

Upon this Hill

by Joshua Commander, MSPE

Venus shines forth, a lovely sight
A low mist muffles the roaring waves
While keen eyes peep from unseen caves
And Mars is bright tonight

Though cities be damned and run by knaves
(Their lights hiding more than they reveal)
Their blight is not felt upon this hill
A hill not yet made a granite grave

The wind slowly wanes, and all is still
My eyes find yours and yours find mine
Our lips meet, too, 'neath sheltering pine
And no words can conceal all we feel

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