

Mountain Peace

The mountains where I walk
instill in me with a deep sense of peace,

a shimmering lightness
of relief and bliss in a place
where my lungs can inhale

a green breath of delight.
My green hiking boots laden

with mud stains, similar to
the palate of a rainy day painter.

Each day for the past year,
I've have climbed this hill,

ears snatching the sounds
of chirping blue jays and other secrets
whispered by nature.

To the left, a sleek stream flows,
a gentle reminder of my own call of nature,

as I meander between the bushes
of the rocky path, squat in its magic,

wipe and cover up, like my ancestors
did way before I had a chance to notice.

The silence and fresh air massage
my neurons and every moment here

is cherished as I rejoice in the wonder
of what the creator whoever he or she is,

has left here for me to enjoy even
if I must return to earth tomorrow.

By *Diana Raab*