

Summit

by evo *Friday, Sep 9 2011, 11:55am*

international / prose/poetry / literature



Annapurna's '3' peaks

from the top of this mountain
you can see forever,
though few have dared
or have the desire,
skill or single-minded
perseverance to climb it.

treacherous and foreboding,
an artist's imagination
and skill
cannot capture it

beckoning, intimidating,
a poet's facility with metaphor and
verse cannot formulate it,
only those that conquer its summit
are able to refer to certain aspects
of its strength and power

the sun as it arcs across the sky
casts the reaching earth below
in various shades of light and dark
giving the mountain the appearance of life

bottomless gorges
and deep ravines funnel the wind
like giant organ pipes
creating haunting sounds,
unearthly booms and howls

crying, constantly calling
my name

overhangs and craggy peaks
block the light from above,
casting a constant shadow on my soul --
forced for want of light
I must accept the challenge
and climb to the light above
or remain forever in the darkness below

torn sinews, quivering beads of sweat
and every screaming drop of blood
that marked my gruelling ascent
now fade into insignificance,
the world is viewed anew
from this peak

endless expanse swallows all
grief, sorrow and joy alike;
what was critically important
becomes as nothing, trivial
of no account when existence
is viewed from the pinnacle of creation

all my achievements
and defining moments
become meaningless
and disappear in the rarefied,
formless air

what was,
no longer holds significance
only what unfolds before me
Now
has meaning.