

Counting the Ways

My heart holds a mountain, flow'ring with thyme,
It once was all ours, the meadows so fair.
I'm counting the ways that my love abides.

I recall the days when everything rhymed,
when you wove a wreath of thyme for my hair.
My heart holds a mountain, flow'ring with thyme.

Soft, you touched me, and I did not deny.
For happiness will we not sometimes dare?
I'm counting the ways that my love abides.

The mountain soared and ended in a sigh.
The herb tasted sweet; my love I declared.
My heart holds a mountain, flow'ring with thyme.

I broke, when your love you did not confide.
Bitter my tears, squandered, this love so rare.
I'm counting the ways that my love abides.

You, as callous as a fruit's outer rind,
Could nothing more meaningful with me share.
My heart holds a mountain, flow'ring with thyme.
I'm counting the ways that my love abides.



***Melissa Chappell** lives in rural South Carolina where she enjoys the woods and the open spaces. She is a pianist, plays the guitar, and makes attempts at the lute. She has a Bachelor of Arts in the Theory of*

Music and a Master of Divinity in Religion. She lives with her family and two miniature schnauzers on land that has been in their family for over 130 years.

~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

The Pangolin Review, Issue 15 (17 March, 2020)