

In my Uncle's footsteps

Im. Dave Herron killed Mont Blanc 1960

Apple boxes in the backyard were our Alps.
Each day we attempted new routes, boxes
rearranged, crevasses deeper.

Flax crampons woven around shoes, wooden
spoon ice axes. String & safety pins held
strong as we belayed.

Handkerchiefs fluttered, a signal to Mum
waiting at base camp with chocolate &
extra oxygen that, *we 'd made it.*

After the avalanche our boxes lay abandoned.
Climbing made Mum cry. Reaching
the summit wasn't enough.

Success was making it home.