

SUMMONING ARMS

Francine L. Trevens

From mountain mists echoes resound
Haunting, ghostly voices abound
Their words garbled, meaning unclear
Persistently pounding upon my ear
Reminiscent of Eternity
Whose open arms summon me
The ultimate welcome to receive
And all earthly cares relieve.

If I were in deep despond
I'd be eager to respond
But striving still to reach the crest
I can't agree to quit the quest
Thus I labor amid travails
Yet tantalizing a summit view
Before my journey's end comes due.

Though I do not fear oblivion
Hoping my poems will live on
Eternal peace I can't be sold
Till all songs sung, all tales told
Thus I continue my "trekking"
Despite the peace that may beckon
I'll fight it through: at finality
Succumb to blank banality.

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