

Meditations in Mountains

Alexander Mark Kinaj

Firs reflect off stilled
waters: neither embarrassed nor
proud of who they see.

I walk along, imitating.

Lilies stand stoic;
Eating light, exhaling life,
Praising pagan gods.

I walk along, imitating.

The river maintains
motion, always fluid and unfazed:
Divine indifference.

I walk along, imitating.

A stranger stumbles
upon a burning cottage
(This be my body.)

Imitating.