

# 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

