

nearly invisible you're a ghost  
in the rocks the 2,000 year dream  
13,000 year dream

windy & clear along the Divide  
dreamt kindness red quartzite biface

how is it that autumn hasn't  
broken the lundra yet  
breaks my heart to hear winter approach

oh wind hiss on the talus  
dry weep for other-than-humans

ptarmigan & three chicks  
feathered breast of this mountain  
her protective cry like a

far-off raven's  
bright buttercup, red paintbrush

gone in the 20th century  
the old dream held something to oppose  
naked self interest  
or leave us exposed when the wind shifts

we dropped through a chimney of rock  
towering cliffs did not scare us  
only that poems did not scare us

Game drive walls did not scare us  
oh weep for poems go unwritten

archaic speech pipit lark bluebird  
hence climb or descend the lichen-splashed hogback  
shelves switching back tangled

hooxehihinenii beilinese'  
Pawnee Fort this peak's earlier name

warrior stronghold in cloud wisps  
Algonkian scored on billion-year granite  
linked by arêtes & capped

by perched isolate fragments  
Devil's Thumb far altithermal—

shall I take to carrying a possible bag  
prepare the blue corn  
ceceécc'oh to smudge

smudge this rattle with ceremonial herbs  
winter's deep study precipice  
not afraid to call thunder down

wear out thick boots  
or make poems from the geology handbook

sediments and breccias  
striated and baked  
this is north

the cold caldera at once  
erupting filling Jigokudani  
Hell Valley with its hell

it can only be done by walking  
it concerns walking  
it's here we walk away from & to

the same place

what's true of mountains?  
their stone hearts are magma

we plant trees  
that mountains can walk again  
that mountains can shrug them off & sleep  
(they are full of demons when wakened)

what do I know of mountains?  
I know I'm walking

we plant trees  
that I can walk  
big toe divided

that's the way it's done here

the mountain breathes through fumaroles  
on snow & ice  
(breath frosting)  
where hell's inventors  
boil believers of another hell

where do the bears sleep?  
where do the boars walk?  
snow is dreaming our footprints

crane dancing  
basket headed musicians  
inventing only ourselves

what is the yeast of hell?  
Weather Mountain  
what is being stolen?  
Hiyori yama

the language of the body  
is weather  
a dialect of sulphur is restless here

side booth demons stink of it  
Weather Mountain walks its own temple  
Weather Mountain its own ringing bell

the mountain towers  
above the long waters  
of the Yangtze

I look out cold-eyed  
through the clouds

that ringing bell  
where does it come from?  
far away

the waterfall can be seen  
it comes rushing, for 3,000 feet  
falling  
you'd think it was the Milky Way

I spent the night halfway up  
the blue-green mountainside  
heard its hidden springs  
my coat brushed  
past pine trees

ridges and peaks  
leaned over my mattress  
and pillow

asleep in the sun  
I listened to the birds  
on the hill

how was I to know  
that spring had  
simply moved itself up here?

a single waft  
of lingering perfume  
distant lights  
on far-away fishing boats

men and gods linked  
by this world before me  
but turn for home  
discussolate, I want to speak  
still chasing  
after sagely virtue  
and a noble heart

I lean on my cane  
while the setting sun's  
golden rays sink down  
summer's fragrant blooms  
are all over now

on Lushan moon  
asleep on Schiehallion

the best view of all  
matinal sun shining  
up Harry's last mountain

far away and near  
recall me the way  
where my legs can't go  
now, I'd like to swim—  
where the burn spills gurgles

beginning to look as if really is  
seeing the world around me  
pointing to a single star

what should I have been  
well, a climber  
lft in the sky-eye over Craigenie  
pointing to a single star

in faded patches  
blossoming on the rocks  
clothbud- lichens bide  
look at yon nipple tassels  
in as long as takes to say  
winds tearing the scud off  
where floccus forms cloud  
woven with guiding threads

ach, how they climbed  
they climbed and they climbed  
forcing the lines

'n' lace my boots socks tucked in  
time to zip the blue kagoul on

I've stood long enough  
to face my rain

saw the sky fretting the lift  
wet weather lingers mewls

to stir the tonic heater tea  
sumergone crouching down  
singing the kettle's being on  
floats off flatly

Dunastair's flecked silver  
the shape before my eyes

casting the triangle after  
from a certain distance

from here we look  
from & to seeing our hill  
it's done by looking

keeping going that's the thing  
turning down another glen  
east-west into low sun

moon shining on Lushan  
sun shining on Schiehallion