

A S P I R A T I O N

by

Jan Isbelle Fortune

You hold my stature. I may grow no higher
Than you will let me, for I grow in you;
We are but one, who first met life as two;
I learn of loveliness as you aspire.
If you are small, my spirit, too, will shrink;
If you lack vision, then I know no goal;
You hold the boundaries of my very soul;
I sip the wine of living that you drink.

Then must you seek the mountains and the snow,
And grasp at shimmering worlds that gleam afar,
So that I, following, may glimpse a star,
And learn of heights and mysteries, and go
Out to the rim of life's wide glimmering sea,
Seeking the boundaries of eternity.

For what meet rapture in a valley's cup
Hemmed in by hills and held down to the sod?
The soul that yearns for mountain paths of God
Follows the high road upward--always up.
There is no turning back nor standing still;
Life goes too swift--too keen its aching pleasure;
I would know happiness' extremest measure,
Standing beside you on some wind-swept hill.

And since you hold me in your heart's still garden,
I can not go unless you take my hand;
Long have you known me, and you understand
My urge for mountain tops. I ask no pardon
For this strange ache to glimpse eternity.
Love, lead the way and make a path for me.

from 1933 folder