

## Sacred Mountain

by jay via dulcie - Jungle Drum Newswire *Tuesday, Sep 19 2017, 2:20am*

international / poetry / post

rolling into ur hills  
like the sea on a coastline range  
i wash over the easy  
barriers only to reach ur mountain  
which towers into the sky  
though it is free of ice  
at the cloud-line  
a phenomenon that perplexes others  
but not me  
this mountain is as warm as my spine,  
and inviting tho unwary and inexperienced climbers  
have met their match on its angular faces

but i have learned from experience  
where safe footholds and grips are located,  
mountains are similar in the way  
they present to trained eyes

tho this mountain has an irresistible appeal  
i must reach its peak high above the clouds  
and discover why it remains free of ice and stormy weather

i take to it like a man possessed  
the mountain somehow wishes to be conquered  
but not by inexperienced, novice climbers

slow and deliberate is the ascent and with each new height reached  
invigoration not fatigue, how strange but i would soon know  
why when i reach its summit and look down upon its many faces  
and the distant horizon from which i journeyed

half way up, remarkable progress in a day, i decide to rest for the  
night  
a night haunted by dreams, tantalising visions and bewitching  
sounds

i awake not sure if in 'reality' or another dream and resume the  
climb,  
remarkably the final ascent, usually the most challenging, is simple  
and safe  
the summit only minutes away, so i stop on a narrow ledge  
and take stock

aware that something is not quite right  
the moon and the sun shine distinctly in the twilight dawn sky  
another oddity;

my supplies are almost exhausted  
the rapid ascent blinded my measure i have no supplies for the  
descent  
is this another trick or a gift, i cannot tell

i am encouraged to climb as i was the first time  
i saw its majestic beauty from the sea

i reach the summit and to my astonishment  
the craggy peak from below hides a hollow,  
a cave only visible at the summit

i enter with some apprehension as it's unheard of  
that a mountain of this size would have a warm  
protected cave at its summit

a strange fatigue overtakes me and i fall asleep  
to dream again of many wondrous things beyond  
the wildest fantasies

i awake again but unsure if in dream or a realm  
beyond description, a land stretches 360 degrees  
in splendour, unlike any i have seen;  
the cave in which i took shelter is now  
on the lowlands surrounded by forests and all manner of life which  
show no fear of me,  
feathered and furry animals seem to delight in my presence  
they lick my hands and flutter in my face  
a young woman appears, strangely familiar  
accompanied by hand maidens that tend to my every need  
their mistress takes me to a small green hill from which vantage  
i see a sprawling fertile richness devoid of highs and lows  
a warm inviting temperate clime without extreme seasons  
provides everything, a land of plenty, which some would call  
paradise

i am asked whether i wish to return to my previous terrestrial  
existence or stay  
in this perfect world, i think it a trick question so i answer with a  
smile  
and grateful eyes

i now know why this legendary mountain  
is sacred though its real secret is only now beginning to  
be revealed  
though much is strangely familiar,  
i do not immediately recall the identity of the woman in my arms

though i know she is more familiar to me than myself

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2883.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-768.html>