



Alpine Reveries

There was a time when we were brash
and forged across the freezing creeks
and sought the wanton winds that crash
the way-wise cols and cloud-scraped peaks.

We wound our way through verdant glens
and camped on beds of edelweiss.
We whistled with the canyon wrens
and threaded fields of tortured ice.

The air was thin and sharp and cold
the sky all pearly or black-edged blue.
And every summit seemed to hold
transcendent secrets no one knew

who'd never striven for such heights
or hoped some truth was blazing there
stark as stars when the dark of night
overtakes the burning day-blind air.

We were unsponsored, keen and free
and mountains said what we couldn't say
bound up in some sublimity
that all but carried time away.

What mind is stirred by alpine dreams?
What spirit so possessed?
What lofty place in the last light gleams
but sends us down to a strange address?

Someday our time will be unwound
and all our callow shadows furled,
and we will sleep in wild ground
where reveries are severed from the world.

—By *Chip Brown*