Alpine Mattins

EDWARD WILLIAMS

That brilliant light on Altels' lethal slope;
So near, so clear, can that be Venus here?
Over the Gemmi the huge full moon gives hope
To two tiny figures plodding without fear
Slowly, steadily, one with the solitude's silent grandeur
Of silver peaks, sepia shadows, and shining ice;
Forging to a further fastness of inanimate nature
Their peak, on eggshell blue, now etched to entice.

A wondrous speechless mattins to quintessential essence
Of God's so pure and palpably perfect presence.