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## Lone Peak

Elmer Suderman

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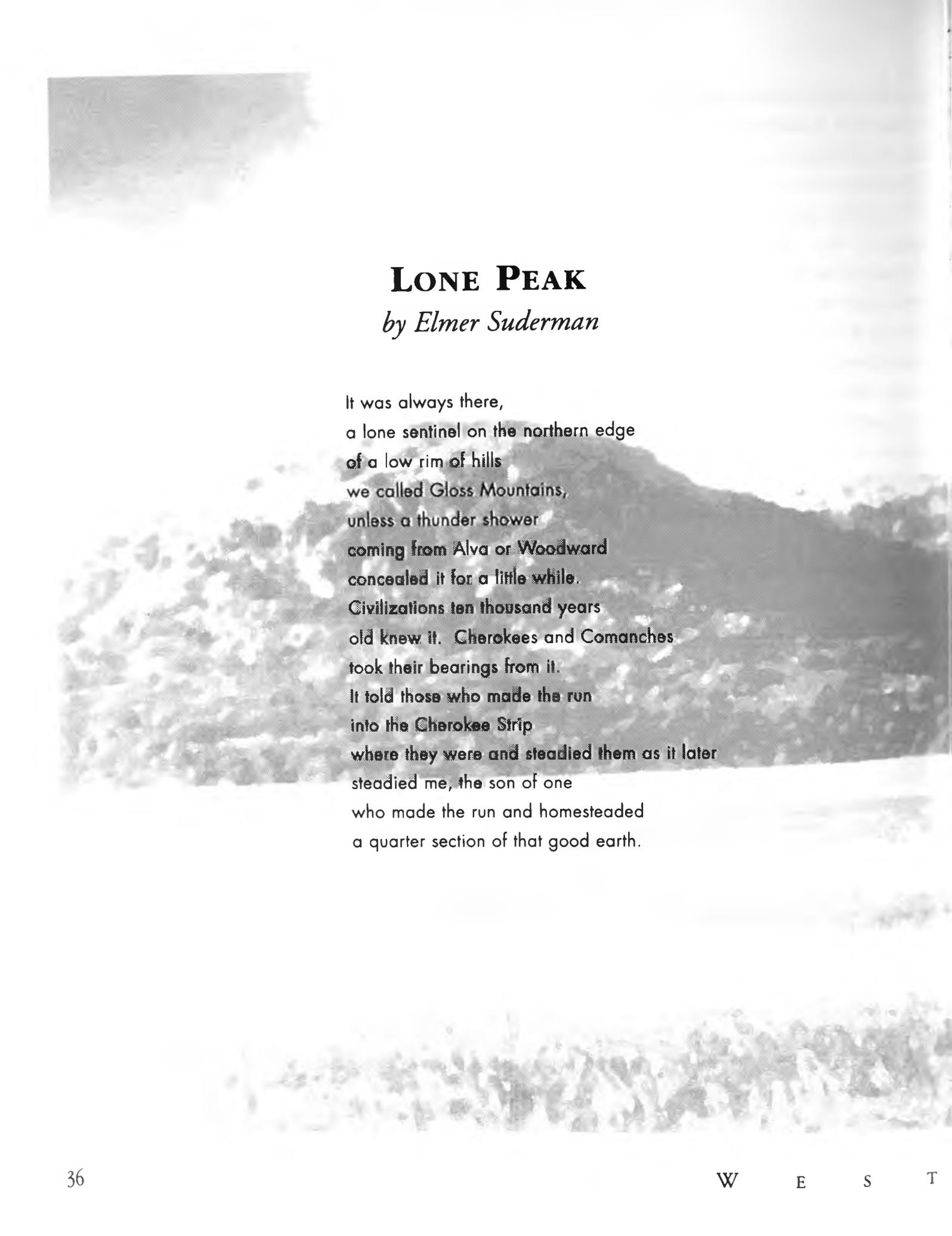
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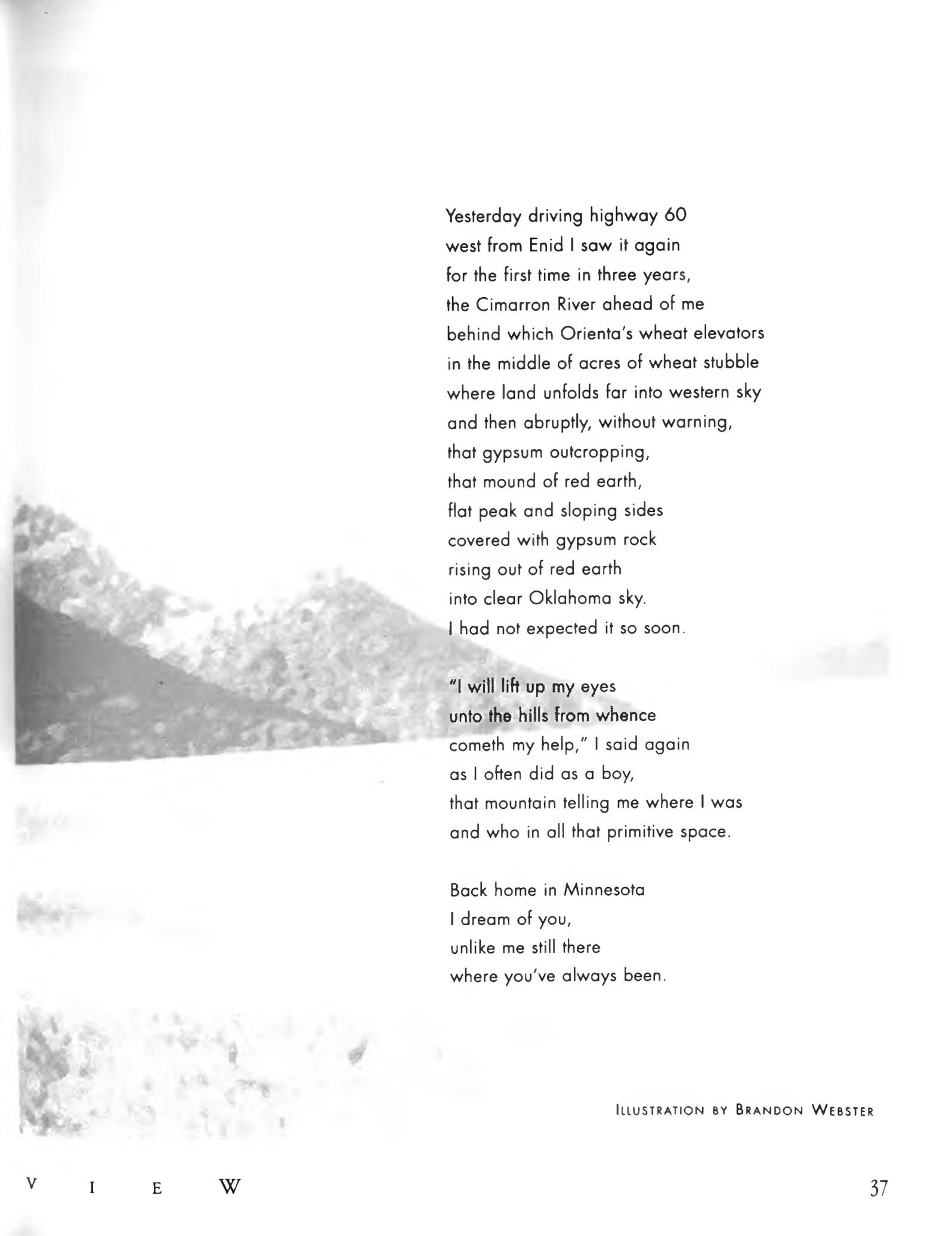




