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

Loretta M. Sharp established the writing program at the Interlochen Arts Academy, Interlochen, Michigan, in 1976 and has been teaching at the Academy for thirteen years. She received a National Endowment for the Humanities grant in 1983, a Fulbright for summer study in India in 1984, and a Michigan Council for Arts Artist Award in 1984–85.