

# SUNSET ON HOGBACK MOUNTAIN

*Influenced by Charlotte Smith, William Wordsworth, and Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

*Inspired by Leslie E. and Betty W. Reeves*

*Kelly Porter*    poetry

1

Our laughter echoes through the mountain's heart—  
That sacred space of rhythmic memory.  
While beating pulse and mingled-chords revive,  
The time when summer bloomed a vivid scene—  
Of Dogwood's white and Mountain Laurel pink.  
A vibrant show the Rhododendrons threw,  
As Trilliums grew in hues of indigo.

2

The sunlight captured shades of summer's June  
In brilliance. Orchid's cherished petal chutes,  
And rolling Shelby-Jean, the quiet stream—  
Her current held my childhood gaze in awe,  
Where native yellow Lady's Slippers grew—  
Along our sacred winding walking trail.

3

Side by side we walked  
Through Dawn's clouds  
As the clay gravel trail took impressions of our steps.  
She whistled sweetly along the way—  
And Hogback reverberated her tune,  
While the bumblebees, swallowtails, cardinals,  
And ruby-throated friends floated through the atmosphere  
Of our memory making.

Yes,

It was a summer long ago—  
Which sweetly smelled like Christmas.

4

The rushing creeks,  
Big and Little Buck, were bordered on the banks by earth's velvet cloak—  
Jade Moss, her fragrance is so sweet.

I swam in the swimming hole of their song  
And stacked the mica rocks to build a dam, where  
Salamanders tucked themselves  
Between the treasures—  
Garnets purple, sapphires blue, and rubies red.  
I rolled the smooth and glistening rocks between  
My childhood hands  
And clung to the moment—  
Sunlight pierced her rays through the Dogwoods, White Pine and Walnut's  
shade—  
Where he laughed at the nuthatches  
By our creek's embrace.

5

I cherished and received  
Their Love  
With each passing day.  
Detached from time's constraints, we hung each moment—  
On the memory tree for safe keeping  
From the savages of life—  
Age and death—  
The thief of three.

6

Life altering—  
The events which change and express,  
Who we once were and who we have become.  
The continuous ebb and flow of the creek's currents  
Define boundaries, as I have  
succumbed to the drowning force—  
Of death's tumultuous blow.  
I cling to the air of the Summer—  
Which sweetly smelled like Christmas.

7

There is sadness in beauty and beauty in sorrow.  
These things I wish I didn't know, as  
Destiny had set into motion  
The time and place these moments  
Would retreat—  
As all things received,  
Will indelibly fade away.

8

When He took him Home—  
Every blade of grass bent toward

His yellow crown of rays.  
Every flower petal folded—  
To the melody of the wind's embrace.

9

The memory of your face and the echo of your laughter,  
Now hang gracefully from the boughs  
Of the memory tree—  
We once planted together.

10

Walk freely without pain—  
Among the angelic meadow,  
And laugh with all your soul, so that we may be reminded of it  
From the depths of the thundercloud's echo.

11

We have loved you.  
We have lost you.  
Though without us, you are not forgotten.  
Forever, we will hold you  
In the mountain's beating heart—  
Beneath the cardinal's song,  
Under your favorite shade tree  
Beside the rushing creek.

12

Our favorite time of year—  
Summer—  
Now infinite in possibility  
His happiness  
In Eternity—  
Where now he hangs the moon in the middle of the sky—  
To guide me through this life.

13

So far away,  
Yet still he shines so bright—  
Among the mountain's heavens where we used to bathe  
In Summer's night.

14

Upon the fallen Poplar, we sat—  
The seats you carved with love,  
As June's campfire light haloed our faces  
Among the locust's serenades.  
We three hummed the peaceful tune,  
While prophetically we were

Permeated by the hues of Sunset's painting.  
And refractions of our glowing smiles were captured—  
By the Artist's brushstrokes.

15

As gravity extends her arms to hold the earth within our galaxy,  
Your love embraces—  
Our heart's vacancy,  
Merely imagined, yet deeply felt.

16

You call us with your loving smile—  
Amid dream's teardrops on our cheeks.  
To console two hearts—  
Who remember what life was like—  
When there were three.

17

The embrace of the atmosphere sustains—  
A wearied soul the landscape's memory restores.  
Where you were swinging among and beneath the boughs  
Of the memory tree—  
We once planted together.