

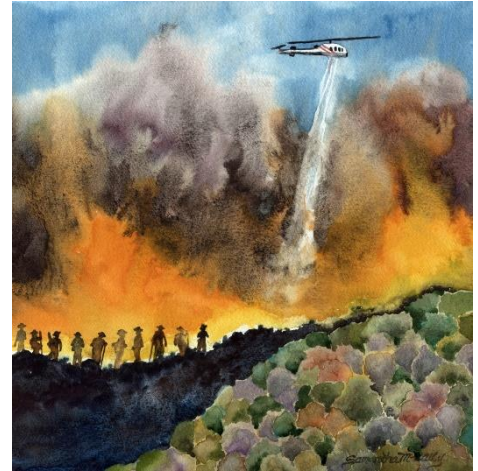
“Fire on the Mountain”
By Lois Requist

On the ridgeline
black-silhouetted firemen
confront a raging hell.
No holy words
about fire and brimstone.

The Camp Fire will not burn forever,
long enough,
unspeakable pain utters volumes,
that will not go away soon.

Gone
all we planned for, saved for,
each paycheck sending dollars
to the bank, for the taxes,
for a place of our own.
The graceful-spouted blue teapot
from grandmother,
no one’s now.
The bed where we slept,
loved, curled into each other,
made a shield of ourselves.

We ran
against a wall of fire,
some of us escaped
that day,
when Paradise was lost.



“Fire on the Mountain”
by Samantha McNally