



## Deja View

I am a borrower of this  
land been here before  
in a dream  
in a second of lucidity  
before progress forced my feet into  
shoes and made me walk upon  
pavement

when maiden hair ferns unfurled  
beneath my feet on the forest floor  
their roots snaking through  
mystery and millennia  
holding South Mountain together.

The sun creeps over the side of the tallest  
peak sprinkles its green with spots of light  
like a delicately knit shawl as  
buttercups sneak their sweet  
cream chins up from the wheat  
grass.

*(continued next column)*

I have been to this mountain before,  
seen this view, heard its sadness in the pines  
that heave fresh buds into my face,  
reminding me they are still here.

The aging sweetness of mountain laurel  
carries its own melancholy as  
gloaming melts the bright sky into  
yesterday.

Mist covers the far peaks  
like oh so-many tears  
waiting  
to fall  
unfettered into the past.

I am reminded I have been here  
before  
when  
wetness on my cheek dries  
The wind shifts,  
I am back on top of the mountain.

**--Kelley Rae**