300 Feet

Dirty grey whispers are brushing wet promises on the outstretched fingers of Flagstaff Mountain.

They pass by, between leaves sharing secrets and raindrop presents.

Gifts left to grow fat and roll from stem, to tip, rest there, until fully pregnant.

They drop to stones leached of character by a million summers; to thirsty soil crushed under boot, hoof and the light tread of Dreamtime flesh pads;

to mature grasses
and vindictive invaders
spiteful with thorns
and adaptation;
all eager to accept such generous gifts
rarely offered.

Unaware,
300 feet below,
we squeeze and waste
whatever drops remain,
delighted and extravagant,
excess now expectation
and pine for sunshine.

On Flagstaff Mountain,

the clouds are crying.

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