The Old Man of the Mountain

I thought “The Indians” had carved him
Right out of the side of the mountain. And
Somehow they had done this just for me.
To show me their God. Mountain. Rock.
Time. I had never known a man that old.
That grand. The only tourist attraction my
Family could afford, he was on the way to
Every vacation we took, “When’s The Old Man
Of the Mountain, Daddy?” “Is this the right moun-
Tain Daddy?” “Where is he?” And never have you
Seen a child so saddened by fog. I was the first in my
Family to notice the New Hampshire State Route
Signs borrowed his profile, and my father
Said I was the smartest little girl in New
England. I wrote about the old man in
My seventh grade extra credit journal and
In red pen, the teacher wrote, “Yes, Robin, you
Love him, but how does he make you feel?” Every
Year we drove by him. Every year he was there.
Now time itself has fallen. I grieve as for a relative,
A friend, a God. I am grown. I can accept this.
Even things that aren’t supposed to change, change.
I can afford more extravagant tourist
Attractions for my children, but on our
Way there, I know I will look for him.
Every time.

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