

Pikes Peak

By Donald Mace Williams

Each way plains people look, just level grass,
So most of them don't know which way is which.
Where I was young twice, though, the town was rich
In orientation. Westward stood a mass,
A fixed two-seventy points, more and less,
Steadfastly set down in its broad stone niche,
No magnet strong enough to shake its pitch,
A lecturer in West, the town its class.
At fifteen, then at twenty, I had need
Of such rock-firm directionality.
Music and words, bearings I well could read,
Like compass needles in an iron field
Floated and wavered. But true west, to me,
Stood grandly fixed, at each glance re-revealed.