

Mountain Peak



I galloped my horse to the peak,
and stood, looking down.

The hills unfolded like a ruffled blanket,
under which was sleeping, God.

Perhaps it was his leg
that made the ridge
chasing along to the sun
near Carn Fflur.

Perhaps his head
was Dibyn Du, that place my horse loved.

I had to get off,
unsaddle and bridle her,
and she crumpled on the turf
and rolled;
waving her legs at the view
and kicking her white heels above her
till she had almost touched the low sun.

God was lying under there,
and I stood on the bedpost,
and watched his changing breath
over the land.

Harriet Earis