Mallory on Everest

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Elizabeth, of Timonium, Maryland, is a senior History major with minors in Writing and Civil War Era Studies. Her campus involvements include The Forum, GBurg TV, and Poetry Circle. The three things she enjoys most are dreaming about England, making-late night trips to Garryowen, and being an all-around goofball.

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Mallory, in his last distress,
Recedes into the scree.
Arms stretch up to halt his progress
Ineffectively.

Rock, raw cold, and aggregate smother;
Shortage of breath makes tight the brain.
One leg crossed over the broken other
Signs the final language, pain.

His open back, now flayed and rough,
Draws whiteness from the sun.
Good pickings for the alpine chough,
Fat on the summit when it’s done.

Debris remains: things used to live
Diffused in angled glare,
Nailed boots, equipment primitive,
Bottles drained of English air.