The Mountain Speaks Anew

David Ray

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The Mountain Speaks Anew

David Ray

In slow motion now we join the citizens of Pompeii.
The pumice settles down upon our garden leaves.
There’s peppered ash upon your sleeve. The sky becomes a sulphur yellow,
a swirl of lead, as if J.M.W. Turner painted it.
Even the bee stirs up a cloud, settling on a bloom.
Car’s occasion for a vicious flurry, a trail of chaff like a shadow of those two truckloads of toxic waste it takes to make one, or historic emblem left by caravans that passed.
The vistas of our lane become escape routes, lure.
We watch their aura glow, and admire the sun above, a painted orange that cuts an orifice in smog.
In Pompeii the sunny friend betrayed, and lovers joined left eternal impress of devotion under fire.
A strolling poet scratched *Nothing can last forever* on a wall. Again the trees lie down like hair upon a head.
*Behave, Behave,* we tell the gods.
*Behave, Behave,* they answer back, old dragons, or Wotan, breath drifting long across the land.