

# 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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