

## 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

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