils north
in the morning and shadows
lay stiff on the slate—where,
this far up, this near to the sun,
the only way out is *in*—

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