

A Trip to Mt. Whitney ... 1921

By Rena Elizabeth Roop- Moore



Perhaps the morning is a crisp one, and clear, with a sky of delicate blue,
And a blithesome thrill, something that crinkled the heart of you
Perhaps it's a morning of wonders that hold not a single regret,
Just the day you would choose from all others for the trip you will never forget.

The trail begins at the Portals and curves up to the left
With now and then a little stream flowing from some hidden cleft.
Onward, upward, for more than an hour, with many a turn in the trail;
And then an alpine lake is glimpsed, where beauty and charm prevail.

We climb a steep and rocky ridge, then dismount for a halt
In a mountain bowl called Outpost Camp, a place without a fault.
It is nestled there among the pines, where willows edge the stream
And cliffs look down from the timberline, completing nature's scheme.

The trip resumes. We climb again past tilted shelves of stone,
Then Mirror Lake, reflecting clouds, a picture all its own.
Above us tower granite walls that bring to mind a song
Which hears a dream and souls unleashed, we slowly ride along.

Sculptured ranges spread beyond and rear their lonely crests
Of drab, impressive ruggedness, where a giant condor might nest.
And boulders, imminent and barren suggest legends old
Concerning Consultation Lake, by campfires often told.

We pause at windswept Trail Camp, nestled at the base
Of towering, majestic WHITNEY, and plant life – not a trace.
It's a rugged, rocky last resort, to rest before the climb.
Then up the jumbled switchbacks, with feelings of awe sublime.

We ride along, and glancing down into the scene below,
We feel some odd strange power from being from things of long ago.
A tremendous something we can't see through a surging, billowy mist,
Moving in to baffle us. Hinting of things we missed.

Then we pictured long-hushed neophytes treading rocky stairs,
Trudging onward through the night in dusty robes with flares.
The trail keeps on an upward slant. We scarcely notice though,
For musing, near forgotten just where we were to go.

But, suddenly we look aghast. Our vision flung asunder.
The foreground had just dropped away. We stop and stare in wonder!
Below, the canyon of the Kern is shown us by the guide.
We marvel as he tells us of and names each view with pride.

Alert once more we ride along, no dreaming veils our glances
The trail climbs up the mountain side, abruptly, then it branches
One leads into the distance haze, the other one we follow
Climbing to the stony ledge over jute and hallow

At last, the SUMMIT! We stand on top and giddily look below.
Spellbound, we view the splendor of sky, and earth, and snow
Peeks, blue lakes wilderness, Death Valley, and in-between
The tumbled Panamint Mountains, Owens Lake, with spots of green.

And two thousand feet below us lies a beautiful indigo lake,
With an iceberg in the center, like a Frosted Birthday Cake!
The feeling at that moment is nothing akin to regret
And I know I am telling you truly, It's a trip you will NEVER forget.