

“The Climb”

Poetry

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28 Lines

Many have preceded me on this long, hard endeavor;
Yet only a few have made it to the infamous peak.
The strong lost all hope through the years they wandered;
While the siren song, Pleasure, seduced the weak.

The burden of this struggle has been bestowed upon me.
A shadow of fear moves in the marrow of my bones.
Has my fate been sealed? Is my failure imminent?
The question is not what if, but when will I fall?

I scan the horizon for a sense of direction;
It's impossible to distinguish white earth from white sky.
My first steps are blind, full of careless ambition;
Before I see the crevasse I am swallowed alive.

The stars in the sky seem infinitely distant,
In this endless void, hope is a vain pursuit.
The numb embraces my spine and the delight is instant.
Suddenly everything around me appears minute.

The voices in my head have grown loud and restless;
They order me to succumb to the clutches of sleep.
My skull meets stone as I usher in silence;
To the mount all I am is a mere casualty.

I wake to a man lifting me up by the shoulder;
Too weak to resist, I beg him to leave me behind.
"Child, don't you see? Your journey is not over.
This mountain brings death, but I offer you life."

We emerge from the abyss and He continues walking:
"Forward, child, paradise awaits."
So on and on we walk; He leads and I follow.
Only with Him can I finish this arduous race.