ourselves and the climb, a loud crack rent the air. We looked up to witness a thought-provoking scene. The section of sérac that we had climbed four days earlier had detached itself from the hanging glacier. With astonishing speed, it fell down our line of ascent on the lower spur, removing all traces of our footprints and our first bivouac site from the mountain. I wondered if this was a manifestation of the Apu's anger. A parting shot? Duncan's voice broke the silence of the scene: 'You lucky, *lucky* bastards!'

References to Climbing on Salcantay

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BY THE CRAGS

Hamish M. Brown

A good brew
for the two
linked for hours
by the powers
of a rope
to their hope.

After?

Rest
the next best:
a wind, kind
to tired mind,
a pool, deep,
grassy sleep . . .

Tomorrow
we'll borrow
one more climb
of tight time.
We'll belay
one more day
that yields this
borrowed bliss.