

The Mountain's Morning Love

By Rich Blaustein
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Arise, Kilimanjaro, Arise !
Let all your patrimony below and beyond
Chirp and buzz, or stretch their time-formed limbs
to shake off slumber,
to begin the cycle of their progenitors,
in uncountable years, softly set.
Arise softly and let slide away
the cool blue veil you let
adorn your massiveness in gentle morning.

Arise, Kilimanjaro, and call to
all your matrimony below,
The day has begun ! And all must
tend their young, forage and hunt,
love and die under the sun.
Arise in the sensual pink of which you are fitted,
while you whisper seductively
of the peace of the night,
that solely heralds your lover's and children's enduring under the sun.

Arise, Kilimanjaro, in peace
and Empire.
Not like the moment of dictate
millions of years ago,
when you let known throughout
the passion you possessed within --
forced yourself up through the earth --
and let rain from the sky fiery stones,
cleaving forth the water
and carving
the earth to a randomness you preferred.
Peace this morning, Kilimanjaro,
like the crown of snow you end
your morning's dressing,
the frozen white crown,
in which you signal to all that:
today again, I will be silent
and you must continue,

without justification, to your night's peace.

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