

MOUNT RAINIER

Jaclyn Schulte

Poetry

White wintry summit peeking through a veil of ice crystals
greeting the new dawn.

A champagne colored jewel rises in the atmosphere
and winks back.

Rivers and trails wind down and around her sides
like veins creating road maps to the people.
Life is abundant in her forests.

Down at the foot of this monument
olive colored clovers run rampant
periwinkle Harebell, blush Rosy Spirea, and ivory Thimbleberry
wildflowers bloom and multiply endlessly
sprawling in all directions.

Her glaciers glow
an ambient light blue hue.
The only sound for miles is the wind
hushing the restless mountain to sleep.

She knows what the people choose to ignore.
With each new day temperatures rise
and the glaciers cry and the land grows dry.
Deep inside of her core
her blood boils anxiously.

Yet,
she continues to give
so much of herself.
500,000 years of beauty and glory.

I stand at the trailhead of the volcano,
walking stick in hand
and pause to give back
the admiration she deserves.
One should be humbled in her presence,
for she is wiser than I.