

# The Climb

By Glenn Currier

I am above ground  
looking down  
I behold  
a canyon or sink hole  
where people are gathered around  
a shiny Rolls Royce deposited on the ground  
by some unknown force.  
Somehow I make it to the floor of the hollow  
but soon I fear being caught there doomed  
and look for a way out of the gloom.  
I see a pathlike outcropping on the southern wall  
a few others follow as I walk to it to make the crawl.  
One old foot at a time  
I carefully climb  
but eventually I must stop  
the outcropping severely narrows near the top,  
grass and dirt within sight,  
but too far for a safe berth  
I cannot pull myself up to flat earth.  
I look down the steep side  
the fall would be two hundred feet if I slide  
I feel dizzy and scared, a void in my groin.  
So close to success, near safety and normality  
yet now discouraged  
wrapped in doubt and fear  
where to go from here?  
It seems nowhere but in the abyss  
all my difficult progress amiss.

Author's Note: This is from a dream, the meaning of which I soon figured out. I've been working on a personal project making some progress, but afraid I will far too prematurely declare success. I must remember: "*Progress, never perfection.*"