

A Common Sort of Man I know

Who had been some places, on a whim,
Turned his Chevrolet into a gravel track at dusk,
Climbed the side of a Utah mountain,

Crawled out near the top with a cold wind in his face,
The far high roar of spruce trees rushing in his ears,
A great rock rearing its silhouette into clouds above his head,
And with his eyes tipped skyward, in a glorious anguish of
Loneliness, cried out suddenly, "My God! Eternity!"

His voice left on the wind, and, startled again,
He surprised himself, whispering softly to no one
Through lips compressed against the scudding clouds.