

## Stephen Speaks

### "Thoroughfare Gap"

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Sometimes I consider my pace  
I'm reminded of a train getting speed for the climb  
to the pass;  
In whose shadow it already lies  
A small metal dragon approaching the ever present  
ascending rise  
To the Seventh Mountain.

Reeling and snaking and leaping it seems  
That it wants to come loose from its path cast in iron;  
But you can't slow down now  
As the Earth has presented a new crest to reach  
Without barely a rest from the last one.

Can you wonder what lies beyond?  
Though you've been there before  
And forget about the effort and the strain;  
Always ascending, each yard as a mile  
To the never ending pull of the steepening grade that's  
before you.

It's no matter. No distance. It's the ride.

A valley, a forest, a desert, a stream,  
And an oversized bridge for the trickle beneath;  
You remember the torrent it turned to last Spring,  
From the snow melting fast,  
And the river it became in the summer.

Perhaps it is ruin from a fire that has scorched it  
So badly that nothing will grow without rain;  
To wash away the blackened soil  
Now useless until called upon again  
In a future as distant and far away as the next range of  
mountains.

Then take it as far as you see and beyond  
With eyes you don't use enough to gather up strength;  
As Thoroughfare Gap  
What awaits is whatever you see  
When you get there of even before;

It's no matter. No distance. It's the ride.

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