

A Series of Questions

what is it about countless numbers of cold people
climbing up high, sheer faces of mountains –
like Mount Everest – all the way up to its peak,
maybe it's a wish to spike their heads through clouds
locked inside brains of these addicted climbers –
a cocaine shot to conquer it with their own power,
who knows, all eye know is they have every right
to do whatever their hearts drive them to do –

now, eye know, many of the reasons some have,
given the fact many like taking chances,
even if they might never dream of falling to their deaths –
which is also their absolute right, but screaming when
they knew this might happen, so why did fear shock
so much now – is it that most never thought
there was this possibility it all could come down to
this moment, their desire to succeed met this cold-
hearted risk they would never conquer this mountain,
but that didn't stop them from wishing to scale it –

they always told themselves they only needed luck,
a modicum of skill to deal with this abstract
thought, to help them figure out all these geometric
angles, coupled with mathematical equations,
to go along with no fear of heights up there
on that sheer rock, but at what cost, especially
if they lost their grip, the rope slipped, the Petzl axe
failed them way up in those icy, fluffy clouds

& they plunged down quick through the gaping mouth
of cavernous blue, sunny, or dark open spaces,
gathering velocity close to a bullet as they zoomed
down, never imagining their pinwheeling bodies could
accelerate that fast, reach such breathtaking speed

then what does their mind expect when hard ground
rises up suddenly, greets them with this mamba's kiss,
a vampire's wish, a hellish *hello* so violent,
do they think it will be nice the way their brain explodes
pow into a yellow mess resembling jello –
not even a fantastic LSD trip could embrace this,
wrap itself around such a wicked, rude, quick,
unexpected life implosion now what,
what do they do now with *this* jumbled mess