

Yeti

By: Kerstin L., Anderson School

If the eyes,
Of the yeti,
You could see at night,
Footprints you would notice,
Might not seem quite right,
Over mountains,
And the glaciers,
People would search a trail,
Of the giant footprints,
Covered in snow and hail,
If the eyes,
Of the Yeti,
You could see at night,
People would be terrified,
Of every shining light

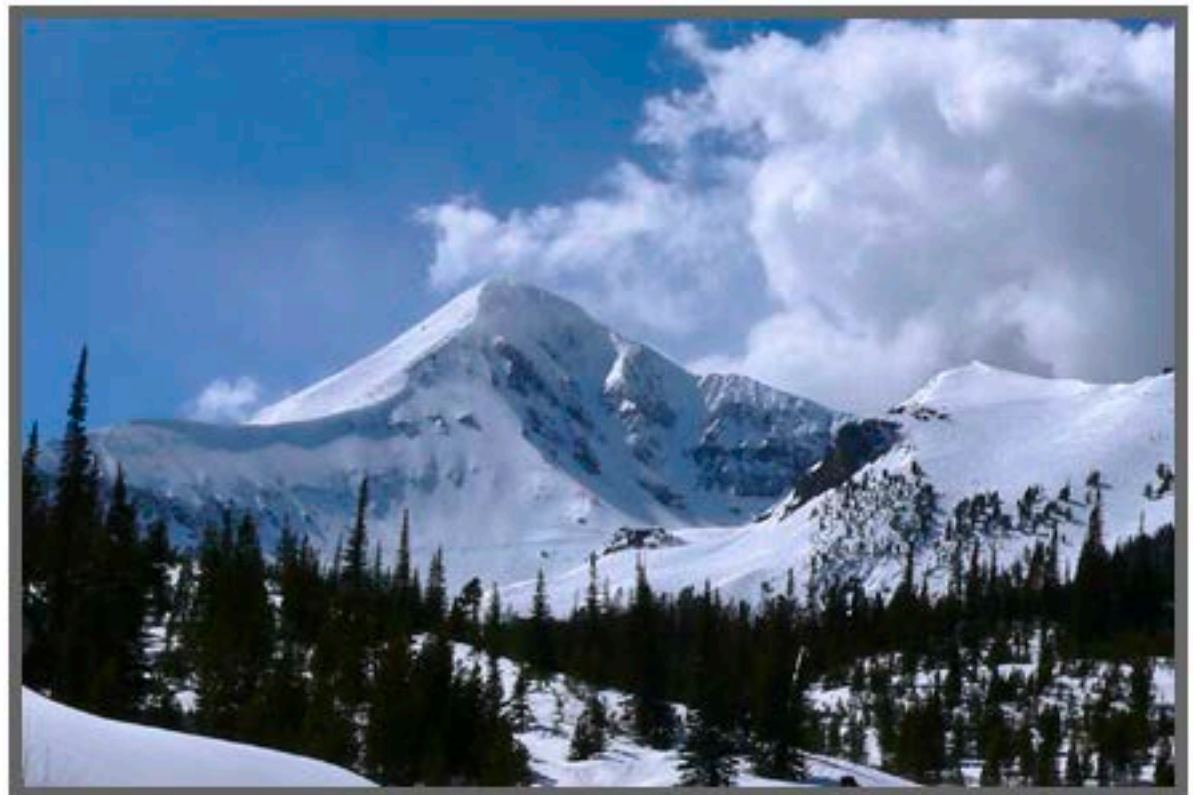


Lone Mountain

By Ashley M., Anderson School

In the mountains and pine
Fine lodges and snow
Oh so fun
Skiing in the winter sun

Skiing down
Makes no sound
No people around
I have been found





In the Sun

By: Eliza Grace M., Anderson School

The grass gives way beneath my feet,
The flowers reach toward the sun,
And as I look around myself,
I decide I want to have fun.

In the sun
In the sun

I ride my bike and walk my dog,
I hike a hill and explore a bog,
But I know something is missing
from my fun.

In the sun
In the sun

I get an idea and run through the trees
I go get my family
to spend time with me.
This is how I have fun.

In the sun
In the sun

Change

By Hannah J., Anderson School

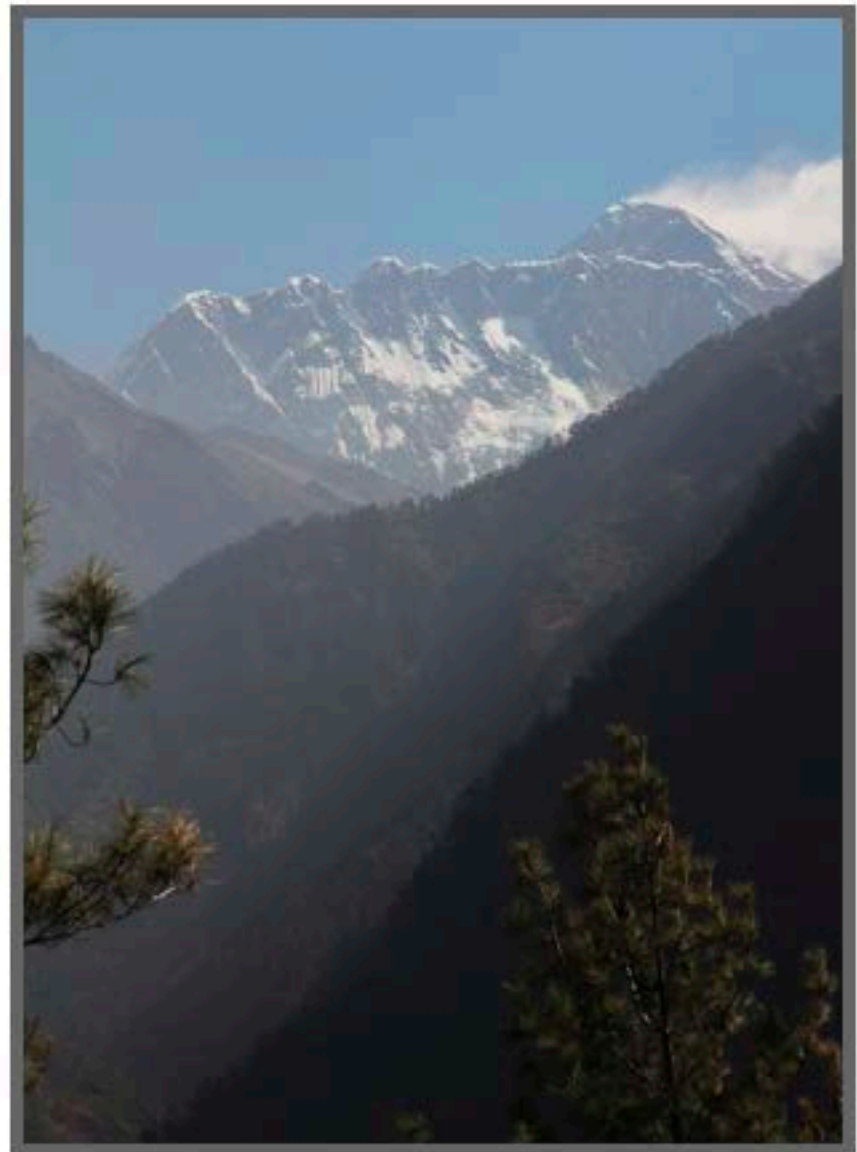
Change is all around us, in the sky and on the ground.

