

Mountaineer's Love Sonnet (based on Shakespeare's Sonnet 18)

By Paul Henning

Shall I compare thee to a mountain climb?
Thou art more extreme in thy altitude:
Delirious as Burt I forget time,
Near you I become euphoric in mood;
Low barometrics make oxygen mere,
Thine hypoxic scent dost make my breath quick;
Peripheral chemoreceptors rear
Hypocapnic, I pray for acidic;
While poor renal excretes bicarbonate,
My breath continues at a daring pace;
Your arduous love makes blood cells elate
My heart's increased output acts as a brace;
Consumed by the diphosphoglyceride,
A right shift unloads life force to tissues;
Thy presence in sleep to breath might misguide
My diuresis calls for much adieu;
Without supplemental oxygen near,
I acclimatize to your mighty peaks;
Oxygen is low but life will adhere
Arterial levels are like pipsqueaks;
Polycythemia carries the load,
But thy love's sickness is more than acute;
While a strong man might have GI implode,
Pulmonary edema's my recruit;
Cerebral edema has its own way
Thine hypoxic grip gives ataxic fits;
With brain swells my mental status is grey
Chronic love consumes me, my cortex quits;
Fatigue and cyanosis lace your kiss
High hematocrit and heart work abide;
The fatigue of thy passion is full bliss
Consumed by thy vigor, breath will subside:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.