

## **Mountains**

On my hike up the mountains,  
the snow crystals glisten and glimmer,  
As the sun sets abruptly and vibrantly,  
I start my long and hard journey,  
down the steep mountain.

The fragrance of the freshly fallen snow  
and the pine needles are a sliver of heaven.

The touch of the snow is like daggers,  
shooting up through your hand.

Even through my jacket  
I'm chilled to the bone.

As my journey nears to the end,  
I gaze up at the glorious mountain and murmur,  
"Until the next time."

By Elena Smith