

## Too Hot to SWE

An April day, an Arctic spring,  
as nice as it could be,  
the snowpack was a-beckoning,  
twas' time to measure SWE.

The team of Art, Drew, Mark and Chris,  
of Simon and of Matt,  
they mounted five good snow machines.  
And one old Arctic Cat.

They raced across the tundra snow  
and headed roughly west.  
Into the Brooks Range where they stopped,  
and had a lunch and rest.

The trouble started after noon.  
It wasn't hard to see.  
The mercury was rising fast.  
Twas' too damn hot for SWE.

Director Mark of Boulder fame  
explained it all in Joules.  
"There's way too many in the air  
to use our simple tools".

The snow stuck to the Fed'ral tube.  
They could not keep it clean.  
Matt shook his head, and then implored  
"what do these numbers mean?"

He then proclaimed with furrowed brow,  
"but this will never do.  
Of depths we have abundancies,  
of SWE, we've far too few."

The horrors of the melting pack,  
they proved too much for Chris.  
He threw his SWE tube in the air,  
and loudly cried "fuck this."

Drew, with aid from his GPS,  
took off across a hill.  
"Tis' better SWE on yonder peak!"  
He may be up there still.

Said Art, not fond of SWE at all,

"I know just what to do.  
we'll multiply a hundred depths  
by rho of point three two"

With clear calm voice Matt turned to Art  
"You fool, you ought to know!"  
"You simply cannot think like that.  
You can't assume a rho!"

Yet Simon, thoughts on barchan dunes,  
was calm and worry free.  
He hummed a well known song from France  
and muttered "cest la vie".

But walking 'cross the sodden snow  
Made even Simon blush  
I'd hardly call it snow at all  
More like an Arctic slush.

And so, while shedding bitter tears,  
with several sleds in tow,  
they drove on back to Toolik Lake,  
without a SWE to show.

Yes, they'll be back a year from now.  
On that they all agree.  
But there's no joy in camp today  
It's too damn hot to SWE