

ragged mountain of my soul
how dare you stand before me,
how dare you stand in need?

the apricots have frozen
in their love, the lovers
have all taken to the streets.

you are inexorable
in your utter lack of grief.
you follow no path

but the stubborn stillness
that is yours, rooted
in an earth too young to know.

O soul, why have you hollowed
to such a hardness, what cliff
is left to scale?

I have seen mountains
that dared to touch the clouds,
but you, O mountain, you

have yet to touch the ground
so heavily covered by the weight
you have crushed into stone,

the weight, the stone, the mountain
you have made of my heart,
O Soul.

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