

Fall in the Mountains

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Autumn in Appalachia is special,
Families gather under vibrant leaves,
Deep reds, oranges, and yellows
meandering down from the Parkway,
The Mountains are alive.

Picking apples at the local orchard,
Seasonal brews and craft ciders,
Haunted corn mazes, ghost tours,
Gourds nesting on porches,
The Mountains are home.

Winds carrying more than the scent of fall
whisper of a visitor storming north from the gulf

Red Flags heralded warnings
unfamiliar to our Blue Ridge ears,
Roots torn from their ancestral homes,
Branches snapped by Helene's torrents,
Records nobody wanted broken are shattered

We find ourselves harvesting
the remains of our communities,
 Washed away . . .
By the rage of an unprecedented tide
so far from the shore.

What should be a blanket of leaves
is now broken branches and uprooted dreams

Mourning so much loss from afar
for the place I hold so close,
Updates from family and friends
impeded by crippled infrastructure,
The Mountains are devastated.

Reclaiming a sense of security
Still ankle-deep in devastation
How do we return to normal
in the wake of "once-in-a-century?"
The Mountains are resilient.

From beneath the mud
our roots will find new purchase,
Ever upwards we will grow,
Our city reborn, Beloved,
and the Mountains, once more, will breathe.

a b o u t • p o e t

KOVACS

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He and his small menagerie of animals can be found on Instagram: @JesseKovacs7.

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