

## Summits and Spires

Imagine a whisper of mist at dawn,

its silent cascade soft on cliff face

*enter the archway clothed in cool drape*

*of overlaid tracery sculpted in masonry*

winds whistle over scarp and ridge,

a gentle erosion of crevice and slope

*stagnant air rises like lichen on wall,*

*consumed in beams of crumbled oak*

I marvel at sheer mystery of breath,

cloud swept skyward to needle of peak

*eyes strain to climb columns of granite,*

*keystone and buttress supporting the spire*

a soothing, stressless tickle of water

recites its lyric through gulley and gorge

*chords crash, an ascension from pipes*

*cadence trapped in the vaulted dome*

a freedom prevails, the flight of thought

soaring to heights with no ceiling constraint

*layers of worship peel from cathedra*

*light as pickings from skeletal frame.*

*20 lines*

