

Mountains

Abbott Hayes

God damn these roots and how they plunge
Into this hard packed northern ground
Beneath the frost line lies my love
Where it is firmly held in place for now
We've had miles of mountains
Surrounding us all the way
And now those same old mountains
Do nothing but separate
Can I plant myself here
Right beside you
I can't take my place
Amongst these trees

I'm sick of waiting for the wind to blow you back to me
God damn that breeze that caught your wings
The one that pulled you toward the sea
The bird that left here no longer sings
Well at least no not for me
I couldn't stay grounded so I uprooted and walked away
Through the miles of mountains
I pushed through to you just to say

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