

Scrappers - 9  
3rd Place

Over the Mountains.

By [REDACTED]

Over the hills and over the sea  
Over the mountains I wait for me  
I am too bold to want to leave  
Even the sea has a grasp on me  
Even the fog is holding my sleeve  
Even the rock is beckoning me.

Over the hills and over the sea  
Over the mountains I wait for me  
I am too scared to want to leave  
Climbing is what I want but not  
Falling.

Though if I fell I would not fall  
But just start over  
And climb back on the wall  
That sheathed me  
Return to the fog that sheathed me  
And follow the wisp of white  
Up from the land of the sea.

Over the hills and over the sea  
Over the mountains I wait for me  
I'm hanging there  
In despair  
Plotting the path to the apogee  
Swinging in the blazing air  
Encountering the reflective sea.

Over the hills and over the sea  
Over the mountains I wait for me  
Falling down  
Looking up  
Wondering if I could get back up

Gazing over the beauty of sky  
My lips curl into a smile.

Over the hills and over the sea  
Over the mountains I wait for me  
Struggling to get back on the cliff  
Mind set to it  
Muscles stiff  
I can do this  
Up on the wall  
Climbing begun  
Reaching the top  
Pulling up and ready to pop  
Over the edge, now time to stop.

Over the hills and over the sea  
Over the mountains at last I have found me  
Reliving the terror of the sky  
Wondering whether I could fly  
If I fell and was destroyed  
I would never again know the crisp night air  
Or the crunch of leaves  
Or the fog pulling on my sleeve.