



## Mountain Writing Competition 2024

### 1<sup>st</sup> Prize: Young Poet

#### *Majesty of the Skies, by Alexi*

Look down on the lakes with those old, old eyes,  
Hear the lonely wail of wind as it cries,  
Tell, me does the rain pierce that jagged flesh,  
Like times of old when every cut bled?

When you were red and hot glowing,  
A swirling mass of molten heat flowing,  
Tell me, is it different now than before,  
Was the rising flame an unarguable law?

Were you young and reckless, with violent revenge?  
Could you tell the future, or did you pretend?  
You'd be spitting fire and ash forever,  
Burning and burning, free and untethered.

I see you now, great one up high,  
Head in the clouds, thinking of times gone by,  
Now the gale is harsh, and the storms are fierce,  
But ahead the skies are a little more clear.

Look down on me with those old, old eyes,  
Ever majesty of the skies,  
Here will you,  
Always preside.