

## Prospect

Years turned castoffs  
into artifacts and hard work

into history and spun autumn  
and nighttime from alpenglow.

What geologist schemed  
a motherlode of bright summers

veined by winter snows  
laden with olden quiet?

An epoch's worth of water seeded glints  
into the mountains' dark interiors.

Wars, worlds away, boomed close enough  
to temper the clanks and rumble of mines

back into clean winds. Those winds, or laughter,  
with avalanches, shudder hand-blown windows

over dirt growing tundra flowers  
atop limestone, rust, riches, quartz, ghosts.