

The Mountain Tree

*When I was young and burned to roam
On thrusting spire and corniced dome,
All hill bewitched I swagged the scree
And heedless passed the mountain tree.
The mountain tree, the mountain tree,
I heedless passed the mountain tree.*

*Oft in defeat and scudding rain,
Storm hammered down the bluffs again,
In sodden silent misery,
Till we hit the flats and the mountain tree.
The mountain tree, the mountain tree,
We hitched our tent to the mountain tree.*

*The mountain tree is gnarled with age
And haunched by wind from the gorge's cage,
Where rock mauls thud
In the drumming flood
Past the Browntop flat with the mountain tree.
The mountain tree, the mountain tree,
What strength in the faith spread mountain tree.*

*High was our pride on the main divide
As we adzed Aspiring's ice;
But my spirit flew to the tree I knew
And found humility.
For I was shrunk, not the moss – flecked trunk
Of the distant mountain tree.
The mountain tree, the mountain tree,
Conquest rests with the the mountain tree.*

*When old I am and no more roam
On thrusting spire and corniced dome,
Yet, ever wistful, long to see
The browntop flat with the mountain tree,
The mountain tree, the mountain tree,
I'll rest my swag by the mountain tree.*

Paul Powell