

MOUNTAIN BEACONS

The red oaks make high lights when summer's done,
Tall complements for asters and green pine;
The Blue Ridge-ripened maples challenge sun
As whitetails flash between their shade and shine.
The sumac holds its glow in twilight's rise
Like embers banked against a stirring wind.
I watch the full moon's journey as it vies
With nimbus rings like cotton newly ginned.
A morning rain bleeds crevices of clay,
It leaches gilded gravel, dimples sand,
Exposes diamonds in the granite's gray,
Strings opal beads throughout the softwood stand.
 I walk my highland Eden like a child
 Whose living neon colorsapes grow wild.