

*Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2*

*Eric S. Adamson*

**Being a Mountain**

Passing by, the sagebrush spots among  
the yellow grass roll into the fading distance  
as if I could run through them  
and join the mountains, for climbers  
and painters and passerby's eyes to look  
upon me and be humbled by my enormity

The windmills whirl around and  
around. They must be making clouds  
to spread across the sky like mesas, towers  
and an almost rain filled gulley in between.  
They must want to be mountains too.

Through the dirty backseat window, even now  
in the daylight, I can see the mountain's stillness  
and watch how carefully they stare  
up at the moon in awe.