



Photograph by Stacy Vellas

## MOUNT SIGNAL

I could barely see your face today  
Shrouded in your mist of grey.  
'Round your shoulders a frothy cloak  
Spawned of pollution, dust and smoke.

Ah—but you have known a better day  
When the valley there before you lay.  
And simple people with gentle ways  
Respected the deserts warm winter days.

And gathered from the desert floor  
Food for the long winters store.  
And made their trails to distant lands  
Across the deserts burning sands.

But now it's asphalt trails they lay  
And the dunes are only used for play  
While cities creep and belch and spew  
To disperse pollution's froth on you

All the while you stand, alone, serene.  
And only I, can hear, —your silent scream.