

Sean Prentiss

Gazing at the Nearby Peak

Sheer-faced Woodbury Mountain, a blanket
Of green until autumn fires burn her leaves red,

The first to welcome the morning star, evenings
The one bidding goodnight to our faded sun.

You breathe morning fog, which swallows us,
Keeping us close. During the dangers of night,

You a guardian silhouette, your exhalations
Exposes a sky of star warriors, our protectors.

The Dream

Yang Wan-li writes, *There's enough to eat.*
Who needs a lot of money?

It's midnight in the city as I startle,
Lily, we should empty
Our accounts, buy a lakeside camp.

Yang Wan-li is right, *There's enough.*
What matters more, wallets fat like
Round stomachs, or hearts in song?

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