

Early.
Ankle deep new.
Light as goose down,
soft as a ducklings feathers.
The mountain calls.
Foreboding, quiet in the gloom, ye
it rallies you like a battle cry.

You begin the climb.
The dawn illuminating the peak,
guiding you like a pillar of fire.
What goes up must come down.
You will make the fall better than the climb,
with every cut you take.

The dawn envelopes you, blinding
but it brings a message.
Soon.

The peak reached, and now
the mountain plays by your rules.
You clip on an old friend,
It too dreams of this.
You embrace the fall,
leaving behind only slices in the Ice Queen's dress.