

The Ridge

The calm water surrounding me echoes the peaceful scene ahead,
Rippling gently beneath the bow.

Overhead wispy clouds lie silently watching,
Neatly groomed like the breeze has pulled a fine comb through them;
spying on me and documenting my journey from afar.

The peak towers above the jagged mountains entice me and make my heart beat.

Adrenaline.

Adventure.

Action.

A scene to behold.

Ascending will be the most difficult of challenges.

Descending will bring the happiest of joy.

But the peak on the ridge,

That secluded spot,

Is where the magic lies.

TR Resource 7a