

Castle Welsh Ropetime Slideaway

Crisp muggy water glistens
as the boat creases the waves.
The Welsh landscape radiates
reminiscent of medieval times.

Anticipation peaks
as dim fog-tipped shores loom ahead.

Hunger intrudes into the afternoon,
as the glistening apple is bitten in half.

Jagged toothed guide
smells of fish and vegemite
He snatches the red nutrition
from my sweaty palm.

Boats dock as stone piers
emerge evocative of D-Day.
Student Ambassadors stride through murky
fields of grass and weeds.
Stone wall appears as if forced upward
by Mother Earth herself.
Welsh castle emerges,
ancient and stoic.

I climb the steps and gaze upon the ropes,
all golden and harsh.
Gaze over the ledge,
as imminent doom possibly looks back.
Fastened tight and hooked on secure,
wrong handed glove, a mistake, don't look back.

I imagined the sure footing
to rappel the walls with ease.
My balance falters, shoes slide,
hand grips tightly, rope tears through.
Searing pain cuts deep within,
as flesh burns with fibers ingrained.

Accomplishments met,
with consequences remembered.
I look back upon the day,
my fears overcome.
Pain subsides, scar remains,
as regrets replaced with pride.
Dusk appears, with cool night air
rappelling adventure concludes,
triumphant after all.