

This mountain is a giant nose,  
And snores unpleasantly loud,  
And when its giant boogers blows,  
For its handkerchief, a cloud.

This canyon is a giant mouth,  
With boulders for its teeth,  
A forest for its mustache,  
And it drools into the sea.

Two lakes a pair of giant eyes,  
Where beaches serve as brows,  
With little islands in the middle,  
Each above the water, mounds.

I suppose the land's a person,  
And we live upon its face;  
With some pepper and an umbrella,  
Could he sneeze us to space?