

The Mountain

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

Quite out of nowhere, my grandfather appeared to me, smoking his pipe and sipping his gentian liqueur. With myself drawing an edelweiss, sitting beside him, my hands and my heart warming themselves at the stove, my feet in large lamb fur-lined boots. Born in the mountain, this memory of my grandfather, so many years after, revives tender snowed-in images within me. Newborns forget with time, but subliminal perfumes and noises fly around them, in their eyes and in their small open hands, and may return in all their true form throughout their adult life.

