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The Valley

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Abstract

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The Valley

Westview Community Contest Honorable Mention

by Sheila Cohlmiia

I wander through a deep narrow valley,
An earthly scar of good intentions,
A winding trail of youthful dreams
And unintended cruelties.

The tangle of rusted fence line is an
Unexpected detour with sharp repercussions.
Meaning the best doesn't produce the best
As a mob of hateful cedar proclaim.

The gentle sunny meadow hides many lies
Full of brambles and spiny thistles.
I trip and struggle with the path chosen—
Too stubborn to give it up now.

The sandstone cliffs laugh at me.
They know my failings. They know.
The animal dens at the edge of the path
Echo with the sighs of broken dreams.

The cottonwoods stare down with contempt
For trespassing so far into their realm.
The leaves shake with angry indignation
At my foolishness and pride.

It is a hidden valley of painful revelations,
But I often visit this special place—
A secret source of solace and enlightenment.
A place I treasure for its truth.