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## A White Mountain

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## *A White Mountain*

Early morning mist  
circles  
abundant Maple tops.

Rhythmic breathing lulls me  
sinking back  
into my down ocean,  
submerged in  
sweaty dreams,  
then rising  
to restlessness.

Ascending pine mountain ramps  
the damp waxy cover  
melts  
and then disperses  
from sharpened sun rays.

Continuing to twist  
a wet pony-tail  
around  
in back of my head,

I stare at the Hump  
a protruding bald  
forehead of rock.

The dried stony stream  
leading up to more  
rooted, rutted path.

Each step pushing my knee  
up higher  
than the following leg  
anticipates,  
wet and trembling.

A sound in silence,  
rustling patches of ground  
or dribbling  
splashes of water  
from rock to rock.

At top of throat  
breathing unclogs  
ears and throat  
hot with mucus,  
temples pulsing.

Shadows lighten,  
dampness lifts,  
the path line expands . . .

. . . a rolling bushy blanket  
meets the horizon  
below.  
Tiny buildings  
float on puddles  
of lighter green,  
    some placid,  
    some larger and rippled.

I strip my feet  
feeling the wind  
cool my toes.  
I grip my knees  
rubbing small muscles  
ligaments  
to catch the jolt  
of my weight,  
support  
to take me down.

Clammy and calm  
I see  
the Burlington water tower,  
Camel's Hump  
in the pinking sky.

Ruth Wick

## *The Last Days of Oliver Descantes*

### **Wednesday**

Oliver Descantes wanted to be a writer. There was just so much to express, so much he wanted to say. But Oliver wasn't completely convinced that just "wanting to say things" was enough reason to be a writer. Oliver knew about graphomania, wondered constantly, when he was writing words on a page, if he was the next addition to the list of a million graphomaniacs. But what this worry really did was make Oliver find other explanations for his wish and need to be a writer.