Cold Mountain

Men ask the way to cold mountain

Cold Mountain: towering so high.

Shards of light beam

through peaked edge.

As pitch black cloaks give way to a pink

dawn.

Cold Mountain, surrounded by wintery

mist like a cloak.

Snow soft blanket, clouds puffy

as pillows.

Cold mountain trail goes on and on

like an endless void.

The river flows like the thoughts going

Through my head.

Who will sit with me above the clouds?

By Stevie-Jay Heffer Redding

Cold Mountain

The sleeping giant

Peaks of shards, white topped

Jagged teeth

Awake the sleeping giant.

Snakes of slippery slopes

Cover the hidden brushes

of pines

And still the giant sleeps.

Sleeping giant still

unmoved

as tears flow from

the peak flowing

over jagged teeth.

By Lenny Davis

I smile,

Lily pads gently resting while frogs jump from one to another like green eyes

resting in a bodily swamp,

Shiny apples ripe and well golden fish with a white spotted tail swimming

happily in glass water like no other.

I draw

Butterflies flying in patterns and swirls like a ribbon from a dancer,

And majestic swans with their gorgeous feathers leading their ducklings as

they follow their mother.

I dance,

Dragon flies dancing while the large scruffy green giants sway like luscious

hair in the wind,

Royal birds flying in herds with mighty ferns on their curve,

as the distant river flows and the singing stream billows.

I scowl,

Ice sheets scattered across and dark oak trees covered in moss with the muddy

stream.

Though they linger in the trees with razor sharp beaks hiding amongst the

creeks in the leaves stalking the prey that they feed.

I love,

Dazzling leaves tumbling off their trees and gently resting in the water

gently kissing the surface.

Ripples piled on like silk with honey flowers hugging their stalks.

I’m at a loss, for the beauty is like no other.

My beauty is like no other.

By Rosie Bull