

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>

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