



**mountains make the world go on forever**

mountains make the world go on forever  
 sunshine making small things  
 great again

each mountain to its meeting, each  
 soulful sea, each breaking  
 wave to each small part  
 apart  
 on bone-white beaches,  
 inland in hollow owl-groves

valleys made  
 into eternities,  
 holding slope to standing stone  
 against the shore,  
 blue palms against their chests  
 to heron bellies clinging

stones to loving letters make  
 the river bed a lovely place,  
 for tall tales dreaming  
 down the worlds they make

weavers weaving wood and water,  
 once the sky then green again;  
 forest, field, and meadow made  
 blood, then bare, then green again

the seamstress trees  
 remember roots to make amends,  
 make earth to tread  
 and limb and leaf to thread  
 each needle-eye and breeze—  
 end to end each branch  
 to each its fountain spring

each leaf is called another leaf,  
 each bloom has bred another bloom,  
 another redness, vein, and petal

each corner of its blossom head,  
 each running of beneath,  
 has been before the first and last

time is but a fever distance underground,  
 where roots and other tempers wend  
 their way, who have not seen the sky  
 but know its furthest name

this place is of a name,  
 once and of another's face;  
 each making and unmade is  
 mourning full, and moons full silver,  
 horizon gold delighting, butter churning—  
 sweet the birds are singing

from winter's chill  
 to spring's unfurling

mountains make the world go on forever  
 no feat so small as seasons make  
 forever in their own sweet way,  
 as leaf is like to leaf that lived  
 forever for a spring,  
 as root is like to root that made it long enough  
 to tremble for a little while

mountains make the world go on forever,  
 as the world is more than its own hand,  
 is more than its own furthest name might say  
 of what has come before and what is yet to be

mountains make the world go on forever,  
 that just enough might make immortal  
 the most important things,  
 that never fear the changing spring  
 and travel home along the river,  
 in the music heading home again,  
 home again forever.

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