



THE EXTREME TIP

The point of pride and privilege,
Apart from, alone from, ahead of all, your elegance,
What a stature, position and your unparallel might!
Oh, here is the earth, your relations with the height:
You heavenly guard, mountain, the great!

Lay people like I, fear to look at your top,
Mere sight and merge insight, holds back your hope,
Even your heavenly friends, try to hide your look,
With harsh light and soft mist, their crooked trick,
Can't resist our eager yearn to win your peak.

We, the sons of the earth,
Born from soil, live by digging through it our path,
Playing with mudcakes, then learn to stand upright,
Step-by-step, we stride to make the harder to fight,
One day, it's your turn to come under our feet.

(Note: Graded articles may be published in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf).



Oh arrogant mountain we come for you,
Whatever you are, we don't care you,
Forget your looks, this heavy weight is your burden,
For, our smaller brain is a greater weapon, . . .
✓ To clinch heights greater than anyone. . . .

Stories unend when man creates another, . . .
Height and breadth shrunk, with feet stretched farther,
Still his dreaming eyes above his level, . . .
To conquer mountains in his label,
✓ And raised more than them, through his survival.

What if the mountain stands short before him,
Or all that I earned makes me sublime?
Crawling and rolling upon you,
Did I master you mountain, or you are few,
Can man rule over, all those rare and new.



Pardon me, if I was wrong,
When I reached your top, I felt your long,
Desire to have someone in company,
For, to stand lone and bored, your destiny,
Soon I recognized, nature is all love and unity.

The peak was not power, but penance,
Of forgetting my fellows at the deep gorge,
I stood alone as a traitor,
Fret with the fear of this imaginary grandeur,
Mountain is not pride, but look to bottom with care.