

Vantage

by henry *Thursday, Dec 22 2016, 9:01am*

international / poetry / post

the warm darkness retreats
as dawn approaches,
the sharp cold of mountain air
bites my cheeks
and sends quivers thru my bones
but it is saturated with life
which warms the centre of being

from this vantage
one sees forever
and tastes exhilaration
in the air

the mist lies heavy in the valleys
soon the sun's rays will reveal
the river far below

to the east they stew
in turbid city pollution scurrying
to scratch a living,
why would anyone choose
to die the slow choking death of city
'life'?

i know but so do they --

the billy boils in the blueness
of the mountains,
tea delights the senses,
everything tastes better here
but i must soon take to the trail
and set the bushes to hide
my abode

i have chosen my place well
it has not been discovered
by walker or ranger in years
tho the birds and bush animals
know it well

my secret is not to disturb
or create a discordant note

in nature's living symphony

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2458.html>