

Out, Out

by Russell Jones

We will take the mountains tonight, a spirit
of candles cast down a slow, clanging river.
We will hold our arms up, out to blast the roof
off this skyline and cut the clouds.
Let's not be too afraid to run wild
and bare, as if our shoes were stolen.
We are reflections of the light
made in the mind, snow caps and stars.
As we climb, our skin could shine
like burning phosphorous. We'll take steps,
push on, ignore signs and keep pace
towards the promise of the rising sun.
Tomorrow, I'll come home to see you
built in the corners of a cave; part rock,
part lichen, holding the image of a statue
bathed in wax and fire and stone.