Gazing at the Nearby Peak

Sheer-faced Woodbury Mountain, a blanket Of green until autumn fires burn her leaves red,

The first to welcome the morning star, evenings The one bidding goodnight to our faded sun.

You breathe morning fog, which swallows us, Keeping us close. During the dangers of night,

You a guardian silhouette, your exhalations Exposes a sky of star warriors, our protectors.

The Dream

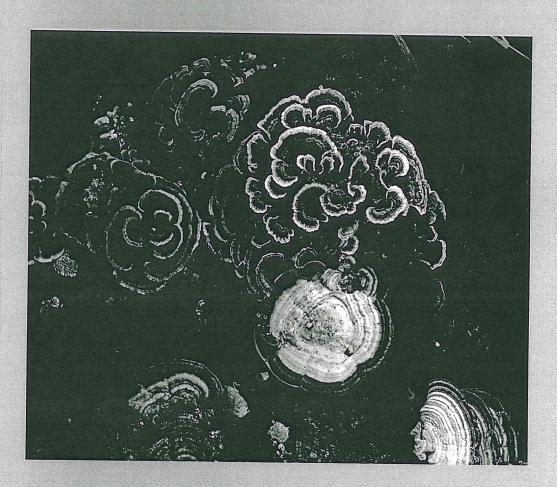
Yang Wan-li writes, There's enough to eat. Who needs a lot of money?

It's midnight in the city as I startle, Lily, we should empty Our accounts, buy a lakeside camp.

Yang Wan-li is right, *There's enough*. What matters more, wallets fat like Round stomachs, or hearts in song?

BLUELINE

A literary magazine dedicated to the spirit of the Adirondacks



Volume XXXVI