

UNLESS THE MOUNTAIN IS A FLOWER, IT IS NO MOUNTAIN

mountain flowers
lilies sun the dew
flames of water swan leaves
as petunias cannot sprout
yet roots in agony wait
the birds go where souls go
only fear of intimacy of human beings
who educate to alienate the civil war
to total horror, a bedeviled jewel
whose tarred shine dulls the living,
dulls the dying. Shepherds
without flocks, marbles with no
marbler, born as cannon fodder
when life is seen in death as a flower.
Dump trucks empty regrets, garbage
man collects self-made goodness cookies,
the plumber skewers shit to liquifying,
as wall built to stand falls
and pipe pounded twenty feet
deep with stinks that suppose stability
and are a mountain -- unless the mountain
is a flower it is no mountain.