

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Green Mountains Walking

By Barbara Siegel Carlson

The mountain gives birth to a mountain child.—Dogen

(San Antonio Tlayacapan, Mexico)

The green flowing from trees
become mountains, and from the mountains

come whispers of the ancients
when the rooster grows quiet

between calls and the mountains hold
that whisper, while deep in the emptiness

the clouds emanate songs
from the many passages,

no matter how far away
we hear them

unfolding so close
to the folds hidden in these hills.