



The Poetry Of Persuasion

I have not yet climbed
to the summit,
but I know the weight
of the pack shifting
from hip to hip,
the focus on one step,
then another,
then another,
counting them off in tens,
leaning in to the exhale,
and knowing my lungs
will respond in kind.

Even if every part
of my body aches,
and the peak stays
out of reach, I am
cognizant of the tiniest
line of pink
on the distant horizon,
the slow, slow graduation
of light, my chest
fluttering,
my heart too big
for my body now
because up here,
up here, it feels like
I'm as close to heaven
as I could be. In fact,

now, the mountaineering atheists
trail behind me,
lost for their sad short-sightedness
at thinking this
could be anything less
than divine.

My arms rise with the rising
sun. Oh, you, daybreak
on mountain peak,
how could I do anything
now, except trust
the unfolding of things?

TRUST

copyright

2013

author

LIBBY WAGNER

To reproduce or share this poem, please complete a permissions form via our website at
www.libbywagner.com/permissions