

Utah Valley Metaphors

Metaphors stream into these three windowed walls.

Clouds veil Timp again, the mountain maid
waiting her lover. The sun is almost fallen
in the lake, and winds rattle catalpa pods.
Already, dark pushes at light.

The Rockies ring Utah Valley, blue and cold
as the fear circling when I reach
for a pen, when I wonder if this time I'll write
a real poem. I make too many connectives!

I want to see: lake, mountains, tree. Better still,
blue, yellow, red. Let me duck to avoid bumping
the new moon; oh, let brain and blood ally
till image and word unite.

—Loretta M. Sharp