

Karl Plank

IMPRESSIONS REVISITED

In memory of Alene Clayton Holderby

From the Wagon Gap Road
you saw clouds on the ridge
as *snowy prayer cloths*,
as holy handkerchiefs of mist.
God caresses, you said,
through hanging *wavelets*
of vapor white. Breath descends
to soften the hard-scape balds—
Bearwallow, Roan, Black Balsam—
and put at distance the tremor,
thunder, and storm.
Let clamor yield to whisperings
in the brume among these hills
to which we lift our eyes.

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