

The Summit

Backpacks loaded, shoulders bent,
The climbers brave the steep ascent,
Hearts set on getting to the top
So keen they dare not rest or stop;
They stagger on though fit to drop.

I hear a dislodged rock or stone
Go tumbling down to depths unknown;
Heart skips a beat, I hold my breath—
How quickly life can turn to death
The gap is but a thin hair's breadth.

They disappear into the haze
But though they're gone the moment stays—
An allegory to decode—
Man, weary, burdened, bent and bowed
Enslaved beneath life's heavy load.

The summit's far beyond our reach
Across a chasm we can't breach;
In vain attempts by our own might
We fail to see our dreadful plight—
The destination's out of sight.

But should we lay our load aside
And seek the Lord to be our guide
Who bridged the chasm in the cross
And opened Heaven to the lost,
He's prepared the way for us.

The summit plainly comes in sight,
By faith we see its lofty height;
No burdens known can drag us down
Assuredly on solid ground
He guarantees we're summit-bound.

Vincent Lyons.