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 leaf 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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