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The Old, Forgotten Way

Abigail Stout

West Virginia University, aks00015@mix.wvu.edu

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The Old, Forgotten Way

Abigail Stout

Tumbled green mountains crest the curve of a downy field,
Dressed with wildflowers and bells of sunrise-yellow and blue.
The train calls in its mountain-hall timbre,
Dappled with soot, it carries its smoke along
To the next sleeping hollow.

To the moon the owl sings,
Beckoned by the wolf's howl.
Their chorus sinks atop the trees like a blanket,
A lullaby to woe.

The cold, mint air combs the grass and leaves with fingers of night,
Rushes past streams of foaming white and is chased
By the orchestra of cicadas and crickets
Over the rise of a hill.

Windowpanes warm with life climb the hillside,
Passed by knots of coat-bound travelers,
Mist curling from their faces as they empty of laughter.