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Buffalo Mountain

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Buffalo Mountain

It has snowed on Buffalo Mountain.
The ancient matron's face has been changed in her sleep.
The wrinkles of her jaw and forehead
are covered with a porcelain that rounds out
her sides giving her unseasonal youth.

The dwellers at her hem discover the morning oddity
last.

Those passing through remark,
"snow in summer, of all things."
Pasting bumperstickers on their howard johnson cars
they drive on
liking the postcard version better.
Those who stay,
wonder out loud, wonder how deep, how much,
how long it will last.
And as if mountain wise,
shake their heads knowingly — rocky weather.
Hoping the run off will fill the reservoir.

Yet above them the coiled lady stands stolid,
bearing a welcome burden
that muffles the sounds from below.
And knows that few will wish to climb
in the cold weather.

Sharon S. McCartney

Slowly she wakes up, sun brightening her skin as her eyes begin to focus. Quickly covering herself, she cuts across the room to examine the mirror to see if her face has changed, or if it remains at all. After several design alterations, she opens the stage door, hoping that the face will stay the same and that the audience will applaud. Not comfortable with theatre in the round, she searches for a corner to stand in. The audience barely notices while the main character divides the stage into three parts and loses himself thrice. She hears him pick up the bottle and drop it like a child. His footsteps come closer . . . the audience stiffens . . . she whirls around with her hands clutched . . . opening her eyes she watches the movie screen as the heroine runs out of the theatre, leaving the audience bewildered. The screen shows a grove of trees, the dawn beginning to break, and the woman sitting by a stream. She rises from her seat before the movie finishes, checking her reflection in the box office window before walking into the afternoon sun.

Chris Paul