

Melted snow rivers down-exposing the mountains breasts.
Her wounds are evident of mans intrusion,
trees sway as wind wips through the green hair spreading leafs upon mother earths belly.
It is here where I wish to be,
away from those that yell obscenities and honk their horns.
The only distraction I wish to see and hear is that of geese that gut the sky as they fly.
It is here that I feel Gods glorious presence.