

Midwest Mountains

Sara Davis

Winds whip stiff peaks,
looming meringue foothills of white
press past the horizon

Immense masses to scatter the breeze

The lights and shadows of termination dust
pepper the air with green hues

And darkness.

Echoes ring among the crags
sweet moors beneath them sigh
a fell crevasse will break the sun

All hail this the coming storm,
the Midwest's mighty mountains