

# ST. HELENS

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Some dormant, snow capped mountains never explode

Ice packed, embedded into million-year old veins  
Hushing the embers threatening  
to bubble up, rising, up

The evergreens and deer and rabbits and  
all the life  
evolving in the mountains domain chirp peacefully, and

Everything is like a dream

Ice and serenity and disassociation calm roaring  
Nerves and in some moments this animalistic  
stomach and brain allow for a moments peace

Sometimes I think I am a volcano but in reality  
There is nothing but the serene chirp of birds and  
Regular bustle of normal environment

While under the surface lies fiery lava and I am a  
fire sign so surely God has intertwined me with flames and passion

It is the natural order of the universe that someday a dormant  
volcano  
might just

Burst