



THE WELLS ACADEMY

Year 7 Poem

An Obstacle

I was climbing up a mountain-path
With many things to do,
Important business of my own,
And other people's too,
When I ran against an obstacle
That quite cut off the view.

My work was such as could not wait,
My path quite clearly showed,
My strength and time were limited,
I carried quite a load;
And there that growing obstacle
Sat all across the road.

So I spoke to it politely,
For it was huge and high,
And begged that it would move a bit
And let me travel by.
It smiled, but as for moving! --
It didn't even try.

So I sat before it helpless,
In an ecstasy of woe --
The mountain mists were rising fast,
The sun was sinking slow --
When a sudden inspiration came,
As sudden winds do blow.

I took my hat, I took my stick,
My load I settled fair,
I approached that awful obstacle
With an absent-minded air --
And I walked directly through it,
As if it wasn't there!

Charlotte Perkins Gilman