

# Mt. Hood

*by* A. Pseudonym

The mountain is there for me  
it gives me my sight while I walk  
south on a north-south road west of it  
turning my head over my left shoulder  
to see that the snow is still there  
and it is

It phases through seasons and skies  
Mt. Hood on a clear night in winter  
throws blue-white onto black like a star  
Mt. Hood on a clear day in spring  
is like a snowbank sitting proud in the grass  
a stark and improbable survivor

This vantage point belies its height  
down here we have starbucks in the ditch  
and that curse of same disregard to which  
everyplace now conforms, laid under the  
same road, same logo, same lack  
so I am afraid to see it stand and loom  
is it this far in, is it this present?  
maybe it's an illusion, and the mountain  
has pulled up its roots and gone  
to what better worlds remain

