

the Place I Live

Mount Erie

If I look
Or if I don't look
Clouds are always passing over
The place I live
The place I live
Passing under
My feet while my mind wanders
In a sea of fog
On a ridge
Seeing through a hole in the fog
("A thought out of nowhere comes passing through")
I say to myself
("I say to myself, like a voice on the wind")
"Behold"
But I see nothing
Rocks and water and wood
Not speaking to me
("Left alone to wander above")
Slow and uneasy and alive
("wanderer above the sea of fog")
I mean the place lives
And clouds pass over
("sitting on a ridge and watching clouds pass over")
The landscape
A blanket on stone
("where an ocean of glaciers rolled")
Land waves are rolling
("Through a fog, this is a brief life.")
("Short and cold, momentarily.")
("A life as brief as the morning fog")
Momentarily
I come out from under