



Mountain Maiden

The Mountain Maiden worships the early morning sun. She strolls along the path from the house to the cottage, greeting the day. There are always things to do.

Listening intently to the rhythm of nature: birds singing, wind brushing high in the pines, flutter of apple tree leaves, the rustle of grasses soon brings the soulful release the maid sought. She takes on the music, her willowy frame swaying, arms stretching out, loose fingers gently trickling tops of flowers that line the path. The steps become a waltz, two steps forward, one step back, side to side, and a slow twirl. Her once blonde tresses have now earned the wisdom of gray and bounce off her shoulders.

She smiles remembering the courage it took to help guide a family as a mother and be a partner to her lover. Then, being a good daughter seeing her mother off to be the stuff of stars. These things matter to her, but not today.

Now is the time to trim flowers and place them in cherished vases. To slowly open the door, dust surfaces and swing the straw broom like a lover. To rearrange things long set on tables even those up on the highest shelves. To gaze out the kitchen window, drink in the morn, and not wonder 'why or how'. Those are questions for other times. For now, she needs to dance while the music of life rises.



James Jonathan Ruggles
East Corinth, VT
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