## LONE PEAK

*by Elmer Suderman*

It was always there,  
a lone sentinel on the northern edge  
of a low rim of hills  
we called Gloss Mountains,  
unless a thunder shower  
coming from Alva or Woodward  
concealed it for a little while.  
Civilizations ten thousand years  
old knew it. Cherokees and Comanches  
took their bearings from it.  
It told those who made the run  
into the Cherokee Strip  
where they were and steadied them as it later  
steadied me, the son of one  
who made the run and homesteaded  
a quarter section of that good earth.



Yesterday driving highway 60  
west from Enid I saw it again  
for the first time in three years,  
the Cimarron River ahead of me  
behind which Orienta's wheat elevators  
in the middle of acres of wheat stubble  
where land unfolds far into western sky  
and then abruptly, without warning,  
that gypsum outcropping,  
that mound of red earth,  
flat peak and sloping sides  
covered with gypsum rock  
rising out of red earth  
into clear Oklahoma sky.  
I had not expected it so soon.

"I will lift up my eyes  
unto the hills from whence  
cometh my help," I said again  
as I often did as a boy,  
that mountain telling me where I was  
and who in all that primitive space.

Back home in Minnesota  
I dream of you,  
unlike me still there  
where you've always been.

ILLUSTRATION BY BRANDON WEBSTER