

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

Eric Adamson

The View from the Mountain Top

greater than surrounding
large above to be
inner sunlight under
ground within a sea

lasting even empty
lower rising over fall
deeper closing bending
thinner through the tall

distance lovely breaking
faster folding still

drifting for an open
longing cripple will

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Two Things

Autumn;
blue sky turning
grey just like breath of mouth,
leaves spinning, falling, whirling down,
they sigh and paint the dying ground.
Crystal water under
clouds slowly drifts
around.

Alone;
gutters never
cleaned of leaves, and the trees
who never keep their seeds in hand,
nothing blooms beneath my two feet
or anywhere along the
street where I live
always.