

# Clutch, The Yeti

Standing waist high in snow,  
what brought me here I do not know.  
Sky is filled with starry scenes  
of heroes and their greatest deeds.  
Satellites move across the sky,  
and every year they multiply.  
Father bear is sound asleep  
and will be so for several weeks.

Across the plain I see a figure,  
every instant growing bigger.  
Instinct tells me to run away  
while faith proposes that I wave.  
He approaches to a rod.  
I whisper up a prayer to God.  
The stranger asks me with a grin,  
"Do you have the time my friend?"

Himalaya is my old time stomping ground  
(oh yes, time is of the essence).  
Manitoba, better snows I've never found  
(oh yes, time is of the essence.)

The author looms above his page  
and thinks it strange that at his age  
he can not find the proper words  
to describe his only world.  
One would think that in a life  
where no two snowflakes are alike  
one would have a brilliant rhyme  
for each and every bit of time.

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