

Poetry Series

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Publication Date:

March 2013

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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The Final Descent

THE FINAL DESCENT

A burning ache, within his soul, one mountain more to climb,
Yet those beloved Fells and Tors, now left so far behind.
So distant, both in time and space, another world away,
But still could sit, with eyes tight closed, and see them every day.

So many peaks, had clambered o'er, and sat above the clouds,
Disdaining all too simple trails, well haunted by the crowds.
By silent mountain tarns, had rested, Spirits there, to meet,
With offerings, of silver, herbs, the Faerie folk, to greet.

On ridges narrow, dared to tread, to pit his nerves 'gainst fear,
And steeled himself, to stand and gaze, o'er drops so steep and sheer.
'Neath sunshine fierce, or leaden skies, or frozen to the core,
Had strode the heights, 'ere long descent, from whence the eagles soar.

Had oft-times forged, the valleys gloom, dark shrouded by the mist,
To find a track, to scale new heights, new peaks, by sunlight kissed.
Yet even as each new height gained, would sound a triumph sweet,
He knew, would not be long 'ere he, must hie a swift retreat.

And so, was thus, his life slipped past, new highs and lows, each day,
Yet never did he notice time, was passing swift away.
For time itself, for no man waits, shadows spread and grew,
And faces vanished from his life, faces, once, he knew.

The years took toll, the darkness filled him, body wracked with pain,
He stumbled on, now breathless, gaunt, his final peak to gain.
He paused a while, for life, gave thanks, to fate, his knee, then bent,
The Reaper Grim, would lead him soon, one final, long, descent.

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