Cliff

How,
 in the face of oblivion,
 can we act this way?
How can we desiccate the heart
 with such searing heat?
Take me back again
 to the mountains,
 to the cool-running streams
 and cascades;
Take me back
 to that careless time
 before my foot slipped
 at the edge of this precipice.

Richard H. Durisen