Snow melts over time, outside my clear window i can see high things are growing and dying and not many notice until time is long gone.

some things change slow, like a pine tree. soon, but not too soon it will turn red and be completely dead.

some things change fast, like water. Some days it is in a cool lake, then next it is in the sky already starting to bake.

what is change? you might ask, it is what you make it to be, it is only a simple task



Lone Mountain

By Hailey V., Anderson School



All alone in the midst of other mountains
But you are the glory of the view
So many people admire and draw you day by day
You are my mountain, Lone Mountain
In a way, you are like my Mount Everest
You just so happen to be the tallest and most majestic peak in all of Big Sky,
Montana
Because of this, people use you a lot
People ski and snowboard down you every chance they get
On Everest, people attempt to climb it all the time
You are my mountain, Lone Mountain
People come from all over to see you and to ski you
That is very special from my point of view
People coming from everywhere just to see a mountain
But not just any mountain, my mountain
You are my mountain, Lone mountain

Glacier

By Katherine K., Anderson School

Glaciers are ever-changing and ever-moving
But nobody can see
Unless you come back in 100 years or so
Then you will know
Of a life of a glacier

Glaciers are made of ice
Slipping and sliding down a mountain
Carving the landscape as it passes over

Glaciers have a unique sound
They creak and thunder as their ice falls
Down, down, down, and down

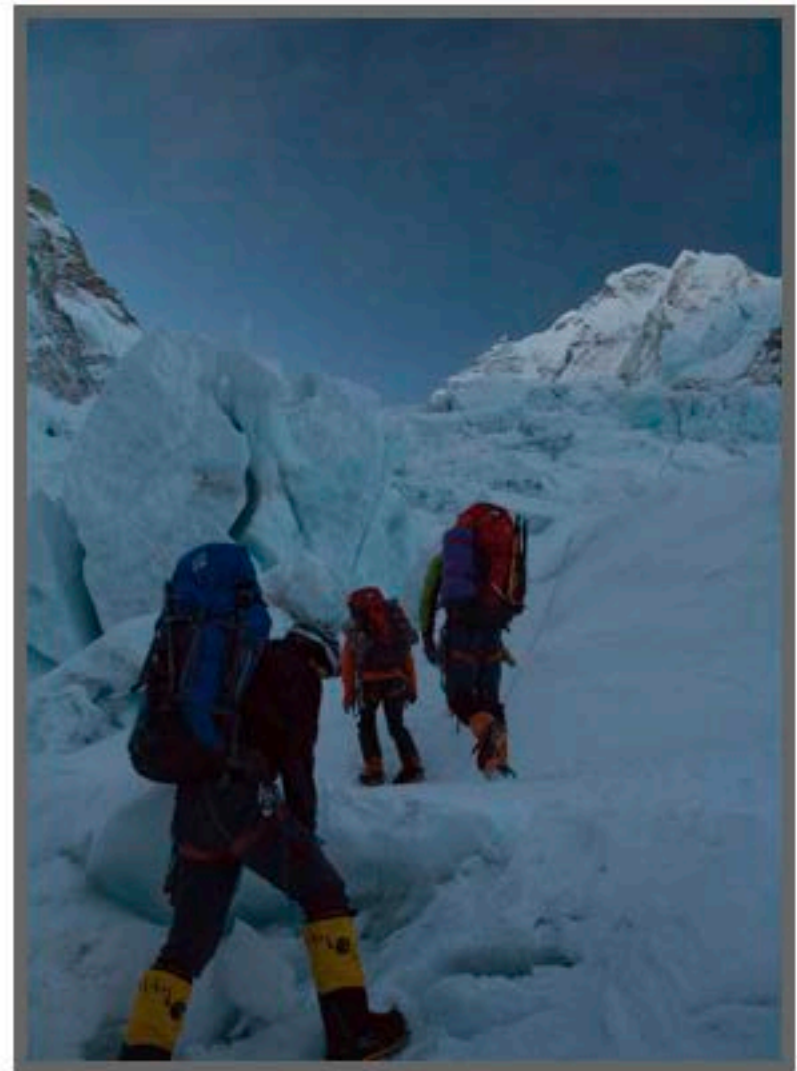
If you are caught in a glacier's wake
You will eventually be crushed



Mount Everest

By Anonymous, Anderson School

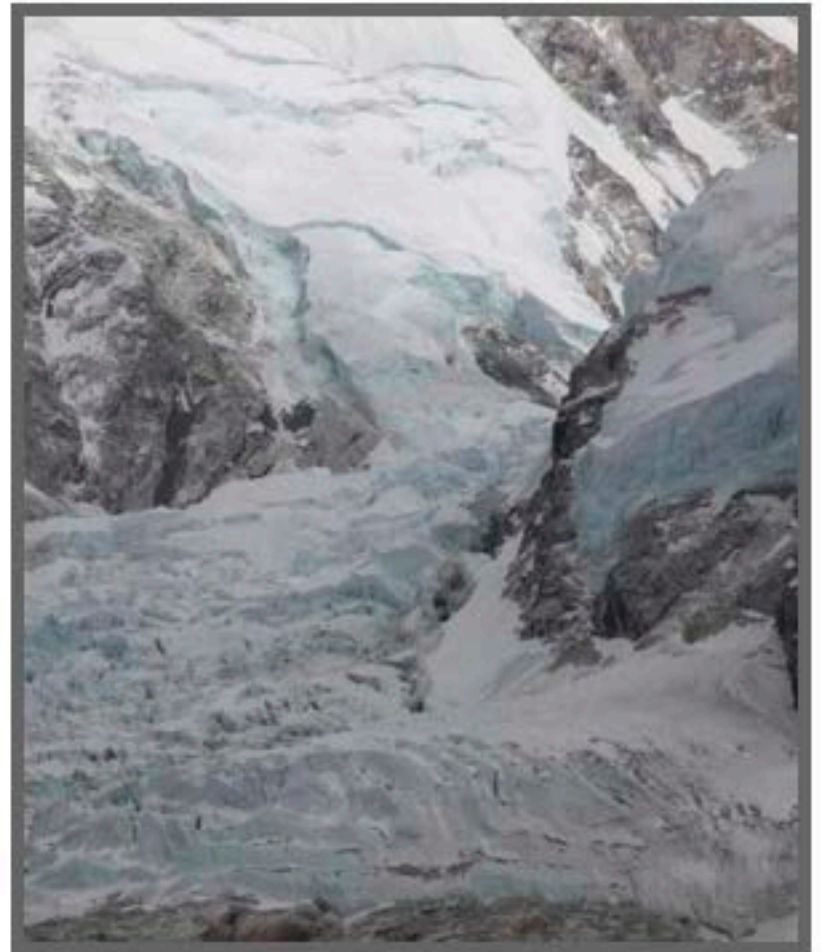
On the mountain,
I feel the bite of cold air on my face,
So cold,
My head wants to make me believe I have HACE,
Are there creatures in the air?
Monsters hiding in the wind?
They blow one more gust and I fall in despair,
Each and every one,
Their cackle in the air,
Hitting the mountains, trees, and me,
But I keep on climbing up,
Up, up, up



Earthquake

By Robbie H., Anderson School

Was it the sound of an earthquake?
Or the roar of an unknown beast?
Was it getting closer, or just a sound allusion?
I've heard this sound before,
While skiing in the backcountry.
But was it a beast, or a trembling earthquake,
And was it getting closer is the question.
I peek over my shoulder to see the culprit,
It was not an earthquake, although might have been
caused by one,
It was not a roaring beast, although it sounds like one.
But most of all, what was it?
Was it a giant white cloud, barreling down in my
direction?
But no, I knew it now, it was an avalanche!
I had nowhere to go.
I ducked behind a tree, the biggest one I could find.
It was not very comforting though, hearing the crack of
other trees like toothpicks.
I prayed mine would hold strong.
But no, I was hit hard by the pounding snow and debris.
I was thrown and buried, I gasped for the air that was
thrust out of me,
I scrambled to find a place to breath,
But to nowhere was an air pocked.
I took my last gasp, then passed.
Avalanche.

