

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

Laura Howell Horner

Through the mist
up the winding road
to the mountain high
I did climb.

Eager I walk
over stones and dust
higher and higher
lost in my mind.

Legs aching
from the ascent
chest rising and falling
'tis not easy I find.

Breathless
reaching for the sky
searching the blue
clouds cover eyes blind.

Stumbling now
stones loose
muscles grow numb
tackling the incline.

Apex reached
breathless fascination
the world beneath me
conquered...now mine.



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