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Green Mountain Falls

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Green Mountain Falls

by Sandy Longhorn

—*Elevation 6410 Feet*

Day breaks
 knife-like and sudden
across the spine of this mountain.

Walking downtown in the still shadowed
streets, it's the light
 glowing, through the frosted glass
of a coffee shop's front window
that reminds me of the prairie dawn
 softened by fields of beans and wheat
 into birthlight,

the gradual opening at the end of night's long closure,
the gentle hand lifting the black veil.

This is the way I choose to enter the world.



Back home on the family farm
when summer edges
 toward fall,
 the sun comes up through fog
and the hayfield breathes out a jeweled breath.

My last day there I stood on a slight rise
and cast my finely-woven net over
those rough acres,
 pulling in the grasshopper's
emerald teeth, the shed scales of the luna moth's
trembled wing, the corn tassel's pollen,
and all the lace-knit webs
 cradling those still-beating hearts.

