

destination that brings liberation and pride. It is the knowledge that one does indeed possess the ability to make the journey. It is not so much the flag on top of the mountain ~ it is not the poem ~ that matters. It is the discoveries made along the way. The poem, like any adventure, can only be examined and its full impact digested, even by its maker, after it is finished. Then and only then can the Poet step back and examine what she and her words have created. Still, the Poet prefers to be in the midst of Creation and not at its end. Analysis of an adventure is anticlimactic. To the true adventurer, the adventure itself is what matters. Its significance is of no significance.

