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White Mountian: White Light

Mark Brawnstein
Trumpeter
(I someday may see
the mountain in the mountain
Not the metaphor for
who I am
Nor for what I’ll be)
I search for an old man
among 5 billion backpackers
On no souvenir shop mountaintop
up which no road races
Mirror jettisoned down in the valley
I see none not even myself
Thousands ahead of me
plotted and plodded my trail
This day in front of me
I’ve caught up to them
Slowly I descend in search of
the old man on the mountain
Who when found will be
the old man in the mirror
The old man the mirror of me
I pass mountain ash
short spruce
Farther down conifer fir
tall spruce
Lower still birch
birthing papyrus for my pen
In valleys middle-age maple
lumbering old oak
Trunks masked in mushroom and moss
blanketed with Whitman’s grass
Numen’s hair of old men’s graves
I cross springs flowing into brooks
brooks flowing into streams
In springs no fish
in brooks small fish
\& big fish
\& big fish eating small fish
In rivers small fish \& big \& bigger
\& small men \& big men \& old men
Fishermen
Life came from the sea
the sea from the stream
the stream from the sky
The seed from the soil by the stream
and from light of the sun

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and the sun from the sky
My life from the seed from sky father’s
and earth mother’s
converging streams
The old man will come from me

(I today have seen
the mountain in the mountain
Not the
who was I?
Nor the what will be)