

An Obstacle

by Charlotte Perkins Gilman

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 a Prejudice 5
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; 10
And there that hulking Prejudice
Sat all across the road.

So I spoke to him politely,
For he was huge and high,
And begged that he would move a bit 15
And let me travel by.
He smiled, but as for moving! --
He didn't even try.

And then I reasoned quietly
With that colossal mule: 20
My time was short -- no other path --
The mountain winds were cool.
I argued like a Solomon;
He sat there like a fool.

Then I flew into a passion, 25
and I danced and howled and swore.
I pelted and belabored him
Till I was stiff and sore;
He got as mad as I did --
But he sat there as before. 30

And then I begged him on my knees;
I might be kneeling still
If so I hoped to move that mass
Of obdurate ill-will --