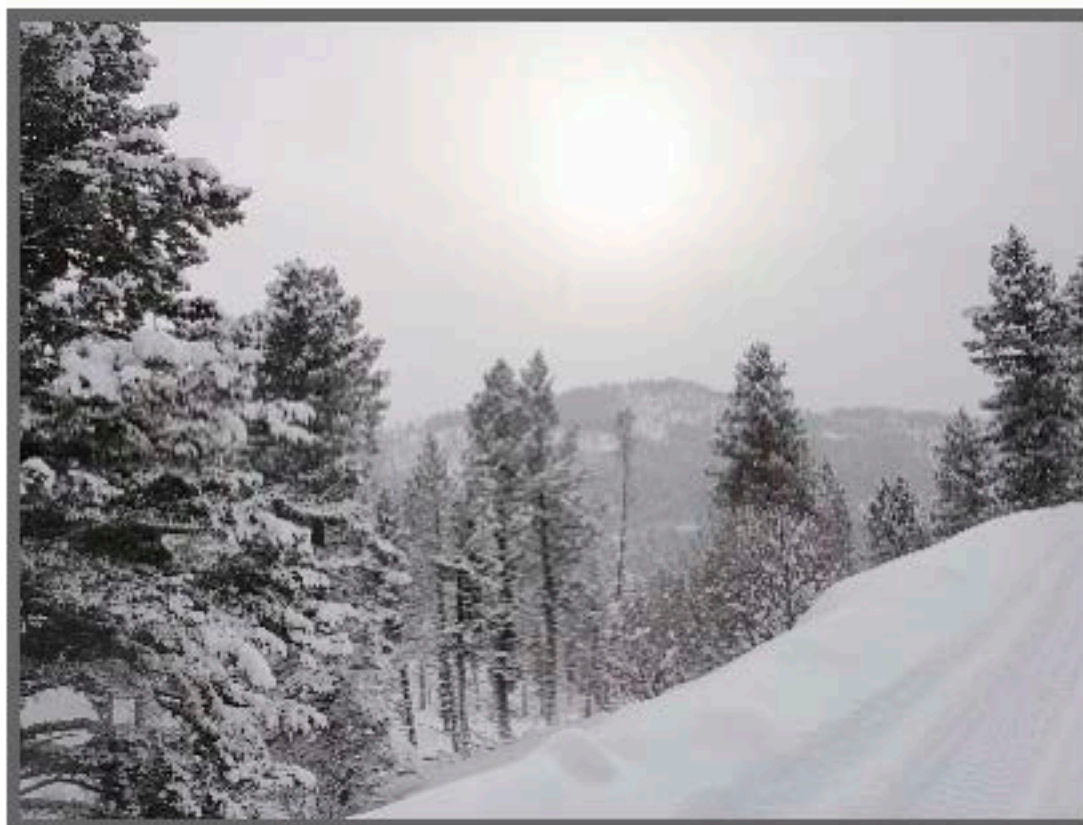


The Perfect Snow

By Sky G., Anderson School

A mountain of friends
Snow
Trees
And rocks
The cold shadows
Hold the hard snow
But the gleaming slopes
Are as slow as mud

Where is the perfect snow?
In the trees down below,
Under a cliff,
Or in a bowl
But a good day
Is determined
by the skiers
That run like
The mountains
And ride like the snow

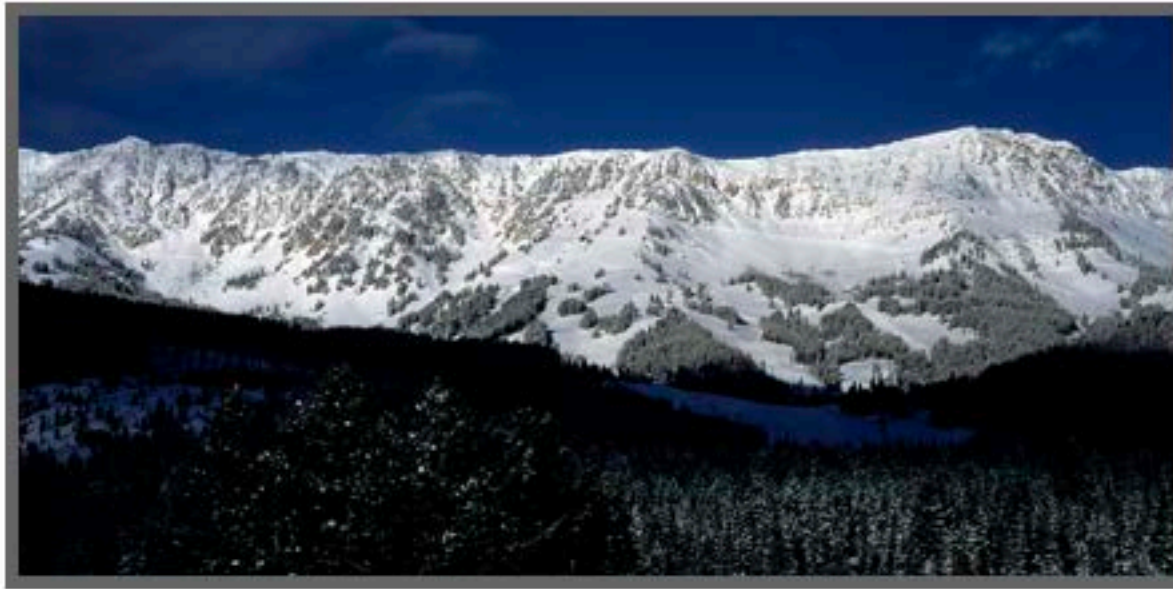


Untitled

By Andy M., Anderson School

The time passes, slowly
Slower than the mountain's massive ice packs and
snow falls
The slower you feel , the slower time gets
The sounds of the mountain pass the time, but in
fear of avalanche
The time makes the mind go wild, every sound
fills you with chilling thoughts
You see things that are not there.
You hear things that make the mind wonder, is this
reality?
The earth rumbles, reality could not seem any
more real.
You wake up, you find yourself cold, shivering,
afraid of time
The wind howls outside the tent, the wind blows
so hard that thus, the tent fabric could not hold
The sound of ripping tent material makes you feel
vulnerable to the elements.
The only thing keeping you away from cold
darkness is the flame that holds you tight
The flames flickers than goes out, you feel colder
than before.
Your alone, just you and the cold weather that
howls and raises hairs.
The morning rises, there lies a cold figure, still,
frozen in time.





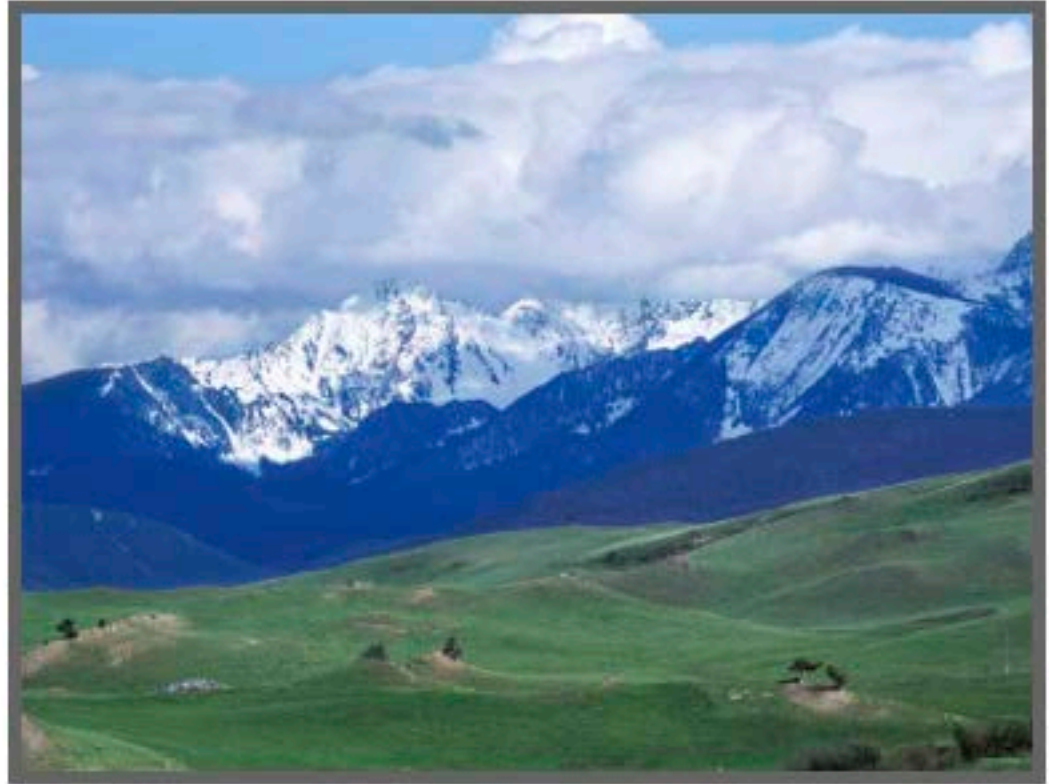
The Ridge

By Elizabeth W., Anderson School

A heavy load on my back,
Skis strapped to my pack
My face nipped at by the cold wind and snow
My speed going up is so slow
I take long deep breaths as I climb uphill
Halfway through, I don't know if I'll have the will
To keep going strong
Oh! This hike is just too long
Then, I reach the top
And, for a second, I can stop
To enjoy the view
And catch up on my breath too
Then I continue along the Ridge
Worried that I might lose my balance and slip off that ledge
And at last, I reach the end
Where I slip on my skis and turn the bend
A big, untouched snowfield lies in front of me
And now, I'm happy

