

**Mt. St. George, B.C.**

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A frigid wind whips at my worn frame.

A thin sheet of ice crunches underfoot.

Our reasons for climbing aren't the same;

I am restless and just cannot take root

and my friends all take it as a game.

The path to Hell is steep and narrow,

And leaves little for climbers to see;

it has the look of Shakespeare's barrows.

August sunlight bursts through clouds;

Shining St. George looms o'er the plain.

At summit I watch the sun-torn shrouds.

My soul sings, the dragon slain –

Calgary to the east and scores of peaks try

to seize my eye –

I have become the sky.