

Quartz Mountain

Off the beaten track, where the trees grow thick
Is a rising path that leads to wonder and delight.
White, glistening quartz and lush green moss
Claim the ground, while ancient trees canopy the sky.
It is here that imagination takes a hold
And anything is possible for those who dream.
Amid this verdant landscape built on quartz
A man creates his own secret garden.
Using only stones along the way
Comingled with the castoffs of the trees
He conjures up a fantasy of shapes and mythical beasts.
Huge limbs and weathered branches become dragons
As they curl and slide and threaten,
And gravity defying intricate rock statues
Sprout quartz eagles on their pinnacles,
Hidden among dells and mounds and guardian trees.
White fragments set in wood become the dread eyes
Of creatures inhabiting myth and legend.
Holes in trees, the gateways to secret elfin homes,
Overlook cold pools nestling among the unforgiving rock.
At the summit, a natural arena proclaims the end of the quest,
And time to leave before darkness brings everything to life.

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