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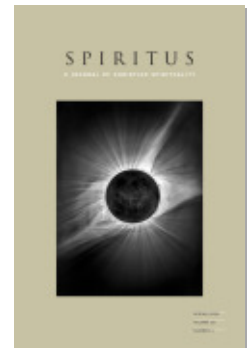
On the Way Home

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On the Way Home

PAUL MARIANI

there was a moment
we were coming down
from the turbulent waters
of the Maligne it had been
raining for what seemed
hours on end there was
a thick mist hanging in the air,
a billowing high above
the larches and the pines
so that the mountain peaks
seemed all but hidden
when suddenly without warning
the face of one mountain
far off to our left began
to shine it was as if
some mystery had just revealed
the merest glimpse of what it was
I thought of Peter bartering
with Jesus on the Mount
of Transfiguration to stay, stay,
or Moses alone there on the Mountain
as the wind whispered
in all but words here I am
immerse yourself in me now,
now, for even this must pass
and you will descend, returning
to a world which will or will not
care but know too that this moment
may well return and it will be as if
we came together then for good.

September 18, 2017: Canadian Rockies