



It was adventure,
a big one—a clincher.
It was fun, but whew-ooo, this blue.

The farther they walked,
the more the distance receded.
They were shocked;
that was not what they needed.
Would they ever reach it?

Their daily quest was no low jest:
the sun rose here, went down there,
and swept the best sunset with it,
and slowly crept behind the west,
above the mountain crest,
as you probably guessed.
On they pressed.

Days and nights passed on and on,
one by one—lights out, lights on,
sunset, night. Then wan Dawn
showed her long hands,
purple and red strands,
and sunrise loomed
with plumes of dawn
bright o'er the route.

Each day they resumed.
(We assume
you know whom.)

Still on they trudged,
bit by bit, inch by inch.
They budged and peered and squinched
and never flinched at danger.
On they trekked, cool strangers,
and wrapped their cloaks
against cold soaks of rain
and crossed the stretch
like travelers smudged in a sketch.

With pencils.

I think pencils are better
for scenes like this.

