

Memories of the Mountains

Come life's risings and fallings, my memory carves apart
of the summers in the mountains forever in my heart
It was just a little trailer nestled in the woods
staying there filled my senses like no other place could
Day would start with the sound of bird, or the crackling of a noisy raccoon
Night would come with the radiance of an iridescent moon
Precious were these times that I hold on to and treasure
Moments filled with golden friendships, that time alone would measure
My eyes absorbed the beauty as the earth passed through this season
Trees of birch and pine, mountain fern and rock, were sights so pleasing
I can still smell the tar beneath the winding roads
Or the sudden appearance after the rain of a dancing little toad
A lonely camp fire, now and then, intruded on my scent
It would make me realize that this time was to me, just lent
I remember walking through the woods that were so dark and deep
It always left me feeling much more small and meek
I felt a sense of awe watching the setting of the crimson sun
Matched only by my jubilation when the black and gold team won
We were excited sleeping under the stars after sneaking out at night
When without warning came a hungry bear who'd make us all take flight
There were many warm days filled with laughter and jumping in the pool
Or laying around looking up, at the ice blue sky so cool
That's when we'd watch the cotton clouds float by in a pearly haze
These were the best of times and truly happy days
Just then I saw a deer grazing in the wood
I wished he'd stay forever, if only we both could.

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