

T'was First Snow on the Mountain

(with thanks to *T'was the Night Before Christmas*)

by Melissa Hernandez

T'was first snow on the Mountain, and throughout Arrowhead
Folks were up early, had coffee, well-fed.
They'd tuned up high-powered machines with great care,
The news reports saying fresh powder'd be there!

The hot-doggin' sledheads jumped outa their beds,
While visions of boondockin' danced in their heads.
And me with new helmet, my man with one, too,
Were eager to see what our machines could do.

When beyond the drifts there arose such a clatter,
I ran from our mud-room to see what was the matter.
The noise, it arose from the Inn's early dark
As our Snowmobile Club met to ride Willow Park.

The sun started rising on new-fallen snow
Though the temperature gauges read 13 below.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But Chainsaw on his sleigh, with a group in the rear .

He slid to a fast halt, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment this ride would be slick!
More rapid than eagles the other folks came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name!

"Now Lucia! Now, Sally! Joanna and Star!
On, Kevin! On, Mary! We're not going far!
Head up on the Alpine or ride the new trail!
When you ride with us, we won't let you fail!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.
Up to Willow Park, the riders, they flew,
With hot dogs and beer, and a flask of booze, too.

And then, in the meadow we all went to play
The skies were bright blue- t'was a beautiful day!
As I revved my machine, and was turning around,
Behind me some other folks made a big sound.

T'was the Lake City Snowmobile Club riding in,
And they waved as they joined us and made a great din.
Twenty-six riders in line, front to back,
Gathered round the big bonfire and opened their packs.

We cherished the warmth of the bonfire, so near!
Skewered some wienies, popped open a beer.
Shared harrowing stories of rides in the past,
Adrenaline junkies just having a blast!

For folks who have never been riding don't know,
Of the beauty of spending a day in the snow.
With umbrella-ed sissy drinks, lie in the sun,
Just waiting for life to be over and done!



While those of us here on the Mountain, we know,
That to "ride free and die" is a lifetime motto !
So if you're a newbie, it's got to be said
With the ASC, you've got nothing to dread.

There's nothing more beautiful, I have to say,
Than snow covered mountain peaks ending a day .
And spending the day, from its morning to night,
Riding your snowmachine somehow feels right!

Oh yes, you're exhausted from head down to toes,
Fantastic exhaustion, as well we all know.
But we say to each other as we turn out the light,
"Happy sledding to all, and to all a good-night!"