

## ***THE HIGHLANDS***

*Speak to me, oh ye mountains  
And tell me, what would you say  
At the thought that you are not that massive,  
But only papier-mache'?*  
*That you were merely put there  
In a moment of finite time  
To be the instructive backdrop  
For a play with a plot most sublime?*

*In fact, are you not the product  
Of a skyquake unspeakably great,  
Which came in a past day of judgment,  
When a culture repented too late?*  
*Is your breathless height not now a witness,  
With your deep crevasses as well,  
Of the power of the Lord of the cosmos,  
The realness of heaven and hell?*

*We shall learn from your jagged protrusions  
The serious nature of things;  
How the God of the vales and the summits  
Is more than "The Lord of the Rings."  
We therefore shall serve the Creator  
Who sustains all He ever has made;  
Then we'll meet in the highlands of heaven  
Where towering joys never fade.*

*Dave Breese*