

The climber

Like a ballerine in three dimension
The climber continue her ascension
Higher and higher always
She climbs.

Her body balances, oblivious to gravity,
Her mind focusses on every asperity,
Hop one hand, hop one foot,
She climbs.

She hates flat,
She hates horizontal,
Her world is vertical,
A path from hell to heaven

She defies the rules of physics,
"Look! Gravity is an illusion"
She shouts grabbing another meter,
Up and down are conventions.

What is her motive ?
The pleasure of looking at
The ants living down ?
The hope to find a better world
Up where she strives?
No, she's higher, she's over that.

Jean-Philippe Drécourt (2003)