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