Bodies Among Mt. Everest's Cliffs
by Sam Rice

Blank and mirrorless
mountains reach for the sky,
neighbors on their backs unsure
of their surroundings.

So desperate to plant a flag,
lovers sway from their paths
treading foreign lines into the
white landscape as children
with crayons mark sterile printer paper.

They swirl like the snow weighing down their coats,
traveling in circles around the sun until they are
found on a snowy cliff, hidden among layers of
the same thing and laying on two
sides of the same mountain.