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## The Many Moods of a Beloved Mountain

*by Kate Jones, RFSPE*

*(photographs by Dick Jones)*



**Waxenstein**, part of the Bavarian Alps, as seen from Grainau, Germany

A glorious wall

Of molten core thrust upward

And frozen in time.



**Waxenstein, cloudy**

Like a shawl of white  
Around the massive shoulders,  
Low-hung the clouds cling.



**Waxenstein, sunny**

Bright-lit crest shimmers

Basking in the sun's embrace,

Dark green the valley.





**Waxenstein, stormy**

Wind-torn clouds gather,  
Swarming to swathe rocky ridge,  
A portrait in gray.



### **Waxenstein, somber**

Angles of light carve

Wrinkled crags and crevices

Into old men's skin.



**Waxenstein, snowy**

Winter's white dusting

The late-rising sun kisses—

The proud peaks glisten.





### **Waxenstein, shroud**

Beneath a blue sky

A white layering traces

The peaks' chiseled edge.



**Waxenstein, glow**

Alpine glow, the blush

Of evening sun paints white stone

From faint rose to red. Ω