Untitled

By Andy M., Anderson School

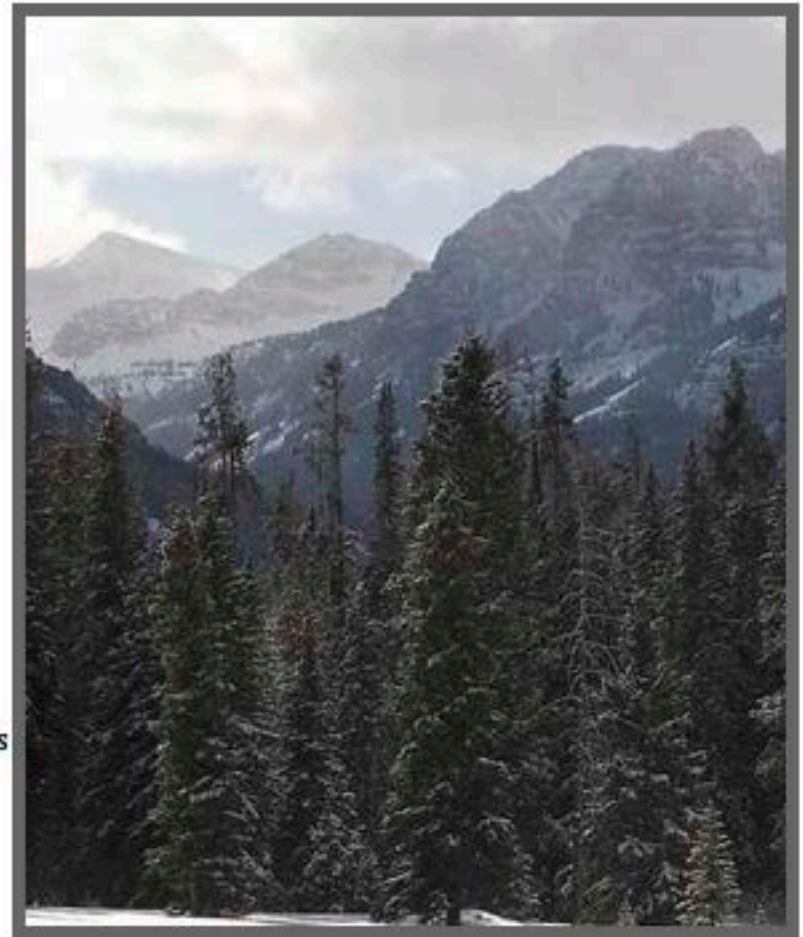


Beautiful they are
The mountains show the beautiful light of the sun and snow
Beautiful they are
The mountains are tall and majestic, blocking us from harm
Beautiful they are
Animals call this home, and so do I
Beautiful they are
The sun rises up from the blanket of mountains and snow
Beautiful they are
and beautiful we all are, as long as littering keeps down.

Untitled

By Henry W., Anderson School

I stood upon a tree-covered hill
All around me the Hyalites were still
I was reminded of your Everest Expedition
When I realized I was on a mission
To summit a snowy and small rock formation
Which was a Khumbu Icefall variation
Then it started to rain so I pulled on my hood
And realized that there was a Sasquatch in these woods
I summited my makeshift icefall
When I saw a figure move and begin to crawl
I picked up and threw an unearthed root
And successfully scared away full grown Bigfoot
I then wandered down the mountains and back to my home
But I kept to myself and my encounter was unknown
But I know know I must undergo a journey so I can see
A North American Sasquatch and an Asian Yeti



The Glacier

By Louis L., Anderson School

Underneath you is a big glacier,
It is moving to and fro,
Full of a lot of snow. The glacier moves
side to side,
To and fro,
It creeps beneath you like a snake,
Because it wants to just escape,
A glacier moves to and fro.



On the Rocky Mountains

By Sophie R., Anderson School

The snow is falling softly down,
Covering the frozen ground.
On the Rocky Mountains

At the summit (the very top)
I will never, ever stop.
On the Rocky Mountains

I look out at the horizon,
Not down on my Verizon.
No service anyways.
On the Rocky Mountains

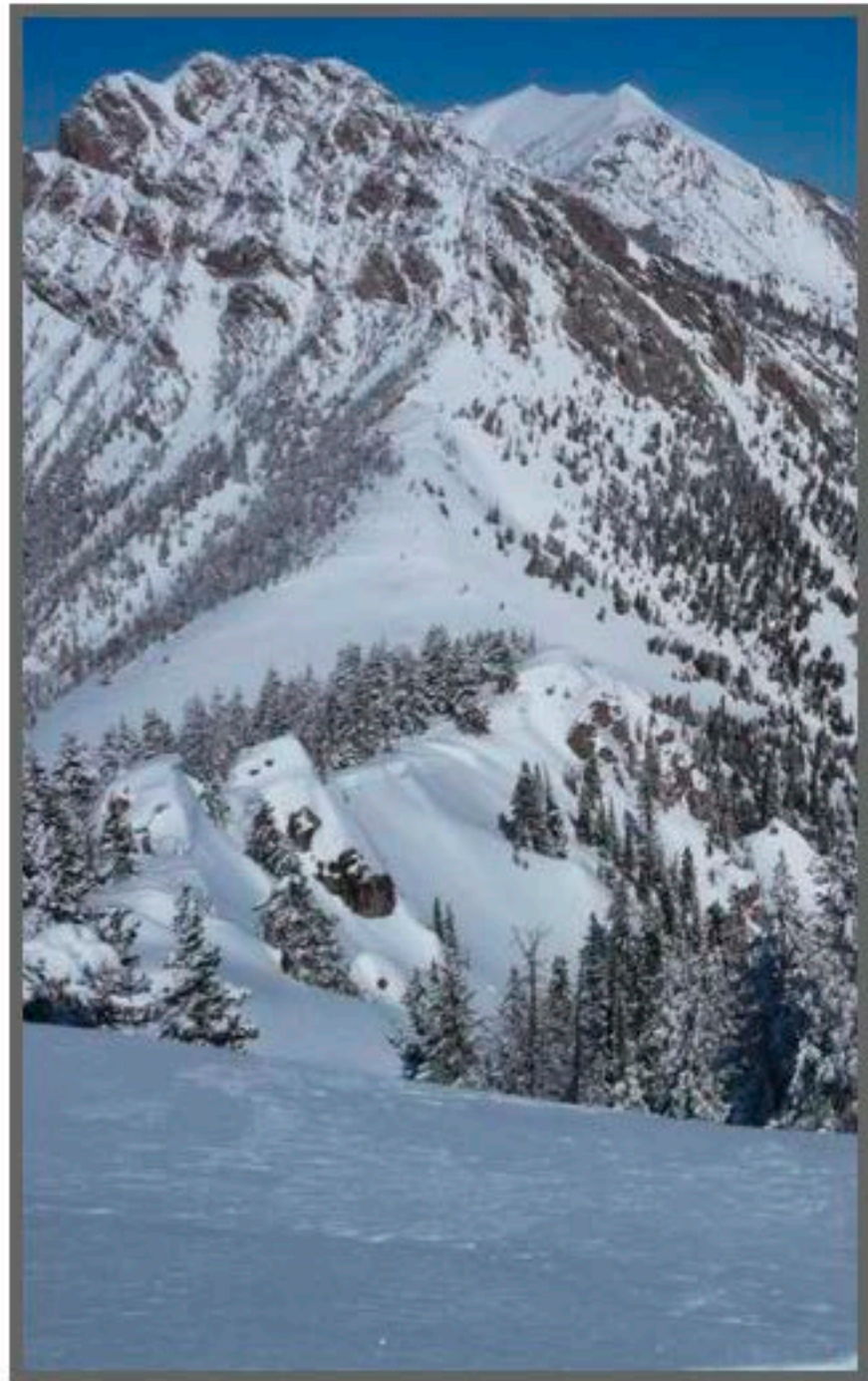
Snap! My binding hits my boot,
I hear an owl hoot.
The clouds cover the sun today.
On the Rocky Mountains

My poles hit the ground,
As I slowly ease my way down.
On the Rocky Mountains

My fears seem to drift away,
"They'll come back", the others say.
On the Rocky Mountains

In this kind of weather,
You'll feel as light as a feather,
Soaring down the mountainside.
On the Rocky Mountains

Slowly as the years pass by,
I'll come back here,
Though I won't know why,
Wishing that I could touch the sky.
On the Rocky Mountains



Untitled

By Ali B., Anderson School

Looking at the sky so blue
I begin my ascent of the mountain
Hand after hand
Foot after foot
up up up
I push myself farther and farther
Up the mountain i go
The rocks and icy wind are so cold
Still, I step and reach
up up up
Finally, my last step
I've made it through my journey
The beauty takes my breath away
I raise my arms so weary
up up up

