

Poems

JAMES WILL

MOUNTAIN SCULPTURE

hillstones pebbles and boulders
on the mountain slopes
ignored insulted abused despised
scraped scratched kicked and thrown
stumbled against slid over and sat upon
passed by unnoticed
and yet they are there
to be seen and marvelled at
silent forms of great dignity and loveliness
their infinite variety of shapes and colours
subtle tones of grey and white
clad in robes of lichen and moss
mustard olive russet lime and gold
encrusted rings and spirals
dots and blobs and pinpoints
gems of great beauty
we can so easily miss
these stones are not debris
scattered on the hillside
not the jetsam of the ages
these mountain boulders
have watched the passing seasons
unchanged
through a thousand years
our whole life to them
is but a moment
long after we are gone
the hillstones will be there
the mountain boulders will remain
our stepladder to the high places
our stairway
to the summits

HILLSEASONS—A WORDFUGUE

Spring is freshgreen hillslopes coolsparkling streams
ptarmigan newborn fluffballs lifeness
Spring is freshgreen hillslopes cool
Spring is freshgreen
Spring is
Spring

Summer is buzzing hottired moors heather
hazyedged mountainmasses sweetscented
Summer is buzzing hottired warm
Summer is buzzing
Summer is
Summer

Autumn is dampmisted glens goldrust leaves
seedyred berried soft earthy decay
Autumn is dampmisted glens cold
Autumn is dampmisted
Autumn is
Autumn

Winter is iceblue sharpclear blackbrittle twigs
pencilled skeleton frost purewhiteness
Winter is iceblue sharpclear dead
Winter is iceblue
Winter is
Winter

