



“Cucamonga Peak”

As I look upon the mountain of my birth,
the morning light casts their slanting rays
upon its snowy crest.

I've gazed upon the tree-lined heights
through the years of my youth
until called away when all youths
look further beyond childhood lives.

Returning, I am inspired to write poetry,
perhaps to dream anew,
for loss has hung my head downward,
while this awe-inspiring view
has reminded me to, once again,
seek higher ground.

By Corrine Ardoin
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