



Inspired by  
**The High Life**

by Ralph Oberg

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By Ivy Ladrow

A spring sun beats on mountain peaks  
Melting snow  
Away  
Shaky legs emerge from the  
Cave  
Mother and Father Guiding  
The soft sun blinding  
Taking in that fresh  
Mountain  
Air

A chilling breeze  
Comes from the trees  
And creates  
Crashing waves

Legs thin as toothpicks walk across  
Their first rock  
To graze  
On bright green moss