

RIFFS AND REALIZATIONS ARRIVED AT AFTER 4,058 (AND COUNTING) 4K NH SUMMITS

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Splendor cannot be quantified.

Knees are weakened by both love and elevation gain.

Etiam si omnes -- ego non is as good a motto as any other, especially when out on one's own.

To see most roundly, seek the circumambient view.

One Half of the World
does not know
how the other Half lives.

--Benjamin Franklin
Poor Richard's Almanack

One Side of the Trail
is always looking
at the Other side.

--Timothy Muskat
Poor Hiker's Reflections

I have met with what is difficult of meeting.
I have heard what is difficult of hearing.

--common saying in pietist Buddhism

Incidence, incident, and instance are distinct words whose meanings are as different as the three most striking colors on any canvas painted by Van Gogh.

Care about that.

"Only he who attempts the absurd is capable of achieving the impossible."

--Miguel de Unamuno, 1864-1936

Along the way I badly tore my gastrocnemius.

Funny that a muscle in the lower leg so wildly named controls in an almost rational way the action which extends the foot, the impulse which raises the heel, and the mechanism, call it, which assists in bending the knee.

There is no better compass than experience.

Read the footnotes.

If you walk long enough in the dark you walk right into light before you know it.

Ask me the least quotidian question you can think of.

When I am most tired; when my body is a rag doll's -- I think of Basho:

Breaking the silence
of an ancient pond,
A frog jumped into water --
A deep resonance.

There is no 'better place' than this, not in *this* world.

--Wendell Berry, *Hannah Coulter*, 2004

I carry my grief -- to solitude.
I protect it; I talk to it -- deep, private
conversations of no words.
I nurture it, to understand it more fully.
I keep it from the prying world.

Mt. Monroe is a "sheepback" or a "roche moutonnée."
Who cannot love the way language comes up on one so suddenly?

Sursum corda.

The frog does not drink up the pond in which he lives.

--Native American proverb

The story is his adventure in search of a hidden truth, and it would be no adventure
if it did not happen to a man fit for adventure.

--Raymond Chandler, "The Simple Art of Murder," 1944

The web in the middle of the trail in earliest morning.
The web in the middle of the trail -- see it, now
you don't. It's in and of the air.

A pain stabbed my heart, as it did every time I saw a girl I loved who was going the opposite
direction in this too-big world.

--Jack Kerouac, *On the Road*

We dropped from the summit of Carrigain into a steep slope of snow
that had us instantly both laughing and afraid. And we plummeted
and plummeted until the earth leveled out and before us glimmered
a rarely seen wintertime pond. It was a trek so foolish and a day so terrible
weatherwise that at pond's edge we were childlike and vulnerable and oh-so
open to our usually hidden selves.

Semi-mixed metaphor at 4000 feet:

I cannot for the life of my feet find a pair of hiking boots that will fit me like a glove.

Israel, I am sorry. How you loved me. How, sweet shadow, you willed me on.
I will think of you as I go forward, sometimes on all fours.

