**When the Columbines Rise.**

Crouching to the plains  
Beneath the frozen fall sky,  
As a fist full of dry earth  
Bleeds through my fingers  
And vanishes into the cattle winds  
I realize  
This place will never leave me.

Nor I it.  
The jagged mountain skyline  
Etched in my skin,  
Its couloirs traced in my veins  
The purple orange sunsets  
Painted behind my eyes.  
The flow of its rivers  
Echoed in my heartbeat.

When my bones grow old,  
As my scars leave the land,  
I will remain  
Folded within its wild embrace.

So, when the Columbines rise  
With the young spring,  
Or in the first snow,  
I will be there  
In the whisper of the pines  
The smile of the grass,  
In the hushed winter nights.  
Forever bound to these mountains.