

Forced Bivouac

Hurry for a storm approaches,
Faster move the limbs and heart,
No time for word reproaches,
Lost all the joys of the start.

Hurry the boom thunder frightens,
The face now eddying mist,
Snow commences then lightens,
Dark stone with pattering fist.

Hurry electric is tension,
Abandon chaff but no axe,
Rock a devil's invention,
No ledge to rest or relax.

Hurry the storm is upon us,
Remember the fate of friends,
Frostbites icy then gangrenous,
Stormbound endure frozen ends.

Hurry the blow gale is roaring,
Ice rime sly forming on all,
Perhaps its best not caring,
Easier to die with a fall.

Hurry the ropes still commanding,
Uniting and stating a truth,
Supreme effort still demanding,
Despite muffled curse so uncouth.

Hurry the mist is part clearing,
Scutiform view out ahead,
Winds at summits seen tearing,
Shrieking a cry of the dead.

Hurry the storm's now abating,
Its fire transmitted elsewhere,
Climb upwards crampons grating,
Weakened by care and sick fear.

Hurry a cave above's leering,
Nightroom for climbers and sack,
Stars cold flicker appearing,
Gaze down on forced bivouac.

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