

Most harsh destiny

(Reflecting on early wet and cold hikes, which sometimes occurred during my pilgrimage)

It rains, it runs, it's wet
A perfect frog's fest!
It rains, it snows; wind blows.
Down the slope, the marmot goes
And disappears under the rock
Ready to sleep around the clock!

Black clouds, grey fog, and it drizzles,
And on the ground, water fizzles!
Wind gusts, grey sky, I freeze,
Cold in the hail, I sneeze!
Why keep trudging this way
When others sleep away?

What keeps me thus going,
Despite all the snowing
When I could so well
Avoid such chilly hell?
Abandon and retire,
Relax near a fire!

But the urge is too strong!
Whether I'm right or wrong
I will still go further
In spite of the weather:
I surely will find YOU
And will never leave YOU!

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