



Mountain Writing Competition 2024

2nd Prize: Poetry

Things We Cannot Keep, by Lauren Kedar

Honey in the air.
Warm, the hillside purple,
you tell me about queens of old.
I don't listen.
I've seen the eagle, the towers of granite,
a fleeting splash of colour
borrowed from the cold.
Blinding snowflakes
white bullets in the night.
Brow silvered, you laugh
the Grey Man's coming!
as you dance into my torch beam,
a brittle shell of light
borrowed from the dark.
A log bursts in the hearth.
Those ghosts aren't real, you say,
and I close your hand around mine
because just like the light,
the warmth, low tide,
I borrowed you
from the gathering storm of time.