

## CHORALE OF MOUNTAIN SPRING

Gilean Douglas

Now we can hear within the piano night  
 the bass of rocks crescendo down the mountain,  
 the treble of small stones before and after;  
 and the river, mumbling with boulders, articulate with trees:  
 "Going home, going home—glory!"

Softly the rain, lullaby, lullaby,  
 softly the leaves chiming of sleep,  
 but the streams leap ployphonic from the hills  
 in waterfalls of singing  
 and the river, exultant with soil and cedar:  
 "Going home, going home—glory!"

Behind the soft-voiced chinook, the tinkle of drops glissando,  
 storm rhythms our blood and the beat of canyon wind;  
 the earth is mad with water, mad with the throbbing flood-drum of the river  
 heaven-shouting:  
 "Glory, glory, glory—going home!"

## VIEW FROM A HIGH RISE

Gilean Douglas

Dark trembles on the edge of bright  
 while onset and decay of sound  
 create a laser beam of time  
 that splinters space to red-shift light,  
 that carves a starbirth troglydite—  
 static? expanding? steady-state?  
 pulsating like a twelve-tone rhyme?  
 or none of these, perhaps, but round  
 too squarely set, too much, too late.