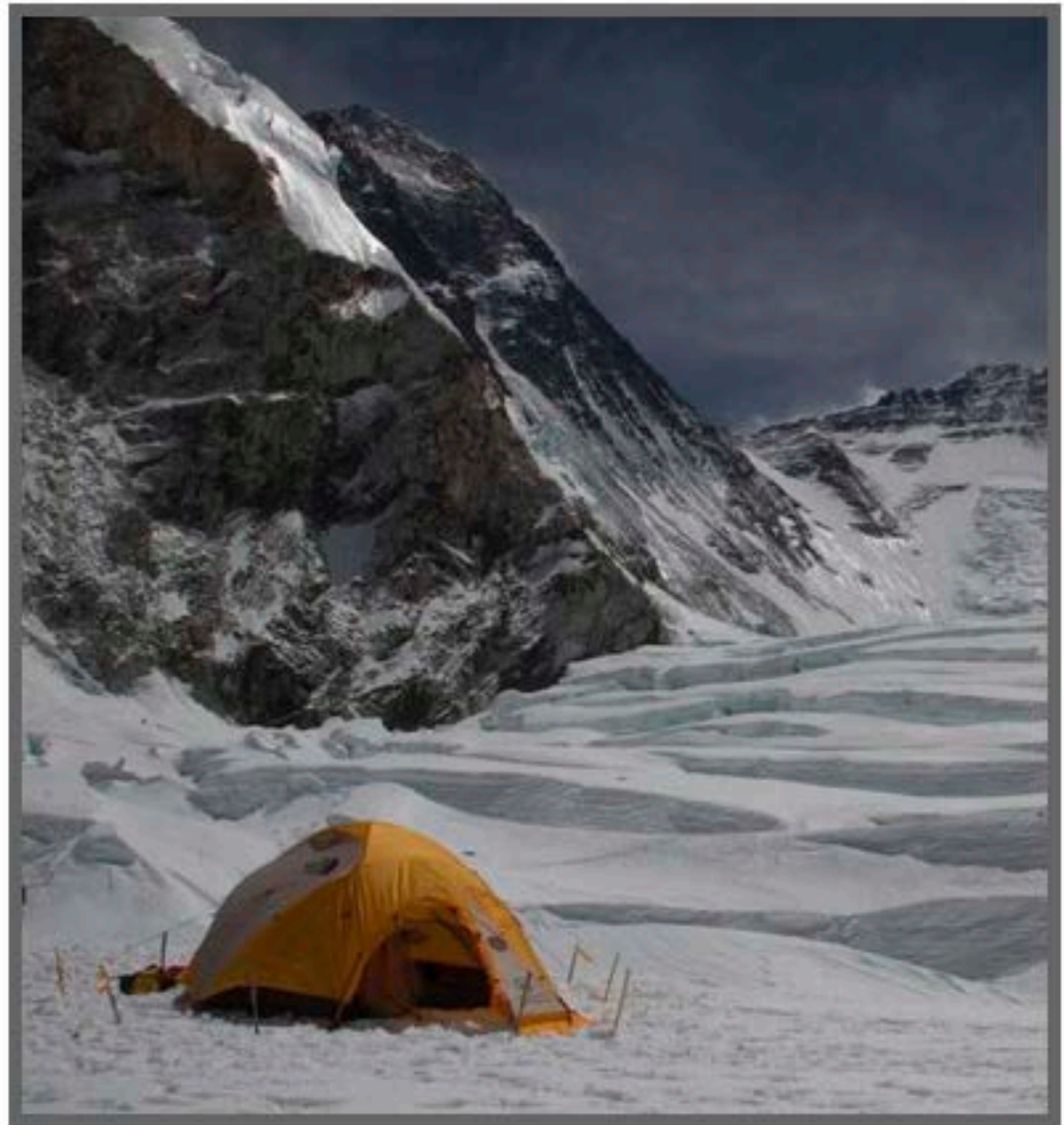


A Yeti Poem

By Annabel, Anderson School

I sit and wait in my tent
for the next day to come
when I'll walk up the mountain
and claim my prize
the yeti cry

I hear the smallest sound
and then freak around
I worry and ponder
scurry and squander
hoping and also not
that the smallest of sounds is
the yeti's cry



Everest

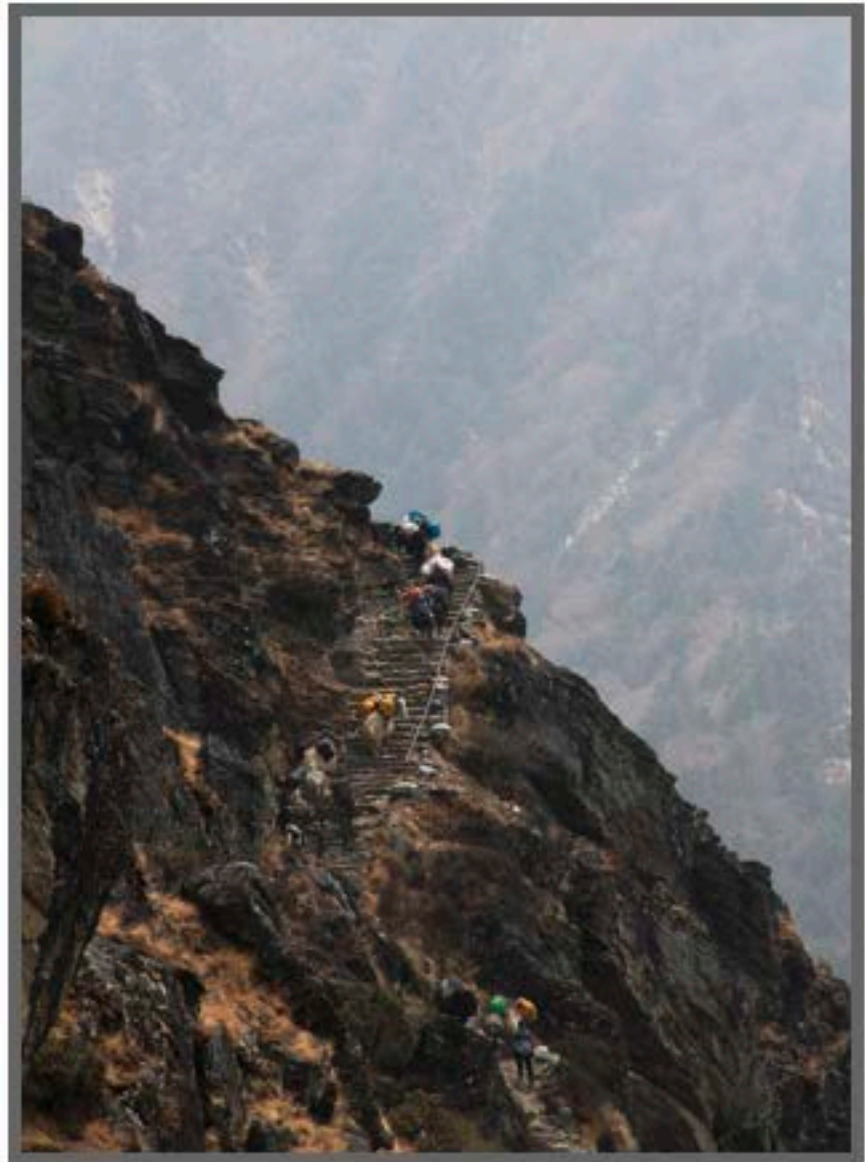
By Silas S., Anderson School

Who dares to defy the terrible giant?
The giant will kill even the defiant,
This mountain has killed with its terrible force,
It has not yet shown any remorse,

But you climb, "because it is there" you say,
And because you're determined, there must be a
way,
So take a few yaks to carry your packs,
Bring lots of snacks, don't forget an ice axe!

You climb and climb to get to the top,
Be sure to give the mountain a good bop!
You climbed to the top, you've got it, you're
done,
After many long trials, the war has been won,

The great mountain heaves a great sigh,
"Oh dear," it says, and, "my, my,"
For each year more people defy,
And each year more people die.



Glaciers

By Seth W., Anderson School

Always changing but not noticeable to the eye,
It is so slow you can't wave goodbye,
Glaciers,
Big, strong, not steadfast,
It is hard to bring back the past... for they melt,
Glaciers,
You can spot them over yonder,
While they sit and ponder,
Glaciers,
We are lucky they don't move fast,
For they would run you over



The Bridgers

By Kelsey B., Anderson School

I thought I heard the Bridgers holler,
As if they had gotten smaller,
They creak and whistle as they are eroded
away,
Whoosh, Whoosh, Whoosh,
They whistle in the wind.

I saw the Bridgers whiten as the clouds
descend,
Moving quickly in the wind,
Whoosh, Whoosh, Whoosh,
They whistle in the wind.

