

Ode to Appalachia

By Anthony S.

Beside your winding trails, I have made a home.
Atop your brilliant crests, I have been called to roam.
The ancient oak and pine, that called our nation forth,
Has beckoned me to march and climb, until my lungs are hoarse.

With every single step I take, upon your verdant spire,
I free my lungs of just a drop of their infected mire.
With every breath of mountain air that fills my fragile chest,
I get closer to your summit, and nearer to my rest.

On your trails I wander, and breathe your hallowed dust.
In you I place my hope of health, to you I give my trust.
No prominence outshines you, no butte, nor crag, nor height.
Nothing can outshine your brilliance, except God's Holy Light.

Each dusty trail is a journey of its own,
And each treaded path, a story.
A tale of grit by footprints writ,
To immortalize the glory.

Upon your top, so clear and thin, my chest the air does fill.
No cough shall sound from your high ground
Not dry, nor wet, nor shrill.

Oh happy day, upon your peak, when I shall look upon
The sunken valleys of the earth, on which I have been spawned.
The brightest sun shall shine that day, and warm your lonely course,
When I trod your verdant mounts, until my lungs are hoarse.