

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

