



## Scottish Poets and Poetry

### The Winter Climbing

It is late January and at last the snow.  
I lie back dreaming about Glencoe  
as fluent, hungry, dressed in red,  
you climb up and over me. That passion  
claimed the darkest, useless months  
for risk and play. You rise  
up on me, I rise through you...

The shadowed face of Aonach Dubh  
where Mal first took me climbing  
and as we clanked exhausted, happy,  
downwards through the dark, I asked  
'What route was that?' 'Call it  
what you want - it's new.'

You reach the top and exit out;  
from way above, your cry comes down.  
The rope pulls tight. What shall we call  
this new thing we're about?  
These days we live in taking  
care and chances. Why name it?  
My heart is my mouth as I shout *Climbing...*