

The Path Ahead

We're all scared of something.
Look up to see—
The path ahead is arduous.
Charge through it.

Take the road less traveled,
And climb to the tallest mountain tops
Against the rocks and ice and snow,
Where bitter, frigid wind gusts blow.

See the light
Before the sun dips behind the mountains,
Its last flicker of fire on the ridges above.

We long for the wild.
We yearn for quiet peaks.

When the sun goes down,
Paint with light.
The sky is full of stars.

Walk back in time—cheating death.
Come. Behold. Roam free.

My soul has grown deep like valleys,
But this mystically beautiful,
Most majestic mountain,
Keeps me alive—it lets me breathe.