
Mountains

by Britt Viergever

Her shoulders and spine curve
into shapes of mountains
protruding from tired skin

And her ghosts follow her
down streets
and around corners

And nostalgia,
an old friend,
breathes down her mountainous
neck and vertebrae

*Remember your past?
Have you forgiven?
If you're still haunted?*

And each day
She must remember:
Nostalgia is the past's trick,
Making you think
dead gardens can still grow
But remember girl,
to water the wildflowers
in your chest and fingertips
And those ghosts,
they are not the people you knew
so letting go is not a failure
but rather a victory

Remember
that it's good to have mountains for bones,
To be built from rock
Because God met Moses in the hills
for a reason