

Up Here

KERRY BENNETT



Up here

The silent mountains are my solace,
Your unseen presence, my landmark.

Up here

The warm, dry winds carry the sound of your beating heart.

Up here

The clouds wander like souls above us,
Looking for loved ones and spirits of the past.

I wander the streets looking for your smile.

Up here

Freshly washed with summer rain,
Pine needles glisten in sunlight,
The way your eyes light up in laughter.

Up here

The earth is ruddy, sharp, rocky.
I run my hands over your face, but it is dusty red stone,
With a prickly pear beard.

Up here

As wild flowers blanket the meadows and stars veil the skies,
I piece together this quilt of words in my native tongue,
So that someday you might lift your head

Up here

And listen.