I listen to the Bridgers every night,
With their snowy tops,
Eroded peaks,
The Bridgers are my home,
Whoosh, Whoosh, Whoosh,
They whistle in the wind.



The Unforgettable Mountain

By Brianna H., Anderson School

As I sit there
Among the fire,
With my group
Huddled around,
I listen to the rocks slide
Down the mountain,
Careening of cliffs,
Though I cannot see it
I imagine being right there,
I hear the howl of the wind
Right through
One ear and out the other,
I look up at the sky making up the
Features that I see in the stars,
This mountain is unforgettable
As I sit there among the heat of
The blazing fire,
This mountain is unforgettable.



Mountain

By Abby S., Anderson School

There is only one place where I feel free,
One place where I can be me,
This place is so high up in the air,
It is like my own little lair,

The mountain sets me free

When ever I feel blue,
The mountain is who I turn to,
With its tall trees and layers of snow,
The mountain is where I always go

The mountains cheers me up

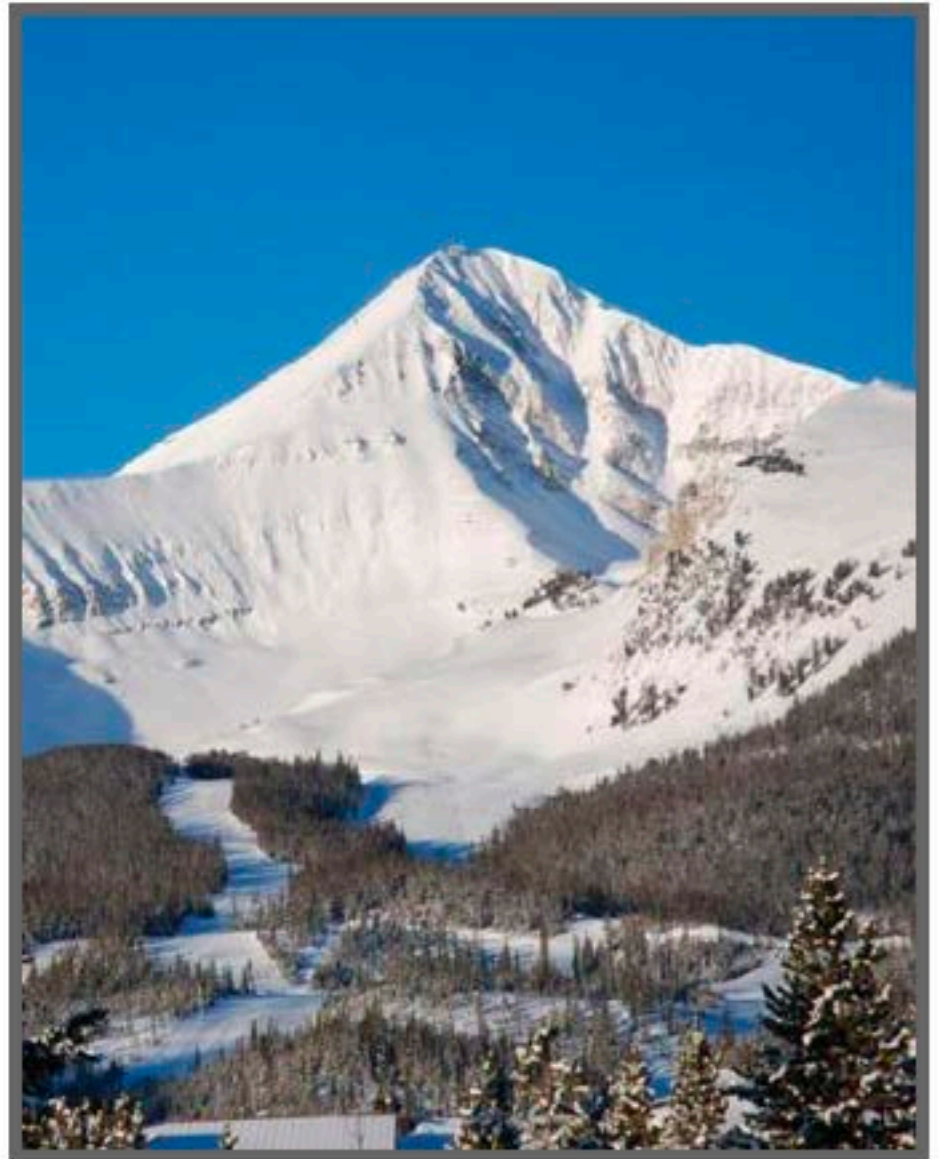
When I'm looking for some fun,
I head up its slopes and take some ski runs,
If there is no snow, that's just fine,
I just head up and explore in the pines

The mountain entertains me

I love the mountain because it is always near,
I see it every, single year,
The mountain is calling every day,
And it will never go away

The mountain is always there for me

Calling me to its vast forests and cliffs...



The Cunning Cold

By Alex P., Anderson School

At first the cold is just a nip
Touching my cheek, my chin, my lip
Hardly noticed
Hardly there

The nip moves on into a numb
Biting my finger, toe, and thumb
Somewhat noticed
Somewhat there

And then it slowly scales my leg
The shiver, the shake and the beg
Surely noticed
Surely there

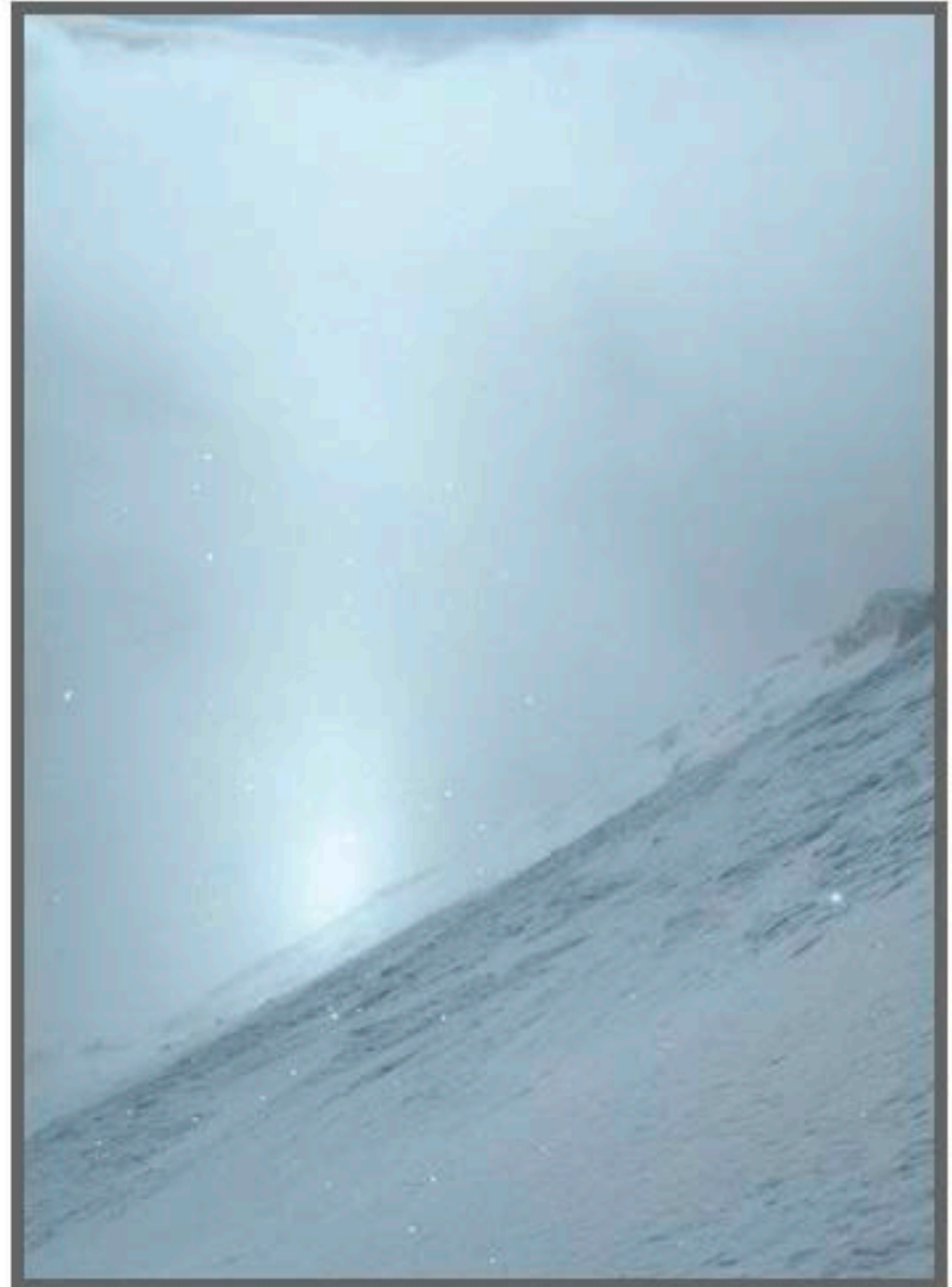
My teeth are loudly chattering
My bones are clearly clattering
Really noticed
Really there

