

THE GREEN LAKE

ELOQUENT are the hills : their power speaks
In ice, rock and falling stone ;
The voices of croziered fern, wood-sorrel, gentian, edelweiss,
Lead upward to the summit or the high col.

The mountain lake mirrors the hills, and the white clouds
Move in a blue depth, the hut stands empty :
No one appears all day, nothing disturbs
The symphony of ice and yellow rock and the blue shadow.

And at dusk the familiar sequence : the light
Lingering on the peak ; and near the horizon
Apricot-coloured skies, then purple ; and the first stars ;
An hour of bustle in the hut, and then silence.

Only at two in the morning men stir in the bunks,
Look out of the window, put on their boots,
Exchange a word with the guardian, curse the cold,
And move with a force beyond their own to the high peaks.

Be still for once. Do not sing,
Let the blood beat its symphony unanswered ;
Remain here by the lake for a whole day
With the sky clear and the rocks asking to be climbed.

There is music in movement, in the song, the dance,
The swing of the accordion in the crowded hut,
The swing of the axe in the icefall ; but be still.
Listen. There is another voice that speaks.

MICHAEL ROBERTS.