

Little Houses on the Hill

By Fajer Al Zayed

***Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes:** This poem was submitted to us, all on its own, by a Kuwaiti writer who has never been published. One read and we were hooked. We love the clarity and colour of the language and the subtle 'humanization' of the houses, mute and unchanging. It's almost appears too simple but then so does 'Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening' and we all know where that one sits on the totem pole. HS*

Little Houses on the Hill

They look down at the scattered houses on the plain
At the barren trees and silver lakes
and the people in constant motion

They look up at the snowcapped mountains
At the vast straw fields below them
and the horses that long to gallop

But do they know, perched on the hill
they glimmer pink at sunrise
and glow golden at sunset
and have a backdrop of mountains
that look all the more majestic
behind them?

THE POET SPEAKS: *Thanks to the pandemic, gazing out the window has now become my favorite thing to do. I am particularly drawn to those little houses on the hill in the distance, overlooking everything. I often wonder if they know how much I look at them.*

AUTHOR'S BIO: *Fajer AlZayed. From Kuwait. Currently in graduate school in Colorado, USA (where this poem is set).*