

# Invading the Mountain in Combloux

by Marguerite G. Bouvard

They felt nothing as they  
gouged into the pasture's soft  
body, tearing away layer  
after layer, dismantling  
the stillness. When they were finished  
they lit up their cigarettes  
and roared off in their trucks.  
Now, there will be no mornings,  
just the sharp glare of light  
against asphalt. There will be  
no hushed twittering of birds,  
no stamping of hooves  
or distant jangle of cow bells.  
They have assassinated the breath  
of freshness, the green flames washing the air,  
the odors of dung and flowers.  
There will be no slow awakening,  
drifting into consciousness  
with a pulsing chorus of secret voices,  
a tender vibrato of leaves  
and crickets. There will be no changing  
colors. One day will become  
just like another. We will move  
more quickly, exiled  
to a country where there will be  
no refuge from ourselves.