

Lookout Mountain

After we were through with our business at the mountain top we came back down.

Swerving *Curving* *Zigging* *Zagging* I admire a new view from the same mountain.

While we were at the top it rained and now the scene had changed. The black tar streets dotted with stripes of bright yellow are slick, and the temperature is cool. The windows of the bus are fogged from the heat of the people inside competing with the cool of the outside, and there is an obstructed view. I find a square of space that is not affected by the steam and I look out once again to see what I can see. This time the cars are a little slower but still too close, the carcasses of unspoken words are rotting on the side of the road, the lights are on in the bus and it is too bright. That is out of my control. The trees are still green, but they are more vibrant against the gray of the sky. The jagged rocks, lined up like an army of soldiers, are still present to protect the forest from the impetuous cars that are passing by.

