

**“WHEN A MOUNTAIN COMES ALIVE AGAIN”**

*for my father, Peter Hemp*

When a mountain disappears, the contour  
of its once mighty flank and summit  
stays in your mind’s eye, just as those  
with missing limbs claim to feel  
pain and heat in their absent hands and feet.

When a mountain turns to ash,  
molten rock and fire have made it so.  
A life well-lived – marked by Douglas firs  
and trails that tell a thousand tales—ends  
in a blast where present meets the past.

But when a mountain comes alive again,  
and whispers steam from its long-breathless  
mouth, a strange sensation comes over you.  
Seismic rumblings shiver the skin.  
A roiling hope takes over from within.

--Christine Hemp