

MOUNTAIN HAIKU

Peanut butter sandwich and a chunk of Monterey Jack
in an old army gas mask bag.

Marin sun filters thru thin clouds and Dipsea Trail
begins its long uphill climb thru deep green forests,

bright Breughel pastures,
to the sea.

High above Pacific cool breezes chill a lone hiker
disappearing around a bend in the road;

turning, strolling back, boots flung over a shoulder,
short mountain hairs tickling feet.

Without missing a single chew, cows watch with dolorous
eyes the stranger inspecting an army of ants.

Old dung becomes petrified,
meadows become forests,

forests become meadows,
then forests again,

Muir Woods,
mostly downhill now.

A clearing off the trail,
with pine needle cushion,

left foot on right thigh—
wind thru the trees,

one leaf:
turning.

—Joel Weishaus
Mt. Tamalpais,
1968
rev. 1983