

The Climb (1985)

* At Outward Bound Wilderness School *

Clinging to rockface
searching fingers, grasping toes.
Eyes put away, senses all take over.
Alive rock; spirit singing in my ear
as I press against the nook that's holding me here.
Nestled in the jagged cliff, excitement, freedom all around.
Delicately positioned in the resting place I've found.
Keep on pushing, can't give up –
Accomplishments not handed in a sparkling silver cup.
Tears flow, sweatbeads roll down and drop
into nothingness below.
Up here where the wind is strong and bugs are few,
looking back over my shoulder –
what a breathtaking view!
Feel the rock, caress it, use it any way I can.
It's my friend, not my enemy and is giving me its hand.
I can hear it speak to me and tell me to go on,
it lifts me and guides me, as I stretch myself out so long,
to reach another foothold that doesn't seem to be,
but I can find another because the rock accommodates me.
I play with balance carefully, and shift me here and there,
and when that ridge is finally topped...
Freedom is everywhere!