

Climbing Mountains

by james *Tuesday, Nov 3 2015, 9:34am*

international / poetry / post

climbing mountains is not a sport
nor is it the desire of an ego-bound
narcissist that delights in the glory of
conquest, 'i did it,' where's the camera?
a wasted endeavour as the real pinnacle
is missed

climb like a monk enraptured
in unceasing prayer for the same
reason ascetics seek solitude - to achieve
dissolution and union

mountain peaks offer a new
perspective free from the smothering density
of the low ground
the rarefied air is clean and the light intense,
of what use is dragging a body to the summit
if not to free the mind enabling it to
soar above the peaks?

climbing mountains is an art
that requires skill to master,
the first step is as important as the last.
the highest peak cannot be found on any land --
the mountain that towers above Everest
is the mountain of shit that exists in the mind
climb that challenging obstacle with
its deadly crags, ridges and slopes
and you would have reached
the highest peak attainable

Gazing At Mount Tai

How to describe Tai mountain?
Its green towers above all of Chi and Lu!
Here the Creator concentrated divine beauty;
its north and south sides split dark from dawn.
Chest pounding, you reach the birthplace of clouds;

bursting eyes fill with birds returning to nest.
Someday I must climb to the very top,
look down on all of the little mountains at once.

Du Fu

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1966.html>