

Eruption

Led you up the mountain
by the slow path, shadow and flicker
of sun through thinning leaves, sparse growths
let you touch the unyielding peak,
hear the moan of hot wind,
feel the boiling far under,
see wreaths of steam rising;
willed not to warn you of spouting
ash, rock, lava flow,
heard your scream, your steps racing
from the molten river;
hear them still, beyond dawns,
sunsets, pitch nights, the
circuiting of stars.

JOHN V. HICKS