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# Breakfast at the Mount Washington Hotel

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## Five Poems · *Jane Kenyon*

### BREAKFAST AT THE MOUNT WASHINGTON HOTEL

In the valley a warm spring rain. . .  
Mount Washington, blue, but with snow  
still gleaming in the ravines,  
looks equably down on the old hotel,  
which is painted white, and on dreary days  
seems to emit light. Its long porch,  
weathered like the deck of a ship, proffers  
empty wicker rocking chairs  
madly ajog in the mizzly breeze.

At the turn of the century  
those who arrived by motorcar  
came to a separate entrance,  
so the horses on the bridlepaths  
would not be frightened. All very grand. . .  
and by now slightly shabby  
in a European way.

Only the young—just married, and looking  
shyly down—or the prosperous stay here.  
We are the anomaly.  
The waiter comes with coffee. . .the cups  
are large, and thin at the edge. In the easy  
silence of our twelfth anniversary  
we look out at the mountain. Swallows dip  
and tilt under the portico. After all  
it's time for them  
to choose a mate and build a nest. . . .

A tense man in a three-piece suit  
sets out round metal tables in the rain.  
Everything is in place. After Memorial Day  
the real summer season will begin.