

Sketch

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I Looked Far

Maurine Park*

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I Looked Far

Maurine Park



I stood on the top of a high mountain . . .
Fresh cold wind blew against me . . .
The nearby sun shone hotly on me.
This was the top of the world!

I looked far to the South—
A smooth-shaped conical peak
Was straining through the clouds—
Pikes, the giant of the South.

I looked far to the West—
Snowy heights of the Great Divide
Stretched unending from South to North.

I looked far to the North—
Arapahoe raised skyward
The bulk of its blunt nose,
And farther northward yet
Longs repeated in faint lines
The profile of Arapahoe.

I looked far to the East—
Hundreds of miles out onto the plains—
So far I saw the curving of the earth,
As if I looked upon some ocean.
And suddenly I was sad . . .
Something drew a line
Straight and taut from my heart to my home.
I strained to follow the line . . .
And forgot the mountains . . .