

**TO ASPIRE: A poem to acknowledge Tititea 17/01/2010**

Bodies pressed closely slowly breathing

The wind rocks the hut, steel hawsers heaving

The stoves purred softly as light movements ruffled

Zips un-clunking with sighs part-muffled

Faces furtive bracing the gusts

Delight and fear mingling with trust

'Biners ice-screws and pitons clipped in

With crampon spikes they moved like pins

Bodies stooped as gusts grew strong

Then upright again and moving along

The picks pierced crusted snow and ice

The ridge ahead it did entice

Headlights ahead and sighs now easing

The first rays of light were gently teasing

The ridge above then spire now loomed

Spindrift cutting with icy gusts: today's foray now doomed

Back down the slope tracing steps

Runnels of red and orange on ridges swept

Majestic mountain spires piercing all around

My spirits lifted a deep peace abound

by Nina Sawicki