

It's high, see it soar through the clouds beyond our core,
Down the slopes we glide, not the place to hide, snowy slopes will
make you slip and slide,
At the pointy peak we might see the Milky Way at the end of our
galaxy,

It's as cold as an igloo,
Extreme, everlasting rock makes it the tallest,
This mighty mountain is older than Julius Caesar,
It's the tallest and deadliest mountain in the world,
Colder than an ice-burg in the Atlantic Ocean,
It's as deadly as 10 packs of wolves in pursuit,

It's deadly decent is as cold as snow from the North Pole,
The mountain's frozen slopes are treacherous to climbers, some do
not reach the summit,

Its frigid face is slippery and will make you fall down below,

It's frozen, frigid summit rose up into the dark, cloudy sky,
The white, unfriendly, frosty snow was as cold as Pluto,
Standing for millions of years, the crooked mountain hunched
over the valley like an old man,

Its peak is as sharp as a knife,
The slippery slopes have no use at all,
This mountain holds a secret, all who climb want to find,

This is Mount Everest.

Poem created by Fir Class 07/01/19