

THE MAJESTY

Have you ever gazed out and over
The acres of space, past the lesser ones,
With your eyes traveling ever upward
Away from the toil of a world below,
To the summits, the heights, the greatness
Of the mountain that stands
Looking majestically over the valley far below?

This is it! A stately being never before
Witnessed by mankind
Through all the ages of kings.

This is nobility—
Lasting from a moment when the earth pushed it up and
Left it standing to rule its land.

It will rule!
The mountain that stares at all its land with a quiet awe
That leaves nothing—everything—to be desired.

What is it?
It is the majesty,
The queen of the hosts—
The greatness of the heavens.
It stands tall and straight,
Leaving the lesser ones below.

Its crown is of pure gold
Touched upon its head the first light of the dawn
Born to it,
And lasting as the day, and disappearing
As the darkness shrouds it.

Continue! Her greatness remains through the storm,
The hate, the love.
She is the greatness of all things;
She will reign for eternity.

What is it?
It is
The majesty—
The mountain.

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