Zinal Rothorn

TERRY GIFFORD

(for John Driskell)

Whilst Zinal slept
We moved upon the mountain,

First by torchlight on moraine
Then dawnlight on ice until

Sunlight fired first peaks,
Caught our breath in the sharp,

Thin air that distilled
My first start, first season.

It was to be your last.
Strange, that we've both lost

The photographs, as though
Memory through the whisky glass

Between us, years after
Your first illness, was stronger

Years after we moved together
Step in step upon the mountain.