

# NANGA PARVAT

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*Literally, 'Naked Mountain' in Hindi. A Himalayan peak in Kashmir, 8126 meters above sea level*

Our journey lasts for days and days.  
We trek up valley, hill and slope;  
Our lives are held by thread and hope  
When underfoot each ropeway sways.

We enter now this foam of clouds.  
Along the way we hear the call  
Of mountain wind and waterfall.  
The pallid mist is spreading shrouds.

This track is steep and narrow here.  
It snakes its way—these mounds of stones,  
We fear, will hide our weary bones.  
The sunshine gilds the lucid air.

At last we reach the final peak.  
The summit beckons us to come  
The air is cold, our feet are numb.  
We climb to reach the grail we seek.

The crown is stark with gelid snow.  
We look where sky and earth have merged,  
From high above. Our souls are purged.  
Forgotten lies the world below.

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