

## Cottonwood Canyon

Euphoria,  
scraped by a postcard-green  
fatigue, reawoken by a dawn  
chorus. Paint, white stripes  
dyed a soft cream, marked  
on surface by dots of black,  
saluting hardcore punk  
and reggae. A forest stuck,  
learning tricks from a canyon,  
a notch unjaded. The day ends,  
casting grey-blue wherever. Tucked  
under snow wheels and browning  
roads lies a canvas, spotted and impure.  
I wish the mountain would talk,  
speak its conscious mind,  
but I'm fine with it noiseless  
from which I learned coloration.

*Written by John Albright  
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