The mountain doesn’t care

what weight you carry

on your back or your body.

It doesn’t care that your feet hurt

or your heart pounds.

It doesn’t care for the twinge

that’s developed in the left side

of your groin.

It doesn’t care that you should

Be in bed

Be fitter

Be younger

Be more advanced in your career

Be writing

Be working

Be more patient with your kids

Just be *more* for heaven’s sake!

But also less.

Fat.

Ungrateful.

Opinionated.

Demanding.

Lazy.

The mountain doesn’t fucking care

you are a walking contradiction.

A stuck up bitch who doesn’t

know her place.

The sheep don’t care.

That solitary bat dancing

in the parma violet twilight

does not care.

The headtorch wankers in

technical clothing ruining your

night vision when they pass

obviously don’t care.

And as you crest the final rise before Corn Du

and the path levels out

you no longer care either.

Because the mountain is carrying you

towards a tangerine dawn, carrying you

through cheek-stinging space

at six-hundred-and-forty miles per hour.

And the skylarks are singing your ascent.