

The Mountain of Challenges

majestic he seems, staring down at me
with provocative, charcoal-cavern eyes
challenging me to forge upward
massive boulders, slippery streams and fallen trees
arduous obstacles he puts before me

shall I take his dare
perhaps ascending a few steps closer
to cerulean heaven
reach out to touch the kaleidoscope rainbow
an arc above this complex journey's struggle
or is communing with the universal consciousness
beyond reach

will I step, slip, stumble and fall
if I climb, seeking to prove myself

finding visions of self awareness
as he urges me on
only to wonder why I see nothing but myself
in a shroud of misty gray loneliness at the peak

far easier it would be
to lay my head upon the verdant meadow's grassy pillow
content to admire him from afar
rather than challenge myself to win his approval
gratify my ambitious nature

what satisfaction will come
if I remain complacent in my life's lackluster station
never growing, never knowing
what might have been
if I'd listened to his provocative voice

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