

Beneath the Beauty

by Glenda Beall

Distant traffic on Highway Sixty-four
whispers of moving, fast-lane life,
heading to the city. Up here on the ridge,
turning leaves blow, madly dance
in silhouette against the autumn sky.
Wind-pushed clouds on distant peaks
undulate like a snowy mountain river.

Honking geese interrupt my reverie.
Over Lake Chatuge, the feathered V
flies away from me and from the relic
rusting in the ravine, dismissed after
being pillaged for parts, lying like a corpse,
whose flesh decayed; left here
to harbor field mice and to trellis
climbing vines with small blue flowers.