And then it starts to fade away
Memory from some other day
It's not noticed
But it's there

I do not notice when it dulls
My senses into calming lulls
Nothing's noticed
Something's there

I slowly sink into the snow
I'm freezing but I do not know
No one noticed
No one's there

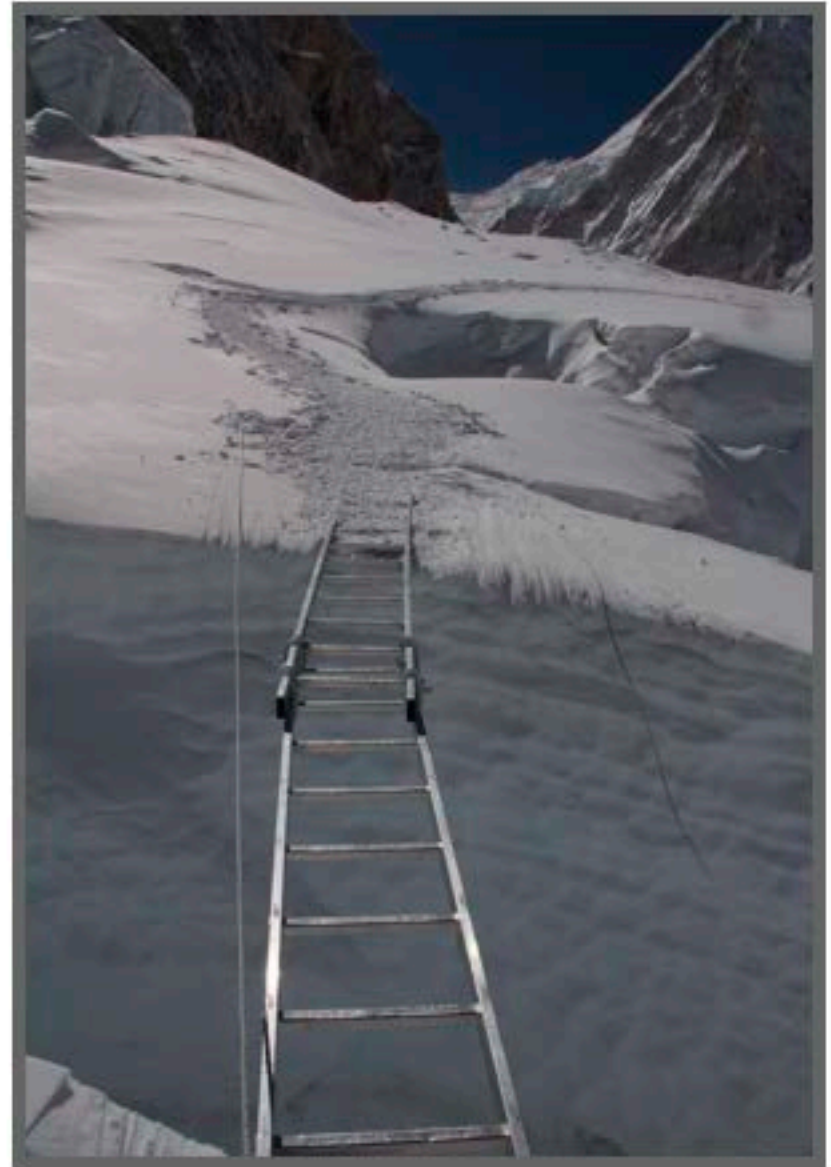
My frozen lids now shroud my sight
And I enter eternal night
Nothing to notice
Nothing is there



The Crevasse

By Marley M., Anderson School

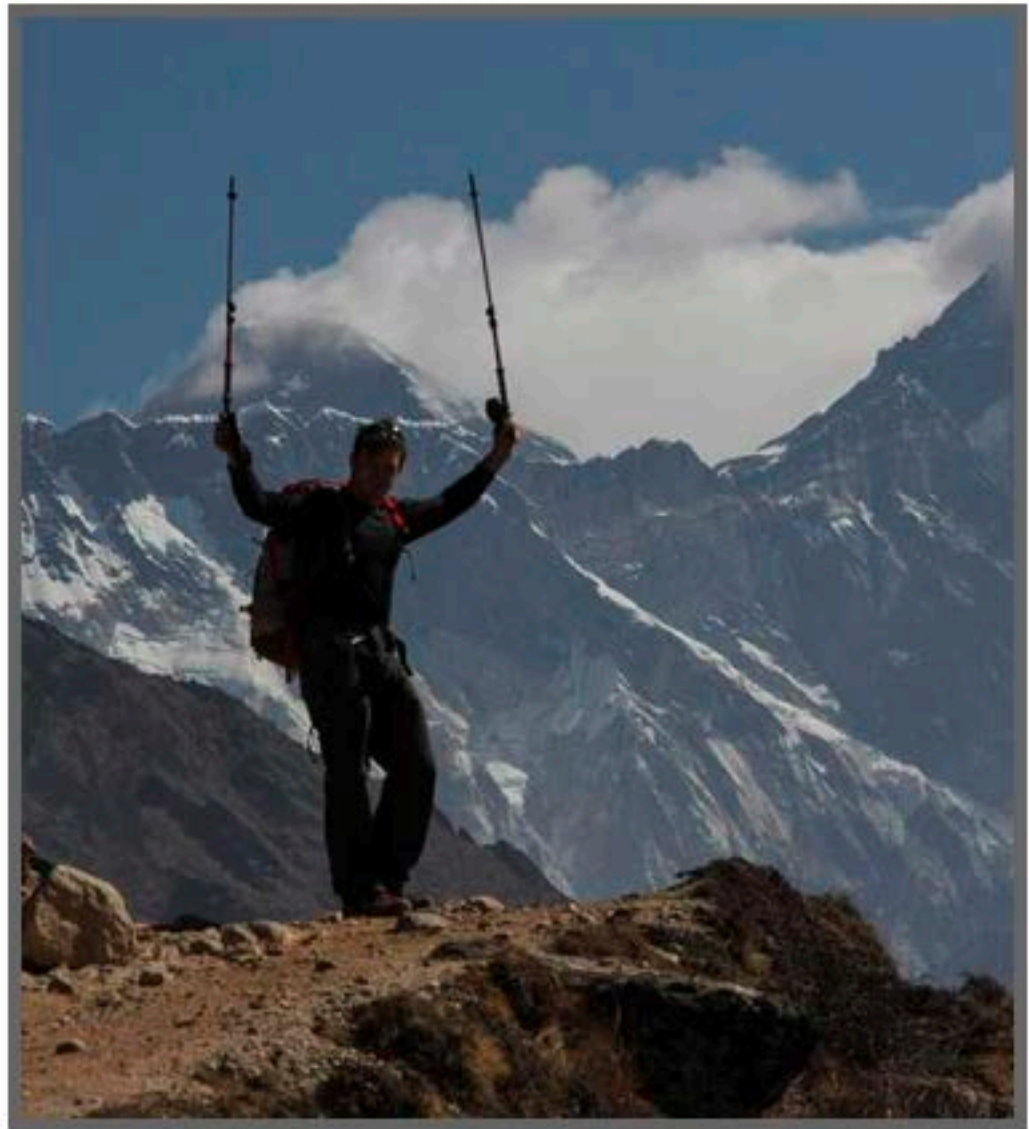
The crevasse is deep,
My heart is pummeling
I hook myself to the safety rope.
I try not to look down.
My crampons feel heavy
I am trying not to feel scared.
I start to walk out onto the ladder,
I hear the reassuring voice of my partner behind
me
Telling me I am doing fine,
I'm not alone.
I see myself falling down,
I try to push those thoughts out of my mind.
Slowly, Slowly, Slowly
Carefully, Carefully, Carefully
I creep across the ladder.
Only five rungs left.
My heart pounds with the feeling of palliation
When my foot touches the third to last rung,
It slips.
Ahhhhhhhhh! I cry out,
Adrenalin rush,
My heart lurches,
I slide quickly down to my knees,
Relieved that I am still on the ladder.
As I slowly stand up,
I realize that my partner is right behind me.
So glad I was hooked to the safety rope.
I climb off the ladder,
And feel a pulse of alleviation rush down my back.
I grab the Sherpa's hand and grin to myself,
I feel free.



