

Mystic Mountain

by rafael *Tuesday, Jun 9 2015, 1:15pm*

international / poetry / post

legend and tales speak of
a mountain so high
the clouds have never
touched its peak

those who have attempted
to climb it vanish
never to be seen again

yet its appeal grows stronger
alluring, urging more to conquer
its peak or disappear trying -
i was also seized
and grew determined to reach
its summit

i had no difficulty locating it
far beyond the visible horizon
in a range strangely familiar -
its ragged spurs and deadly ravines
did not intimidate me

i climbed its summit
with ease and wondered how it gained
its fearsome reputation -
the clouds from its lofty heights
appeared like gathered sheep
grazing in the plains below
yet i could breathe easy without rasping -
conquering this mountain
required less effort
than a stroll
by the sea
which made me wonder
all the more

when i finally descended
to the plains below
previously welcoming
and friendly villagers
failed to acknowledge
my presence

after days making futile attempts
to be seen and brag of my conquest
i realised i no longer existed
for the people below

i had no choice but to ascend
the mountain again
and attempt to fathom its secret

upon reaching its peak a second time
it finally dawned on me that
somewhere on its craggy slopes
i had lost my life
which explains the ease of the climb

after reflecting on all the events
i could remember
i decided to continue my climb
from its peak
i took one step
and entered paradise
where i was greeted
warmly
like a long lost friend

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1663.html>