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Not Impressed

Drifting away,
Not only the clouds, but their entrails too.
They appear as little bits of fluff,
Stretched out until even the slightest whisper
Might cause the entire white object
To explode into a billion particles
Like cotton flowers.

Mountains loom in the background,
Each one struggles to be the first and foremost.
Each one wears a white cap with the colors
Brown, green, red, orange.
Together they're like an amateur
Barbershop-quartet,
Comprised of army veterans,
Still donning their military gear.

A hawk flies by overhead, orbiting around the
Steeple, as if it's a black hole.
It speeds quickly towards the cross on top,
Then suddenly spins around the tip
And catapults out of sight.

The church is built from brick, but
Nature has adopted it, vines
Entangle the stained glass windows, and
Birds have built their nests in the lofts, and
A raccoon has claimed the altar for its own
Sanctuary.

It's almost as though it ought to all be a
Painting. Since, you'll never witness
Such a valiant church, resting at the top of
A mountain, right below the clouds,
Right below the imaginary staircase that would
Lead to the beauty of the vertical horizon.

(Stanza Break)

The church is bathed in red paint,
Its glass: mostly purple and green,
Each morning the sun rises and
Causes the aisles to glow with the
Light bouncing around the pews,
Reflecting off of the polished seats
And leaving projections of tranquility
All over the ceiling sketched with Saints.

Outside, a statue rests before a cliff, and
Water runs down from the stream that emits
From an unknown spring below the church.
It runs down the cobblestone path,
It flows around both sides of the statue,
And it falls off the cliff, a waterfall
Disappearing into the
Clouded, miniscule world below.

From that cliff, the younger mountains
Remain below, still hoping that one day
They'll be grand enough to be worthy
Of having their heads within the heavens.
What they don't realize is that they, also
Have beauty.

From this sight they line the bottom of some
Wide canyon, a canyon comprised of green and tan
Colors. Woods, plains, towns, and many other locations
Exist below, all of them are surrounded by those mountains,
Appearing as if they are a makeshift campfire.
The grey and white mountains are the protecting stone.
And the environments within, their guarding walls,
The dancing fire that steals our gaze, and reminds us of
The mystery of life's simplest joys.

It is the boundary between all worlds,
It is a sight set within reality and fantasy.
The heavens float above, clouds encircling the steeple,
Preventing us from clearly envisioning
The sky beyond the white and blue.
And nature also waits below,
Gazing upwards at the sky, putting on its
Best attire from some imaginary photographer
That must always be taking shots from above.
And everything can be seen from the perch upon the cliff.

(No Stanza Break)

And all the beauty of the world is accessible from that church.

But, you are a cat, sleeping lazily in a cardboard box,
That I accidently left on the ground after removing my camera.
After being excited by the dull brown texture, and the
Empty nature within, and the
Cobweb that remained in the corner from a spider
That you promptly ate, you curl up and
Fall asleep, having nothing better to do,
Than close your eyes and twitch your ears unhappily.

At first I'm frustrated, insulted that you'd go to this length,
Just to retract the meaning from my moment of conquest.
But, then I realize, you truly are unimpressed, by the scope of the
Altitude, by the sight of the clouds, so closely moving above,
By the towns below, the miniature mountains, and finally
By the vintage church with its radiance and glory.

And then, an even more unsettling realization occurs,
As you place your paw across your face in order to block
The noon light, to further place yourself in the comforting darkness.
You stop your struggle, glance up at me, as if to grumpily say,
"How the hell are you amazed, by what's always been around you?
And, why does your vertical position change how you perceive the world?
And, don't you realize you only find this beautiful,
Because you never bother to look for it elsewhere?
And, if you really want to impress me,
Why don't you just bring me a paper bag?"