

The Mountain Top

As I walked along the mountain top
Each small stone or dislodged pebble
Isolated on my sunny path
Had a comet's tail of a shadow closely marked behind it
Long grasses leaned out of breeze-bushed banks
Like slim fishing rods fishing in the roads
The hedge behind me tossed out its vibrant blackbird
And the valley below my inward eye saw bed-bound colliers
Their blackened faces and scarlet mouths glistening in the sunshine
But nature has covered the Earth's scars and grief
And my heart rejoices, for the curtain has fallen on that part of time

Phyllis Bowen