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 That quite cut off the view.	5
My work was such as could not wait, My path quite clearly showed, My strength and time were limited, I carried quite a load; And there that hulking Prejudice Sat all across the road.	10
So I spoke to him politely, For he was huge and high, And begged that he would move a bit And let me travel by. He smiled, but as for moving! He didn't even try.	15
And then I reasoned quietly With that colossal mule: My time was short no other path The mountain winds were cool. I argued like a Solomon; He sat there like a fool.	20
Then I flew into a passion, 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	25
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 --

As well invite the monument To vacate Bunker Hill!	35
So I sat before him helpless,	
In an ecstasy of woe The mountain mists were rising fast,	
The sun was sinking slow	40
When a sudden inspiration came,	
As sudden winds do blow.	
I took my hat, I took my stick,	
My load I settled fair,	
I approached that awful incubus	45
With an absent-minded air	
And I walked directly through him,	
As if he wasn't there!	