

THE TRIUMPH

By Robert Fitt

Standing atop a
Towering peak...with my
Heart pounding in
Exhilarating delight...I
Heaved a gargantuan sigh.
I had reached the
Summit, long sought and
Dearly earned. I had
Bought this moment, step
by
Arduous step. I had
Purchased it with sweat—
With blood—and spit,
And a resolve that
Never quit,
Until every obstacle
Was overcome.

The victory was hard won.
I had tried before, many...
Wrenching...times,
But each time I
Did, the onslaught of
Nature had faced me
Down,
Weakening my
Reserve, only to send me
Scurrying--defeated and
Hopeless--on downward
slopes
In search of
Comfort.

But now—at long last—
I had reached
The peak.
I was victorious!

I stood
Transfixed as the
Broad expanse of
Dawn's ever freshening
Panorama
Played out before
My eyes.

My mind
Rehearsed the
Struggle, turning it,
Twisting it, magnifying
Every detail,
Savoring every difficult
Moment of my
Triumph.

I had overcome the mountain!

And then the lightning
Struck. . .
A bolt of thought
Impressed my mind with a
Jarring brilliance, at once
Humbling and revealing.

I was wrong!

It was not a
Mountain that I had
Overcome at all...
I had conquered
Fear—and doubt, an
Unsteady heart and an
Unruly spirit—and by
Taming my flesh. I had
Conquered
Myself!

As my eyes
Drifted
Downward, I scrutinized the
Formidable
Pathway that
Led me to this glorious Moment; and I
Recognized the subtle
Footprints of God
Alongside my own, and,
Sensing my
Weakness, I humbly
Lifted tear-filled
Eyes heavenward
In Grateful
Prayer!