

## The Last Frontier

The inlet lies filled with ice and mud in a huge traffic jam of nature.  
The frozen water wrestles to wriggle through small openings in the ice.

A cloud of misty gray forms a two-tone spectrum of color  
With the white snow that barely covers the rugged mountains.

The chill of the bitter cold whistles silently in the wind while  
Two lane highways weave their way along the barren terrain  
Meandering past mountains whose beards of ice  
Spill onto the fringes of the roadside.

Glaciers quietly pause on a brief respite from their journey.  
The immaculate blue of their ice glows in a mystic way  
As they serve as a night light for the wildlife all around them.

Mountains of all personalities rise beyond the magnificent landscape.  
Upon their gentle slopes, trees struggle to stand upright  
Beneath the weight of an overcoat of snow, while  
Across the inlet, the jagged mountain rises spectacularly  
Out of the frozen water up toward the clouds where  
It receives its frosted topping.

Like monstrous chameleons, they retain their winter coat of white  
Until the spring, when the metamorphosis begins, and their colors  
Gradually change from dark shades of brown to a luscious coat of green.

It is here, in the last frontier, where nature retains  
The isolation required to perform her handicraft of beauty  
And the cycles of time remain, undisturbed,  
To continue their natural evolution.

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