

Mountain Parable

THELMA J. LUND

Murmuring, prattling,
leaf-tongues
whirl in the wind,
scattering
to curl
inarticulate.

The last leaf
turning, burning
whirls
in the fire-blue air
and falls.

But on the skyline
adamant
the evergreen
defies, denies
the wind,
the tongue-destroying
wind.

