Mountains

by Joe Sullivan

Mountains are made
by people below the ground
whose eyes don't see
in normal light

With words and feelings
and hands
and a certain sourness
about their condition

The sun was never theirs
the night never held romance
the only thing left—
small details

So they fixated
and mountains were built
and were these false mountains?

In their minds they were real
as murder
as serious as granite

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