We Go

By Lindsey W., Anderson School

Distance - its not that far
Time - its a day's climb
But the weather
May get worse
To the top we go
Almost there
We walk very slowly
So close now
Only steps left
To the top we go
We have made it to the top
So down we go
But the view
Is breath taking
Just a moment longer
So down we go



Untitled

By Ava S., Anderson School

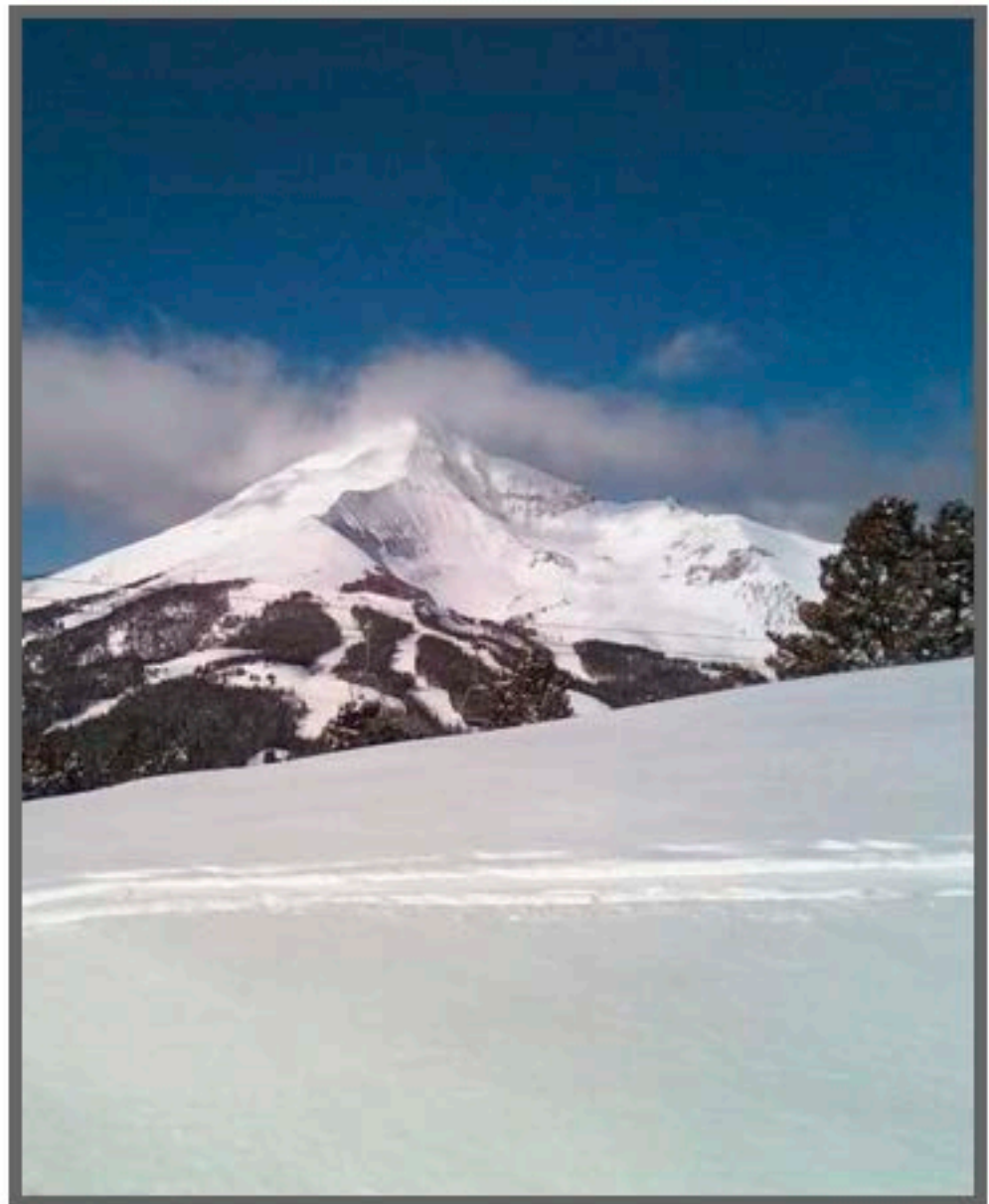
Sometimes I wonder
About the mystifying place
Where the mountains
Meet the sky.

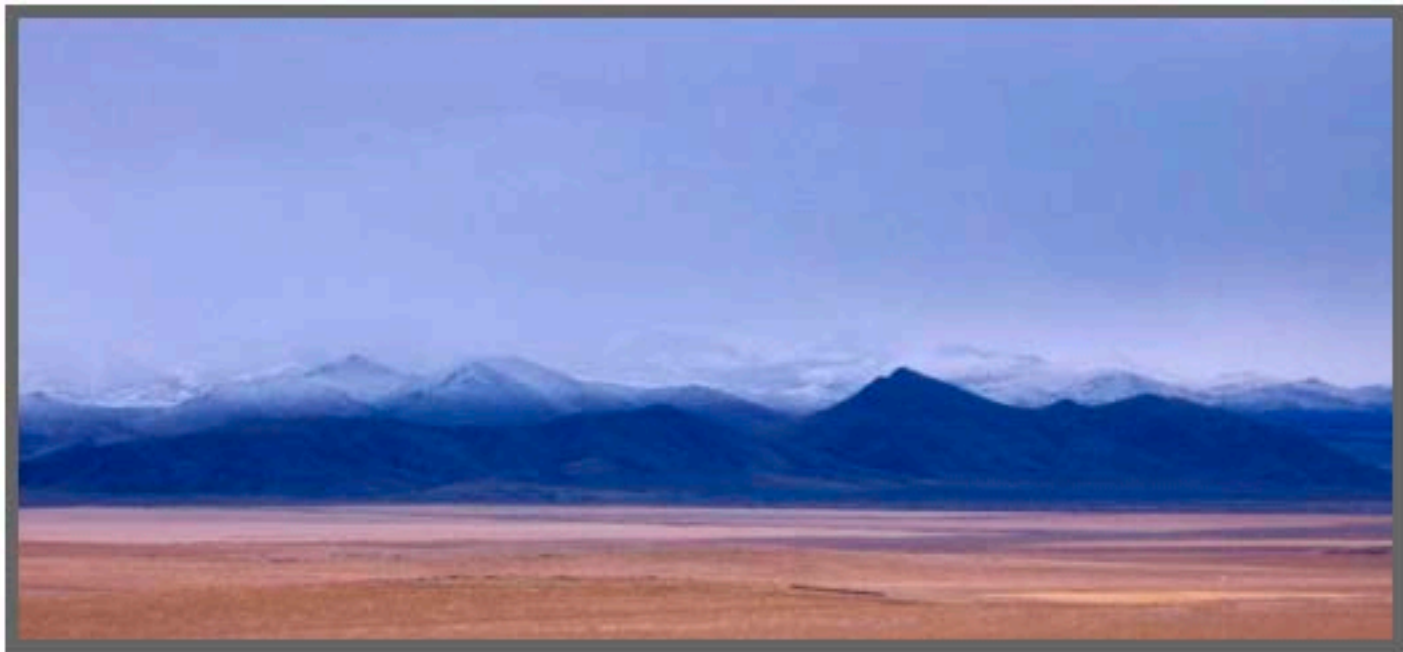
Where the air
Is so cold
That your tears freeze
On your cheeks,

And so
You dare not cry

Where you feel like soaring,
So euphoric,
As you trudge to the top
Through the snow.

Do you feel high, when the
oxygen's low?
I guess I wouldn't know.





Montana

By Julia K., Anderson School

I am from wilderness
From rolling hills and trees
Open plains, fields of grain
And bright blue skies

I am from snow-peaked mountains
Where ski slopes glide, and animals hide
A beautiful place where the sun shines bright
Through the green grass below
And into the dark, rich, soil

This place I have known forever
Where I have grown and will continue to grow
This place is my home
I am from Montana

Everest

By Bella S., Anderson School

The mountain, the mountain, the
mountain so high
Oh why must so many die
The screech of the glacier
The blaze of the sun
Scared are the climbers
Brave as they are
Tall is the mountain
Towering so high
The men climb up
Up to the unknown land
They may not come back
But their spirits are high
We hope for the best
As they assent
The mountain, the mountain, the
mountain so high
Oh why must so many die

