

Making It Up the Mountain

below me a lake drains of colour
at the point where my focus blurs
the water's metallic and a dark cry
seeps up through the skiff of valley
an underworld scent softened tibia
in plaintive song to lost kneecaps

leaf trembles blue breeze your touch

this is the wettest trail on earth
but now footprints corrugate the slope
and fossils pair off for balance against
the clay my signature stumbling over
their intentions erosion knows rain best
when its sinews are clotted by sunlight

*it takes an evening for eyes to forget
brittle words below the cooling trees
where a relapse uncurls its fronds*

so many fall away before the peak
defeated by rocks pride impatience
pinching boots and sedulous roots
their shutters speed up as the trail
narrows every flower's an excuse
for nectar and breath waits in line

*if you flick love's ash it still glows
even in thinning air*

you knew about the mud warned me
i'd falter somewhere along the spine
below your dancing hair but my lips
graze along your neckline's pasture
though you shiver before the summit
how can i restrain myself on the edge?

*no footholds on top we risk the mind
in freefall kissing kissing*

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