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The Three Sisters

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THE THREE SISTERS

River, dangerous—why it is green, so fast that when it strikes rocks or goes over a ledge all the water in it is smashed into a mixture with the air, a flashing white (under which, though, the green is retained, a pale delicate tint in the powerful little river). The lava it cuts through has a purplish cast where the air has united with it chemically. Up country lie the great deep lava beds of the Three Sisters, new lava, nothing growing on it, cracked into great irregular blocks; like melted metal poured out over the mountains. Against the sky the sharp raw little masses protruding like hot metal splashed up and hardening before it could subside. To lie down here. Scoriae with a sharp thin cold air moving in hard breezes over the place. In the distance the Three Sisters—austere ones, the three bare cones, streaked with snow. Guard me, guard me, O Sisters of the desolation of bare beginnings. All of it under streaky clouds that slowly become uniform, then drop rain, a cold rain. It instantly forms runnels that head down across the slag, moving fast.