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Margaret Anstruther's Vision

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Margaret Anstruther’s Vision
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Late in the way of this my life I go,
climbing the stone-faced mountain, among its equals,
clinging at a great height; at last I know
the sun is rising, and so I start as sequel,
crawling toward the light; but at that dawn,
on other mountains, some -- perhaps of weak wills --
hide in the crevices or caves (they're gone!);
of this I'm aware, while steadily I'm moving:
the sun too moves, as toward the zenith drawn,
and I, across the rock my purpose proving,
across the adamantine granite there,
struggle toward a height most deep in loving --
in age I seek, through thin and icy air,
the fairest crest, and then a height more fair.

Joe R. Christopher