

Piton

Home
on the mountain
its racks and shelves
compress stratum of endeavour
contain thousands of feet
metres
of peaks
conquered
by them
- the household-names
of a Nation's pride
its people, in their daily toil
each, their own "mountain
to climb", yet
through them – a celebration of heroes
taking on explorations
conquests, on our behalf
- All are "mountaineers", by proxy

they chose to climb
rock
a geomorphology of human form
and how today
a handhold, cool in the crack
of a volcanic flow
they reach across time
to gain their height

their going out, a going in

this archive
is a living thing, a continuance
it is a piton
in the rock face of our histories
securing moments of time,
when we reached
for the summits,
our, thin aired outer limits,
close to moon and stars,
but roped-off, here
by an umbilical
back
to the nascent society
from which these rock-facers
summiteers
crevasse-crossers
came,
struck out on our behalf
to Adventure

