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On Never Having Visited Mount Hermon

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On Never Having Visited Mount Hermon

Rose Postma

My mother hung the cross stitch I made, framed
with a canning jar ring, one chicken saying

to another *no fowl language* spoken here
next to the trivet: mosaic tiles glued on

the decussate during the first part of the week
at Mount Hermon Family Camp and finished

by her cousin in the second, neither family able
to spare a full week away from the dairy

and the cows' daily need of milking. And when
we would drive through the mountains near Santa Cruz

my mother would roll the window down, breathe deeply
of the bleeding eucalyptus trees and say,

this looks just like Mount Hermon, and driving
on the Blue Ridge Parkway outside of Asheville

I find myself rolling down the window, breathing
in a sadness I didn't know I had swarming like minnows

released into the shallows of a river, and saying, *this looks
just like Mount Hermon* without ever having been there.