

Big Sky, MT

The Arcadian Wild

Meet me where
The sweetgrass dances in the mountain air
Near the old ponderosa pine
I found our future hidden there

With the light on by the door you can see
A welcome mat is waiting on the porch
Climbing ivy up all the walls
And errant tea leaves on the floor

I'll tear it all down if you ask me
Just say the word and hold on tight
I'll build it back up if you ask me
As long as you'll be by my side

On our hill
We watch the hunter string his starry bow
Imagining he's aiming at the dark
Fighting for the sun to show

Then the sky becomes a fire we sit by
Making up a story, taking turns each one word at a time
The morning light cuts through the mountain air like a knife
To carve our names on the old ponderosa pine

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Come the day the old
Pine falls beneath the weight of the centuries
With a reverence I hardly understand
I'll kneel down by that mighty tree

And salvage where the sun
Carved our names
And make it into a table we can gather 'round
We'll take a seat and feast on memories of the ivy climbing up all the walls
And errant tea leaves on the ground

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