To Atlin!

Separate we all made our way here, by boat or by train, by car or by plane, to Atlin.

As we worked our way up Blackerby, scrambling over rocks and trees,

I found myself thinking,

what kind of people are these?

Are they good-natured and graceful?

Are they hardy and tough?

Are they goofy and playful?

Are they warm and not gruff?

At camp 17 we learned

What weather can do

To a raincoat when turned

Into a personal wetsuit

We became ski masters

On the ptamagain and lemon

Climbing beams of the rafters

Prussics between life and heaven

From ping pong ball we hauled

Into the depths of the icefield

Slowly up Norris icefall

Into bed with blistered heels

Eventually we made it and wham

Camp 10 lo and behold

Had plenty of space for spam

And Swiss miss by the boatload

Oh my the view we found

To the flagpole rocks you cling

Gazing at peaks all around

As Ali strums her six string

The emperor protected

By the duke and towers

While glacier king stands suspended

Northwest a few hours

It was here we went our separate ways

For a day or two or three

Some for a digging escapade

Others to space camp, with brie!

Just like that we charged onward

Skiing northward side by side

When the weather suddenly shifted

And faculty needed to fly

So off they zipped, like that!

On their snowmobile tow

Will carving turns with no slack

Tugging Daniel to and fro

18 was their destination

Chasing, we skied with intent

Anne flying ahead impatient

Much to Christina’s dissent

Plodding up the last hill

around the bend on silky snow

There was camp standing still

Dwarfed by Gilkey down below

With final laughs and embraces

We sent off our faculty crew

In their stead came new faces

It was the end of block 2

Block 3 was a blur

Full of mountaineering and lectures

On glacial hydrology and firn

Navigating huge crevasse fractures

Though RADAR was mistaken

And Ogilvie sang “can’t touch this!”

GPS measurements were taken

Of the Llewelyn and Mathis

Soon northward called “it’s time!”

We began to trickle out

Over Mathis’ arched spine

And Llewellyn’s mighty spout

A day’s journey took us to 26

Where the marmots sing shrilly

The bathroom needed a fix

And Leo took it quite silly

And onward they said once more

Just a day here will do

So we cried “burn camp ride north!”

And bid this fine site adieu

We embarked quite early

Navigating ice cracks for hours

Until ending our icefield journey

Feet upon glacial flour

Over hills and through trees we plodded

Feet begging for mercy

Until finally Atlin lake was spotted

We couldn’t help but to hurry

Clothes off in a flash

We bolted to the beach

And in with a splash

Oh sweet relief

Our trip was now over

The feet finally could rest

 Minds reflect on the summer

It was truly the best

Together we all made our way here, by bus and by boat, by slog and by ski, to Atlin.