Moya Cannon

Night Road in the Mountains

The great black hulks of the Bauges rise so high
that, this midnight,
the plough’s starry coulter
is sunk in them.

Earlier, in the small, crowded church,
in the upper valley,
five musicians played for us,
stood, bowed, then played on and on—
munificent as a mountain cascade in spring.

We do not know,
we do not understand,
how five bows,
drawn across five sets of strings
by gifted, joyful hands, can trace
the back roads of our hearts,
which are rutted
with doubts and yearnings,
which are unpredictable
as this ever-swerving,
mountain road,
down which we now drive
hugging the camber,

informed by rhythm
and cadence,
happy to live,
between folded rock and stars.