



Sonless

There you stood on one side of the high alpine lake
and I on the other.

You seemed troubled.

I called out.

Wait for me!

I am coming!

Hiking along the brushy shoreline,

I noticed you started going away from me

In fear and confusion

again, I called out.

Wait for me!

I am coming!

You seemed not to hear.

Frantically, I waved my hands,

thinking the wind had drank up my voice.

Again, I called out.

Wait for me!

I am coming!

It would have been far easier had I gone up higher

to find a trail through the woods,

but I did not want to lose sight of you.

Again, I called out.

Wait for me!

I am coming!

Now in utter desperation

I stumbled and splashed

wading along the frigid waters edge.

Again, I called out.

Wait for me!

I am coming!

Still you continued in the opposite direction.

Pushing to the far end of the lake.

at the base of an icy monstrous cliff,

stopping amongst the scree and brambles.

I wondered,

why you would not harken to my voice?

Tired and saddened,

I sat on a large granite rock

looked across the wide waters that separated us.

I could faintly see you glaring at me.

It was a deep hollow stare.

Then you scrambled up the jagged rocks,

and through a crevice.

Your head bobbed up and down

as you climbed still further up the cliff,

and into the darkness of scrub pines.

Soon I could no longer see you.

Then a cold wind screamed down the face of the cliff,

tumbling across the lake,

churning waves from the deep,

slapping hard against the shoreline.

I shivered as it blew through me.

Braced myself for the harsh.

Alone in the mountain cold.



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