

The Mountains

Dead vines hang off the mountains that move in the night
One inch every year, sometimes two
They seem to be speeding up lately.

He tried to tame them, of course
Every night he cracked his whip, threatening the mountains
That didn't want to listen, and didn't.

He broke into a cold sweat sometimes,
His back arched in fear.
But in the morning the mountains stopped moving, and he forgot about them.

Could he go on like this forever,
Locked in nocturnal battle,
Only to be released at dawn?

Not a moment went by that his subconscious did not dread the night
And though his thoughts were clouded by daily distractions
The mountains were always waiting for him.