

OVERTURNED

JONATHAN GREENHAUSE

The mountain hides itself beneath an overturned cereal bowl.

If you press your ear
against the cold ceramic, you can detect its upper-altitude winds.

You can sense something's not quite right.

Inside, you hear
the faint thud of an avalanche & the muted gasps of alpinists.

The local paper doesn't mention the mountain's disappearance,
but the international news is abuzz with this:
A flat terrain left behind a mountain gone, as if abducted by aliens.

The village that basked in its comforting shadow now melts in the sun,
& the members of the town's tourism board are laid off
& must search for some other mountain;
but inside your kitchen, you possess the enormity of what's gone missing.

You tap the ceramic with a sterling silver spoon
as if the echo against rock slabs & forests could fill the room.

You build a shrine around it,
your miracle situated in a single breakfast serving.

You're sure they'll find, blame, & imprison you for having taken it;
but the mountain came to you.

It snuck in while you wept the loss of your parents
& presented itself as consolation.

This was its gift to you: An entire mountain,
but, of course, even this will never be enough.