

LEX ORGERA

MOUNTAIN TIME

The mountain found her way to the sea. There had been earthquakes & floods along the way, though she hardly noticed. She had always wanted an ocean view, always dreamed about being that kind of mountain. To a human, her migration would have been perceived as millennia. To the mountain, one day. One long, grueling hike across tectonic plates & fault lines, across human ages & civilizations. She had dreamed of whales, had felt their bones deep inside her skirts from a time before even she could remember. She had felt a kinship with those bones as if they were calling her across time. On her approach, the sea telescoped into view. She felt the salt air on her face, smelled the wildness of it all, saw how it must have been for those first mountains whom the seas had called cousins. On her first night peeking over her own cliffside, giddy with herself, the mountain saw them, a pod of whales, tails smacking the waves. They were smaller than she'd imagined.