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Wish You Were Here

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Wish You Were Here

by H. Bruce McEver

Your first view of the Alps
stepping from the clean Swiss train
proclaims arrival at the very gates of heaven.

Sublime steeples and stupas,
the birth pangs from aeons of geological agony,
command the clouds.
in summer's sun their snow fields and glaciers perspire
spilling a chalky-blue melt
over falls and down cobbled streams.

On a slope below the timberline,
a tanned, gaunt farmer and his wife
turn fresh-cut hay with big-toothed rakes;
their cattle and goats graze high pastures
secure with simple collar bells.

In the village, chalets with geranium boxes
under every window welcome all.
Remember when we were first here
and tried our stumbling student-German
on a friendly innkeeper?
She took one look at us
and offered us a room
for a couple of hours!

Recall the mountains,
us snuggled under a decke,
from the window . . .

like angels
bathing bare-breasted
with their sisters
back at the Frauen Bad
by the Zurichsee.

